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THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell. Edited by WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., one of his Executors. London, 1849.

FOR something more than half a century the custom has been gradually increasing, of publishing with but little reserve, such letters of eminent men as have been written in the ordinary management of the affairs of life, or the careless confidence of domestic intimacy. In Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," we scarcely remember a single private letter being printed as illustrating any one statement in the work, or as affording an exhibition of the character of any one of the writers, whose lives he relates. A short time before the publication of "The Lives of the Poets," Mason had, in his *Memoirs of Gray*, introduced a new style of biography, which has affected, more or less, every work of the kind since written. The journals of Gray, a retired scholar, who took accurate notes of whatever he read, supplied much that was instructive and interesting to the earnest student; and Mason had the opportunity of selecting, from a correspondence conducted through the whole of Gray's life with one friend or another, a vast body of information,

on a great variety of subjects. There were few personal details; and though Mason made great use of Gray's letters, yet there was scarcely a single letter published without omissions. The example given by Mason was followed in two remarkable instances by a writer whose poetry was once popular, and whose prose works, in spite of great affectation, which deforms everything he has written, are still very pleasing. Hayley, in his *Life of Milton*, has woven together passages from Milton's letters, calculated to make his readers sympathize with the great poet, and which give a wholly different aspect to his life from that which the readers of Johnson had received. Milton's minor poems had been published by Thomas Warton, with notes, curiously illustrative of the mental process by which Milton's poetical language was elaborated; but in those notes, and through the whole book, Milton's controversial writings were assailed in a temper of bigotry scarcely intelligible in our days, and which Hayley's "Life" did much to counteract. To an extent

which is quite surprising, he was enabled to effect what Michelet and others have done in the case of Luther, and thus Milton became his own biographer.

Some years after, in his *Life of Cowper*, Hayley gave to the public the very most interesting volumes of biography that have ever perhaps been published. The state of health which separated Cowper from the active business of life, was consistent with systematic study, and, with the exertion of the poetical faculty. Cowper's residence at a distance from his relatives—the peculiar tenderness with which he was regarded—and some circumstances connected with his pecuniary affairs, created a correspondence which was the amusement, and, in some sort, the business of his life. These letters, above all comparison the most charming that have ever been published, and from which, as we best remember, every passage that it could be thought unreasonable to living persons to bring before the public had been first removed, rendered this style of biography popular. In formal autobiography there can seldom be absent some appearance of vanity. In passages selected from letters in which the author is unconsciously writing his life, this fault is at least absent, and for the last half century rarely any eminent man has died, whose friends have not been solicited for copies of such letters as accident has left undestroyed.

It was scarce possible that the great poet, Campbell, should have escaped the common lot; and a considerable mass of his letters are now given to the public by his friend and executor, Dr. Beattie. The volumes also contain some biographical notes drawn up by the poet at the request of Dr. Beattie, and though we can imagine this voluminous work improved both by compression and by omission, and though we think a more diligent inquirer, without taking very much trouble on the subject, might have given us more scenes from the London life of a man who lived so much in the eye of the public—we yet think some gratitude is due to Dr. Beattie for many of the letters in these volumes. The book will aid us in appreciating the character of a man whose works will probably for many generations continue to give delight.

Campbell was a true and a great poet; he was, what is better, a true-hearted, generous-minded and honorable man.

With all men life is a struggle. With such a man as Campbell—peculiarly sensitive—the struggle was from adverse circumstances

more than ordinarily severe. He was the youngest of ten children. The father of the poet, Alexander Campbell, had for many years been a prosperous merchant in the Virginia trade. During the earlier part of his life he had lived at Falmouth in Virginia. He had come to the sober age of forty-five when he married Margaret Campbell, the sister of his partner in business. We will not follow Dr. Beattie in disentangling the intricate pedigree of the Campbells. Margaret was, it seems, of the same clan, but not a blood-relation, of "the Campbells of Kirnan," to which family her husband belonged. "The Campbells of Kirnan," a locality with which the poet's people were connected by their traditions, and not by the fact of having ever resided there, was a sound that had its magic; and the mother of the poet would, late in life, when sending home an article from a shop, describe herself as Mrs. "Campbell of Kirnan," mother "of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*." The union with England had opened the American trade to Scotland. Previously to that, Scotland could only deal with the colonies of England on the footing of a foreign nation. When the trade was once opened, the industry and intelligence of the Glasgow merchants gave them almost a monopoly of the business. The war with America drove trade into other channels; and among the houses ruined by the change was that of which the poet's father was the senior partner. The savings of forty years of industry, amounting to about twenty thousand pounds, were swept away in an hour. The old man was sixty-five, too old to commence a new score with the world. His eldest child was a daughter of nineteen. The poet, if we read dates aright, was not born for two years after his father's business had been broken up.

It would appear that the debts of the firm were paid, and that a small surplus remained. In addition to this, Mr. Campbell received a small annual sum from the Merchants' Society, and from a provident institution, of which he had long been a member. This was no doubt a very different amount of income from what he had enjoyed. His wife was a sensible woman, who instantly acted on the changed state of circumstances—lived with the most severe economy, and did what she could to educate her family. The floating traditions which Dr. Beattie has collected, describe her as "of slight but shapely figure, with piercing black eyes, dark hair, and well chiselled features"—"a shrewd observer of character—warm-hearted, strongly

attached to her friends, and always ready to sympathize in their misfortunes. She was often the author of substantial but unostentatious charity." One gentleman recollects being taken to see her in his boyhood when she was very old. She bought a cane for him, and amused him by her good nature in walking up and down the room, twirling it, to show him how the young gentlemen in Edinburgh managed their canes. She had a natural taste for music; and in her old age she would to the last sing snatches of old songs—"My poor dog Tray," and "The Blind Boy," were her favorites. It was to the former air that Campbell wrote "The Harper." "It is," says Dr. Beattie, "one of the few I heard him sing in the evening of life, when for an instant the morning sun seemed again to rest on it; and it was probably the first that soothed the infant poet in his cradle, long before he attempted to lisp in rhyme."

Alexander Campbell, the poet's father, lived in social intimacy with several of the University professors. Adam Smith was his friend, and Reid baptized the poet—hence his name Thomas. When Reid sent a copy of his "Inquiry into the Human Mind" to Alexander Campbell, and heard from him the pleasure with which he read it, he said there are two men in Glasgow who understand my work—Campbell and myself.

The elder Campbell is said to have been liberal in politics. We shall not seek to determine the precise meaning in which the word is used. He was religious. The traditions of his family told of chiefs of the clan that had suffered martyrdom for the doctrines of the Church of Scotland, and his pride as well as his better feelings were interested in the cause. Family worship was then almost the universal habit of Scottish families—and the fervor of the old man's extempore prayers was such that the very expressions which he used never passed away from the minds of his children. The poet, a short time before his death, said that he "had never heard language—the English liturgy excepted—more sublime than that in which his devotional feelings at such moments found utterance."

Poetry was not among the old merchant's studies, but he loved music, and could sing a good naval song—he loved better a metaphysical wrangle or a theological dispute—and when the young poet was caught verse-making, the father was perhaps happiest, for then most did the spirit of contradiction awake, and then only was he quite sure of

being right. Whatever he might think of Reid's principle of Common Sense, he could not but feel that there was something to be said for Berkeley and Locke, and in his most vehement theological discussions he would sometimes feel that the subject had slipped through his fingers, and that while the sense of positiveness remained, the very topic of the disputation had altogether vanished from his memory. Not so when young Tom's scribbled manuscript was before him. There it was—nonsense, absolute nonsense. The poor boy had to retire crest-fallen and ashamed—the father did not perhaps know that all early poetry is imitative—he thought little (and who could think much?) of the poetry of the day, the cadences of which were echoed in every line of the boy's verses—

"His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy;
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
He worshipped—stern, uncompromising truth."

The old man lived, however, to be gratified by the reception of "The Pleasures of Hope." Had Mr. Campbell been able to get rid of the anxieties of property, when he was compelled to retire from business, he would have been comparatively a happy man; but the restless ghost of his former prosperity haunted him for the rest of life in a series of never-ending lawsuits. A correspondent of Dr. Beattie's tells us, that in the year 1790 he passed an evening at Mr. Campbell's.

"The old gentleman, who had been a great foreign merchant, was seated in his arm-chair, and dressed in a suit of the same snuff-brown cloth, all from the same web. There were present besides Thomas, his brother Daniel, and two sisters, Elizabeth and Isabella. The father, then at the age of eighty, spoke only once to us. It was when one of his sons, Thomas I think, who was then about thirteen, and of my own age, was speaking of getting new clothes, and descanting in grave earnest as to the most fashionable colors. Tom was partial to green, I preferred blue. 'Lads,' said the senior, in a voice that fixed our attention, 'if you wish to have a lasting suit, get one like mine.' We thought he meant one of a snuff-brown color; but he added, 'I have a suit in the Court of Chancery, which has lasted thirty years; and I think it will never wear out.'"

Situations were found for the elder sons in the colonies. They ended in forming respectable mercantile establishments in Virginia and Demerara. The daughters engaged in the education of children—two as governesses in families—the third in the

management of a school. Daniel was placed in a Glasgow manufactory, where weaving and cotton-spinning were conducted on a large scale. He was a politician, and the days in which he lived were less prosperous times for a radical reformer than our own. He found Scotland too hot for him, and went to Rouen, where the poet found him conducting a large manufactory. He ceased to correspond with his family, and became a naturalized Frenchman. It is not impossible that he may be still living. Of this large family, one died in early life; he was drowned while bathing in the Clyde, when he was but thirteen years old, and his brother Thomas six. He is alluded to in an affecting passage towards the close of "The Pleasures of Hope"—

"Weep not—at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again.

* * *

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of love were hopeless but for thee.
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view
By artless friendship blessed, when life was
new?"

The elder part of the family had been dispersed during the early infancy of the poet, or before his birth. The father's temper was indulgent to everything but poetry, and his affections were centered on the child of his old age. The mother's temper was severe, and her notions of a parent's rights were almost as high as a Stuart's fancies of the royal prerogative, yet it was observed that her natural asperity relaxed in the management of her youngest son. Mary, the eldest sister, had already left her father's house; Isabella still remained to assist her mother in domestic details, and with her the playful child was a delightful plaything. The poet has in his letters called Isabella his poetical sister, and from her or from his mother his ear had become familiar with the ballad poetry of Scotland long before he could understand its meaning.

At eight years old he was sent to the school of Mr. Alison: his triumphs are solemnly recorded—he was always at the head of his class; his father assisted him in preparing his lessons—a fact commemorated by his classical biographer in language that swells into dignity suitable to the subject. "It must have been," says he, "a picture

in itself of no little beauty and interest, to see the venerable Nestor stooping over the versions and directing the studies of the future Tyrtæus."

The boy was overworked, and was obliged to be sent to the country. In about six weeks his health was restored, but to the effect of running wild about the fields his biographer refers his love of the country, and much of the imagery of his poems. About this time his first verses were written. Of these and of his school exercises, Dr. Beattie gives us far too many. Translations of Anacreon and thefts of strawberries distinguish his twelfth year. In the thirteenth, young Tyrtæus learned to throw stones, and gave—in plain prose—what turned out to be a very poetical or very fabulous account of the battle. The inspired boy was not unlikely to be spoiled by the young Glasgow blackguards, who with every care on the part of his parents could not but be his companions for a considerable part of the day.

Of brother Daniel our readers are probably prepared not to think very well—he was four years older than Thomas, and was now sixteen or seventeen. An old lady—a relative of their mother's—lived about two miles from Glasgow, and one of the boys was each day sent to know how she was. It was Thomas's turn, and the message to the old lady's interfered with the young urchin's gathering blackberries. "Why go there at all," said Daniel; "can't you do as I do—say she is better, or worse, and don't take the trouble of going to inquire." For weeks and for months the young scoundrels went on with fictitious bulletins, and finding that unfavorable reports were likely to make more frequent messages sent, they adopted a form that "Mrs. Simpson had a better night and was going on nicely." They at last announced her perfect recovery, and were starting on some expedition of their own when a letter arrived "as broad and as long as a brick, with cross-bones and a grinning death's head on its seal," inviting the old gentleman to attend Mrs. Simpson's funeral.

"Mr. and Mrs. Campbell looked at the letter, then at their two hopeful sons, and then at one another. But such were their grief and astonishment that neither of them could utter a word. 'At last,' says the poet, 'my mother's grief for her cousin vented itself in cuffing our ears. But I was far less pained by her blows than by a few words from my father. He never raised a hand to us; and I would advise all fathers, who would have their children to love their memory, to follow his example.'"

In spite of this unpromising scene, Campbell's school-days gave promise of good. Alison, his schoolmaster, thought well of him. Mr. Stevenson, a surviving school-fellow of his, remembers him as taking care that fair play should be shown to him, who was an English boy, and probably the only one in the school. He passed from school to college with favorable auguries. He was in his thirteenth year when he entered college, and even from this early period his support was in part earned by his teaching younger boys. At this period he printed a ballad, called *Morven and Fillan*, in imitation of a passage in *Ossian*, and which contains some lines that bear a resemblance to his after poem of *Lord Ullin's daughter*.

"Loud shrieked afar the angry sprite
That rode upon the storm of night,
And loud the waves were heard to roar
That lashed on Morven's rocky shore."
Morven and Fillan.

"By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking."
Lord Ullin's Daughter.

Campbell and his young friends formed debating societies, and the poet seems to have been distinguished for fluency of speech. A number of Campbell's exercises are printed by Dr. Beattie, for no better reason than that "they may revive the faded images of college life" in the minds of Campbell's few surviving college friends. Lines on the death of "Marie Antoinette" are given. They are perhaps worth preserving, as they show how early the poet's ear was tuned to something of the notes in which his *Hohenlinden* was afterwards written.

The third session of Campbell's college life was distinguished by his continuing to take the lead in debating societies, and in his obtaining prizes for composition. He wrote a number of pasquinades on his brother students. They were written without any other feeling than that of amusing himself and others, but they were not disregarded by those who were their objects. Dr. Beattie tells that in some cases the resentment generated by satires written at this time, and utterly forgotten by Campbell in the hour in which they were thrown off as mere sportive effusions, has absolutely survived the poet himself.

Some of Campbell's jokes were for the purpose of getting a place near the stove when attending the logic class on a winter morning. He would scratch some nonsense

on the walls—a libel, perhaps, on the tall Irish students that crowded round the fire. While they rushed to read such rhymes as

"*Vos Hiberni collocatis
Summum Bonum in potatoes,*"

he managed to get to the stove.

Campbell was at this time an ardent politician. The French Revolution had everywhere evoked the contending spirits of Aristocracy and Democracy.

"Being," says Campbell, "in my own opinion a competent judge of politics, I became a democrat. I read Burke on the French Revolution, of course; but unable to follow his subtleties or to appreciate his merits, I took the word of my brother democrats, that he was a sophist. It was in those years that the Scottish reformers, Muir, Gerald, and others, were transported to Botany Bay; Muir, though he had never uttered a sentence in favor of reform stronger than William Pitt himself had uttered, and Gerald for acts, which, in the opinion of sound English lawyers, fell short of sedition. I did not even then approve of Gerald's mode of agitating the reform question in Scotland by means of a Scottish convention; but I had heard a magnificent account of his talents and accomplishments, and I longed insufferably to see him; but the question was how to get to Edinburgh.

"While thus gravely considering the ways and means, it immediately occurred to me that I had an uncle's widow in Edinburgh; a kind, elderly lady, who had seen me at Glasgow, and said that she would be glad to receive me at her house if I should ever come to the Scottish metropolis. I watched my mother's *mollia tempora fandi*—for she had them, good woman—and eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said, 'Oh, mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh! If I had but three shillings, I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day.* To my delightful surprise she answered, 'No, my bairn; I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh and bring you back, but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day.' That was twenty-two miles. 'Here,' said she, 'are five shillings for you in all; two will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way house costs but sixpence.' She then gave me—I shall never forget the beautiful coin—a King William and Mary crown-piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but sallying out to the streets, I saw at the first bookseller's shop a print of *Elijah fed by ravens*. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying that in case of my father's death—and he was a very old man—she knew not what would become of her. 'But,' she used to add, 'let me not despair, for *Elijah* was fed by ravens. When I presented her with the picture, I

* A distance of forty-two miles—"long Scotch miles."

said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment.

"Next morning I took my way to Edinburgh with four shillings and sixpence in my pocket. I witnessed Joseph Gerald's trial, and it was an era in my life. Hitherto I had never known what public eloquence was; and I am sure the Justiciary Scotch Lords did not help to a conception of it, speaking as they did bad arguments in broad Scotch. But the Lord Advocate's speech was good; the speeches of Laing and Gillies were better; and Gerald's speech annihilated the remembrance of all the eloquence that had ever been heard within the walls of that house. He quieted the judges, in spite of their indecent interruptions of him, and produced a silence in which you might have heard a pin fall to the ground. At the close of his defense, he said—'And now, gentlemen of the jury; now that I have to take leave of you for ever, let me remind you that mercy is no small part of the duty of jurymen; that the man who shuts his heart on the claims of the unfortunate, on him the gates of mercy will be shut, and for him the Saviour of the world shall have died in vain.' At this finish I was moved, and, turning to a stranger who sat beside me, apparently a tradesman, I said to him, 'By heavens, sir, that is a great man!' 'Yes, sir,' he answered, 'he is not only a great man himself, but he makes every other man feel great who listens to him.'"

Political passion is contagious; and Campbell returned from Edinburgh an altered man—if the expression may be used in speaking of a boy of sixteen. "His characteristic sprightliness had evaporated." He did not neglect the studies of his class, but his heart was elsewhere; and his attention was divided between the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, of which he meditated a translation, and the democratic journals of the day. The case of Muir and Gerald was one singularly fitted as a topic for debating clubs, for the men were transported, under the laws of Scotland, for an offense which, at that time, was in England punishable only by fine and imprisonment. Campbell vehemently denounced the conduct of the State trials in his debating clubs, and in private society exhibited the manner of one "who suffered some personal wrong which he could neither forgive nor effectually resent." His change of manner was so sudden—the violence of his indignation was such—his declamation against modern society and all its institutions was so unceasing—that there seems to have been among his friends an impression of his actually having become insane; and it was not till the demon of poetry entirely possessed him that they felt wholly free from this fear. His

translation of scenes from the "Clouds" of Aristophanes was rewarded with a prize, and with the more gratifying acknowledgment from Professor Young of his version being the very best of any that had ever been given in by any student at the University. An essay on the Origin of Evil, which obtained a prize at the same time, is a skillful imitation of Pope's manner. In the course of the next session he translated some choruses from the *Medea* of Euripides and the *Choephoroi* of Æschylus. Dr. Beattie boldly says that the passages from Euripides "hardly lost any thing of their original beauty by his translation." They gave more pleasure to the Professors at Glasgow than they have given to us; and Campbell, compelled to look round him for bread, found recommendations for the office of private tutor to a family of his own name residing in the remote Hebrides.

The poet's solemnity seems to have relaxed about this time. He thought less of politics, and was up to a piece of fun. A respectable apothecary, named Fife, had over his door in the Trongate, printed in large letters, "Ears Pierced by A FIFE," meaning the operation to which young ladies submit, for the sake of wearing ear-rings. Fife's next-door neighbor was a spirit-dealer of the name of DRUM. Campbell and his brother Daniel, assisted by a third party, who we believe is still living, got a long thin deal board, and painted on it, in capitals,

THE SPIRIT-STIRRING DRUM—THE EAR-PIERCING FIFE.

This they nailed one night over the contiguous doors, to the great annoyance of Drum and Fife, and to the great amusement of every one else in Glasgow. In a few days afterwards Campbell set off for Mull.

From the first, Campbell was thrown on his own resources for support. At thirteen or fourteen years of age, his means of paying his class-fees depended on his obtaining employment as a teacher of younger children; for surely, at that age, it is scarce fit to call him by any other name. The genial life of childhood or boyhood never was his, in the sense in which it is that of almost every person in the rank of life in which Campbell early took his natural and rightful position. We think that this forced and premature exertion of his faculties dwarfed his intellectual powers; that the perpetual excitement in which he was kept by his debating societies, and his

competition for college prizes, could not but be injurious; and that it was above all things fortunate when he was separated from Glasgow, and forced into the solitudes of the Hebrides. His prize-verses had been the subject of such admiration that he ran the chance of being spoiled forever; and nothing less than a separation from Glasgow and its coteries could have saved him. On the 18th of May, 1795, he started from Glasgow, in company with a class-fellow, Joseph Finlayson, and took the road to Inverary. Wordsworth, in a note to the *Excursion*, vindicating his choice of a pedlar as the hero of his poem, quotes a passage from Heron's *Letters from Scotland*, in which he says: "A young man going from any part of Scotland to England, of purpose to *carry the pack*, was considered as going to lead the life and acquire the fortune of a gentleman." Poor Campbell, carrying his store of learning to the Hebrides, did not feel the same elevation of spirit, when he thought of the value likely to be set on the articles in which he dealt. "I was fain," he says, "from my father's reduced circumstances, to accept, for six months, of a tutorship in a Highland family at the farthest end of the Isle of Mull. To this, it is true, my poverty rather than my will consented. I was so little proud of it, that in passing through Greenock, I purposely omitted to call on my mother's cousin, Mr. Robert Sinclair, at that time a wealthy merchant, and first magistrate of the town, with a family of nine daughters, one of whom I married some nine years afterwards." He would not tell his pretty cousins he was going out in that capacity. He tells of an evening passed in the open air for the sake of economy. When he and Finlayson were repairing dinnerless to their beds, they saved the life of a boy who was drowning, and then thought they earned a fair right to their dinner. The poet tells of beef-steaks vanishing before them "like smoke;" then came tankards of ale; and then a night passed in singing and reciting poetry.

"Life," says Campbell, speaking of this scene, "is happier in the transition than in the retrospect, but still I am bound to regard this part of my recollections of life as very agreeable. I was, it is true, very poor, but I was as gay as a lark and hardy as the Highland heather." We wish we had room for Campbell's account of this journey. "The wide world contained not two merrier boys. We sang and recited poetry throughout the long wild Highland glens." They

believed in Ossian, and Ossian had given an interest to the Gaelic people in their eyes. The Highland inns gave them herrings, potatoes and whiskey, and nothing else. Their walk seems to have been in glorious weather. Full forty years afterwards, when Campbell wrote of it, he tells of his unmeasured delight at the roaring streams and torrents—the yellow primroses and the cuckoos—the heathy mountains, with the sound of the goats' bleating at their tops. "I felt a soul in every muscle of my body, and my mind was satisfied that I was going to earn my bread by my own labor."

They met a boy, in a postman's dress, quietly playing marbles on the roadside. "You little rascal," we said to him, "are you the post-boy, and thus playing away your time?" "Na, sir," answered Red-jacket, "I'm no the post; I'm only an express!" At Inverary he and Finlayson parted company, and Campbell walked alone to Oban, under drenching rain. From Oban he crossed over to Mull.

"In the course of a long summer's day I traversed the whole length of the island—which must be nearly thirty miles—with not a footpath to direct me. At times I lost all traces of my way, and had no guide but the sun going westward. About twilight, however, I reached the Point Callich,* the house of my hostess, Mrs. Campbell, of Sunipol—a worthy, sensible widow lady, who treated me with great kindness. I am sure I made a conscience of my duty towards my pupils. I never beat them—remembering how much I loved my father for having never beaten me.

"At first I felt melancholy in this situation, missing my college chums, and wrote a poem on my exile as doleful as anything in Ovid's *Tristia*. But I soon got reconciled to it. The Point of Callich commands a magnificent prospect of thirteen Hebrid islands, among which are Staffa and Icolmkill, which I visited with enthusiasm. I had also, now and then, a sight of wild deer, sweeping across that wilder country, and of eagles perching on its shore. These objects fed the romance of my fancy, and I may say that I was attached to Sunipol before I took leave of it. Nevertheless, God wot, I was better pleased to look on the kirk steeples and whinstone causeways of Glasgow than on all the eagles and wild deer of the Highlands."

The solitude in which Campbell now lived was strangely contrasted with the busy

* "The Point Callich" is on the northern shore of Mull, where the house of Sunipol may be easily seen by any one sailing from Tobermory to Staffa. It stands quite upon the shore, and occupies the centre of a bay immediately before you turn that point of Mull where you first get a view of the wondrous island which contains the cave of Fingal.

scenes which he had left ; and it must have been of great use to him to have time for actual communing with his own mind. In spite of its eminent men, there was in the whole of the Glasgow literature something of a mercantile—not to say peddling—character. It was disputative in its progress, and all progress stopped at an early stage. The exchangeable value of learning was chiefly thought of, and the great object in life was the dictatorial position of the professor's chair. By the system early proficiency and considerable accuracy of information, up to a certain not very high point, were attained ; and Campbell was as near being ruined by the admiration of a little provincial circle as ever great man was, when his poverty fortunately interposed to rescue him.

"It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven
That in a lonely tent had cast
The lot of Thalaba ;
There might his soul develop best
Its strengthening energies ;
There might he from the world
Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,
Till at the written hour he should be found
Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot."

We have no doubt that solitude is the true nursery for a great poet ; and we think that the narrative of Campbell's life—both in his success and his failures—is calculated remarkably to illustrate this. In the lonely residence, where he educated a few children, there was time for thought ; nay, self-reflection was strangely forced on him, for the box containing his books did not arrive for some time, and till it arrived he was even without paper. A letter of his, dated June, 1795, tells a friend of his that "there is no paper in Mull." To have passed some time in thinking instead of writing, would have been no bad discipline for a young prize-poet. Campbell would write, however, as much as he could, and he scribbled as much as he could on a whitewashed wall. By the time pen, ink, and paper arrived, the wall appeared like a broad-sheet of manuscript.

Of Campbell's verses before he left Glasgow, the only ones at all worthy of preservation are a hymn, most of which was afterwards worked into the *Pleasures of Hope*. While in Mull he employed himself in adding to his translations from *Æschylus* and *Aristophanes*, probably thinking that a character for scholarship was more likely to lead to some provision by which he might support life, than any exertion in the way of original poetry. Dr. Beattie, however, gives us some lines descriptive of the scenery of Mull,

which, when shown to Dr. Anderson two years afterwards, led him to predict Campbell's future success as a poet. The lines are well worth preserving :

ELEGY WRITTEN IN MULL.

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore ;
In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.

O whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care, and fired the muse's powers ;
The classic haunts of youth forever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day ;
The well-known valleys, where I wont to roam,
The native sports, the nameless joys of home ?

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye ;
The white wave foaming to the distant sky—
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile—
The sounding storm, that sweeps the rugged isle—
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow—
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below—
The dark blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled—
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild !

Far different these from all that charmed before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore ;
Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind ;—
Hail ! happy Clutha ! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way ;
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil ;
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

June, 1795.

In a letter of June, 1795, one of his correspondents says to him—"We have now three 'Pleasures' by first-rate men of genius, viz : 'Imagination,' 'Memory,' 'Solitude.' Let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope,' that we may soon meet in 'Alma Mater.'" This is the first time that "The Pleasures of Hope" is mentioned. "The Pleasures of Solitude," commemorated in the same sentence, are a few lines enclosed to Campbell, and written by his correspondent. That correspondent was the Rev. Hamilton Paul, afterwards and still minister at Broughton in Peebles-shire, specimens of whose poetry will be found in an interesting volume, entitled "The Contemporaries of Burns and the more recent poets of Ayrshire."*

Through all Campbell's poetry we find the traces of this residence in the Hebrides. The effect is well described and illustrated by Dr. Beattie, whose own account of Highland

* Edinburgh, 1840.

scenery is quite admirable. But for this we can only refer to the book, as within the space to which we must limit our paper it is quite impossible to give any lengthened quotation. Campbell himself describes Iona and Staffa in one or two letters, but there is nothing peculiar in his account, and we think Dr. Beattie might have not unwisely omitted or greatly abridged these letters. Of the superstitions of the people an amusing instance is given, of which the poet was himself the hero and the historian :

"A mile or two from the house where I lived was a burial-ground, on the lonely moor. It was enclosed with an iron railing, so high as to be thought unscalable. I contrived, by help of my handkerchief, to scale the railing, and was soon scampering over the tombs. Some of the natives chanced to see me skipping over the burial-ground. In a day or two after this adventure, I observed the family looking on me with an expression of not angry but mournful seriousness. It was to me unaccountable; but at last the old grandmother told me, with tears in her eyes, that I could not live long, for that my *wraith*, or apparition, had been seen. 'And where, pray?' 'Oh, leaping over the old burial-ground!' The good old lady was much relieved, by hearing that it was not my *wraith* but myself."

Dr. Beattie had inquiries made at Mull, as to any recollections of the poet that might linger there. Nothing was remembered, but that he was "a pretty young man." Some local tradition also exists there, that the heroine of his poem, Caroline, was some fair Caroline of that district; and to this opinion his biographer inclines, though he tells us of another Caroline that claims the same distinction. Goethe got into a serious scrape, by transcribing the same love verses into the album of more than one young lady; but we have no evidence that Campbell gave either lady any reason to think that she was the source of his inspiration. We suspect that the Carolines and the Marias of the poets have no earthly representatives; that the golden locks which the poet describes are not in general to be regarded as proving his admiration of red-haired beauties, but rather as his form of escaping from the plain realities of earth; that when we find the place of his residence is, in a prose letter, described as "only fit for the residence of the damned," and verses of the same date, such as follow :

"Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than Cherub loves,
And let that name be Caroline."

The lady, in such verses, seems to us as unreal as the landscape; and we regret to say, that the poem called *Caroline*, though for a considerable time not printed in any of the poet's own editions of his works, has been introduced into the last. It is, we think, wholly unworthy of the poet's reputation.

In the winter of 1796 he returned to Glasgow, to continue attending his classes, and to support himself by private tuition. Among his pupils, in this and a former session, was one who is described in Campbell's journals, "as a youth named Cuninghame, now Lord Cuninghame, in the Justiciary Court of Edinburgh. Grave as he now is, he was, when I taught him 'Xenophon and Lucian,' a fine, laughing, open-hearted boy, and so near my own age, that we were rather like playfellows than preceptor and pupil. Sometimes, indeed, I used to belabor him—jocosely alleging my sacred duty as a tutor—but I seldom succeeded in suppressing his risibility."

Lord Cuninghame's recollections of the period are distinct. "He left on my mind, young as I was, a high impression, not only of his talents as a classical scholar, but of the elevation and purity of his sentiments." He tells us, that in reading Cicero and Demosthenes, he was fond of contrasting their speeches with those of modern orators. He used to repeat Chatham's most impassioned passages in favor of American freedom, Burke's declamation against Warren Hastings, and Wilberforce's description of the "Middle Passage." In the domestic circle, consisting of Campbell's parents, sisters, and some lodgers, the elder portion of the society were deep haters of democracy and all innovation. Tom Campbell and his brother Daniel were earnest democrats.

When this session closed, Campbell again went to the Highlands, as tutor. Hamilton Paul was similarly occupied in the same neighborhood, and the friends often met. "In the course of the autumn," says Dr. Beattie, "Campbell and his friend Paul indulged in frequent rambles along the shore of Loch Fyne. They then would climb some rocky precipice, to enjoy the landscape at ease, and afterwards enjoy a frugal dinner at the Inverary Arms." We have Paul's account of their last day of this kind. They dined, by appointment, at the Inverary Arms, with two college friends. All met punctually

at the inn-door. All were joyous; "but never did school-boy enjoy an unexpected holiday more than Campbell. He danced, sang, and capered, half frantic with joy. Our friends had to return to the low country, and we accompanied them across Loch Fyne to St. Katharine's, where we parted; they taking their way to Lochgilphead, while Campbell and I promenaded the shore of the loch to Strachur. The evening sun was just setting behind the Grampians. The wood-fringed shores of the lake—the sylvan scenes around the castle of Inverary—the sunlit summits of the mountains in the distance—all were inspiring. Thomas was in ecstasy. He recited poetry of his own composition, some of which has never been printed, and then addressed me:—"Paul, you and I must go in search of adventures; you will be Roderick Random, and I will go through the world with you, as Strap." At Strachur they parted, not without visiting the inn there, and taking a bowl of punch with the landlord. "We parted with much regret. We never saw each other again, until we met at the great public dinner given to him, as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow."

Campbell's letters, from what he calls "the solitary nook," in which he lived, are dreary enough. They have also the misfortune of being the letters of a man whose time hangs heavy on his hands, and who is always complaining that friends, who have demands on their time, are not as active correspondents as he could wish. His cause of complaint with the world seems his own inaction. "The present moments," he says, "are of little importance to me. I must expect all my pleasure and pain from the remembrance of the past, and the anticipation of the future. * * * I have neat pocket copies of Virgil and Horace, affluence of English poets, a rod and flute, and a choice collection of Scotch and Irish airs." It would appear that he read diligently for awhile, with some hope of making his way to the bar, and afterwards, when want of funds rendered this out of the question, with some view of becoming an attorney, or earning his bread in an attorney's office.

The young poet was in love; and he tells of the enchantment of his evening walks, accompanied by one who "for a twelvemonth past has won my purest but most ardent affection:

"Dear, precious name—rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence sealed."

He speaks of sending his friend some lately written morsels of poetry. In fact, "The Pleasures of Hope," playfully alluded to by Hamilton Paul, in a letter of the year before, was now seriously commenced.

The Reverend Mr. Wright, Campbell's successor at Downie, has supplied Dr. Beattie with some account of the scenery of this part of the Western Highlands, and of the poet's habits. Everything recorded proves, what we have before suggested, that all the elements of Campbell's poetical life were at this time formed; indeed, almost all the subjects which afterwards appeared in succession, and after a late manifestation, were here first presented to his kindling fancy. In the Pilgrim of Glencoe, his last poem of any length, the very house in which he lived is described.

The "*Jacobite white rose*" festooned their door, and the inmates

"All had that peculiar courtly grace,
That marks the meanest of the Highland race;
Warm hearts, that burn alike in weal or woe,
As if the north-wind fanned their bosom's glow."

From a hill above the farm-house, which was his residence at Downie, and which was the poet's constant place of resort, "the eye looks down towards the beach, where considerable masses of rock bar all access to the coast; while the vast expanse of the Sound of Jura, with all its varying aspects of tempest and of calm, stretches directly in front of the spectator. The island of Jura forms the boundary of the opposite coast. Far southwards, the sea opens in broader expanse towards the northern shores of Ireland, which, in certain states of the atmosphere, may be faintly descried. Northward, at a much shorter distance, is the whirlpool of Corrieveekeen, whose mysterious noises may be heard occasionally along the coast." The pictures in Gertrude, of the scenery, calculated to affect the Highland emigrant's imagination, were no doubt suggested by what the poet was fond of beholding at this period of his life.

"But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albin! what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on her quiet shore,
Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan
roar?

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forced him from a home he loved so dear!"

It would appear that Campbell's youthful passion was the cause of his leaving Downie. He felt that the business of tuition was insufficient for more than his own support, in the very humblest form, and he returned to his father's house. The aspect of things was unchanged there. Letters of mixed good and ill had arrived, telling of the fortunes of the members of the family who had found a home in Virginia, and Thomas thought of going thither to share their fortunes. His love-dream interfered with this; his health, too, was breaking. He had lived too much alone; he had labored too hard at his studies; he had, in spirit, fought too many battles with the world, which he thought wronged him, even by the fact of not knowing of his existence; he had, with the pardonable pride of the poor, imagined intended insult in every word addressed to him by those whom he called aristocrats, and the mind itself seemed likely to be wrecked in the sort of excitement in which he lived—"eating his own heart," doing infinite wrong, in imagination, to everybody and everything of which he thought, and resenting, in the very depths of his nature, injuries that he had never suffered. He absolutely saw nothing in its true aspect; and if fever had not supervened, and thus diverted the current of his thoughts, the case must have ended in madness. The injustice which he did the world it is probable never occurred to him. At this very time the greater part of the poem, which was to place him among the great men of England, had been already written. So far from there being any indisposition, at any period, to acknowledge his merits, they had, from the first hour of his connection with the University of Glasgow, been rapturously hailed, both by professors and students. The only means that the University had of serving him was taken from them, by his determination not to continue engaged in the education of pupils, nor to take orders in the Church. To the first he had an invincible repugnance, and, though "the deep-seated impressions of religion which he had received under his father's roof," resumed their sway over his mind in after-life, yet he had at this period adopted opinions incompatible with his taking orders.

When he recovered from fever he went to Edinburgh, and was for a while employed as a copying clerk in an attorney's office, and seems to have thought himself entitled to discourse on the morality of the profession. His earnings seem to have been but a few pence a day, and he left the business—not of attorney, but of mere writing-clerk—with

this sounding diatribe:—"Well, I have fairly tried the business of an *attorney*, and upon my conscience, it is the most accursed of all professions! such meanness, such toil, such contemptible modes of peculation, were never moulded into one profession. It is true there are many emoluments, but I declare to God that I can hardly spend, with a safe conscience, the little sum I made during my residence in Edinburgh." He was fortunately introduced to Dr. Anderson, the editor of the *British Poets*—an exceedingly amiable man, and who, if we may judge by the numberless dedications of volumes of poems to him, was the general patron of any unfriended persons of whose talents he thought favorably. Anderson made out among the booksellers some employment for him, and he was engaged to abridge Bryan Edwards's *West Indies*—his first dealing with the printer's devil.

His earliest published poem, "The Wounded Hussar," was produced at this time, and to this period Dr. Beattie refers "The Dirge of Wallace," which we thought had been written at Altona, some two or three years later. This poem has been reprinted in the American editions of Campbell, but was never admitted into any edition authorized by the poet. Beattie was, therefore, right in printing it. It is quite unequal to Campbell's usual style. There is a boyish accumulation of the stock imagery of "The Tales of Wonder." Ravens, nightmares, matin-bells, and midnight-tapers, are scattered in waste profusion over the opening of the poem, to the consternation of the English king and the affright of Wallace's wife; nothing can well be worse than all this. What follows is better, and there are some lines worthy of Campbell.

"Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
That the trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her warrior sung.

Oh! it was not thus when his ashen spear
Was true to that knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought field,
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand."

The habits of life at this period, both in the Highlands and at Glasgow, were unfavorable to temperance. In wild districts, where there were few inns, the virtue of hospitality

required every gentleman to throw his house freely open, and to detain as long as possible whatever guest might arrive. At Edinburgh and Glasgow men drank till daybreak; in the Highlands the sun was shut out till long after mid-day. At college the Glasgow students never met at each other's rooms without "a third companion, in the shape of a black bottle, that exercised no little influence on their discussions." Campbell admired the Celtic character, and was everywhere a welcome guest. Campbell was a diligent student and of social temperament; he lived amid strong temptations, which he is described as resisting firmly. Dr. Beattie, relating this part of his life, tells us that he lived temperately, and that he was uniformly simple and spare in his diet.

In the next year he migrated to Edinburgh, to seek such bread as it could give to a man of letters. His abridgment of Bryan Edwards was ready for the press. He had received his twenty guineas—the first fruits of the poor trade in which he was about to embark—and he looked for another commission from the publisher. His mornings he proposed to give to attendance on college lectures, and his evenings to the booksellers. A letter of his, written soon after, says:—"I have the prospect of employment sufficient for this winter. Beyond that period I dare not hope."

His winter's work for the booksellers was compiling extracts from books of travels for a grammar of geography, "by a society of gentlemen;" hard work, and it gave him a chest complaint, which soon disabled him to make any further exertions in this way. The hope of joining his brothers in America was again indulged and again disappointed. He now attended pupils and taught Greek and Latin. "In this," he says, "I made a comfortable livelihood, till 'The Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines; and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on, my pupils fell off." At this time he had already formed the acquaintance of Jeffrey and Brown. With Lord Brougham he was also acquainted. He had relatives in Edinburgh, and his parents joined him in the course of the year.

Dr. Beattie gives an interesting account of the circumstances under which the "Pleasures of Hope" was first published. Anderson succeeded in obtaining for the copyright sixty pounds, and about two hundred copies of the poem, for which Campbell found friends to subscribe. The copyright must

have been very profitable to the booksellers, but we are not sure that what was given was as inadequate a price as Campbell afterwards thought. He made some additions to the poem when it came to be reprinted, for which the publishers gave him fifty pounds on each edition of a thousand copies, and they once, at least, allowed him to print a subscription edition for his own exclusive benefit. On the whole we think they dealt liberally with him. At Dr. Anderson's, Campbell became acquainted with Leyden. Leyden and he soon disagreed. They were both disputative; they were both strugglers for bread; and both were seeking distinction in the same circle, and through very much the same means. Leyden's own conduct was often such as to suggest doubts of his sanity, and he seems to have really thought Campbell insane. A story had been circulated in Edinburgh society that Campbell was about to commit suicide, when Anderson met him, diverted him from his purpose, and made arrangements for the publication of "The Pleasures of Hope." Campbell denied the truth of the story, and believed Leyden to have been the inventor of it, and hence arose between them an irreconcilable feud. Some years afterwards Sir Walter Scott, who had been first introduced to Campbell by Leyden, repeated to him the poem of "Hohenlinden." "Dash it, man," said Leyden, "tell the fellow that I hate him; but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." "I," says Scott, "did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.' * * 'When Leyden comes back from India,' said Tom Campbell, 'what cannibals he will have eaten, what tigers he will have torn to pieces.' " * That Campbell seriously meditated suicide there is no evidence—evidence abundant there is of his having exhibited such excitement of manner as to have rendered anything he might do not surprising. Mr. Somerville, landscape-painter, lived in the house where Campbell lodged; he saw some fragments of the forthcoming poem, and was astonished at seeing anything "so highly finished and dignified in tone from a youth whose demeanor was so unpretending, and whose ordinary conversation was quaint, queer, desultory, comic, occasionally querulous and sarcastic, but always the reverse of poetical." This led Somerville to watch his

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

eccentric neighbor, and moods of "dark but very transient despondency" occasionally gave him great alarm.

"It often happened," says Somerville, "that he wandered into my room—never oftener than when he wanted 'to get away from himself.' One night, especially, he stalked in, knitting his brows, and without uttering one word, sat himself down before the fire—then, after a while, he took up the poker, and began to trace mathematical figures among the soot on the back of the chimney." In the manner of an insane man he addressed Somerville in insulting language; and, at last, the true pent-up feeling burst out. He had been working at the proofs of his poem till whatever meaning the verses had, or seemed to have, vanished away, and the whole thing appeared to him to be trash. It became torture to him to look at what he had done. "There are days," he added, "when I can't abide to walk in the sunshine, and when I would almost rather be shot than come within the sight of any man, or be spoken to by any mortal! This has been one of those days. How heartily I wished for night!"

That night they supped together. We are not sure that Dr. Beattie is right in his statement that Campbell was, at this period of his life, always temperate. They sat up till after one o'clock; and at that hour there seems no probability that they separated, as Somerville says, that about that hour Campbell became wildly merry—regarded it as a settled point that his poem was to make him a great man—fixed how and where he was to live; and his friend regarded him in all this as perfectly in earnest. "I told him," says Somerville, "that he had got a cross of the Spanish hidalgo in his character. Pride and hauteur shared largely in his composition. He would fire up at the remotest indications of an intentional slight or offense."

Never was a poem subjected to a severer ordeal than "The Pleasures of Hope," while yet in manuscript. Anderson insisted on the jealous correction of every line. The opening altogether dissatisfied him; and the publication was delayed till some happy hour of inspiration might supply something poetical enough for Anderson's scrupulous taste. His own character for discrimination was risked, as he had everywhere praised the poem; and Campbell was actually thrown into a fever by the perpetual efforts at correction imposed on him. At last the opening of the poem, as it at present stands, was hit upon. The original manuscript of the

poem is now in the possession of Mr. Patrick Maxwell of Edinburgh. We trust that in future editions of "The Pleasures of Hope" such variations as the manuscript presents may be communicated to the public.

The poem was instantly successful, and it deserved its instant and great success. Its finished versification, in all probability, aided its immediate impression on the public mind more than it would, had it been published a few years after, when Scott had familiarized the lovers of poetry to the looser ballad rhymes in which his verse-romances were written. There was something in "The Pleasures of Hope" to delight every one: the leading topics of the day were seized on—the Slave Trade—the French Revolution—the Partition of Poland—a number of unconnected pictures were united by a bond which the imagination recognized, and which the judgment did not repudiate; for, distinct as the objects of Hope are, Hope itself is sufficiently one to give a kind of unity to the subject—a unity greater than was felt sufficient for poetical purposes in the case of Akenside's and Rogers' poems. Campbell is said, late in life, to have shed tears when reading the poetry of Goldsmith; and in some of his earliest verses he gives him praise of a kind that shows with what delight he had read the Traveller and the Deserted Village. A stronger proof of this is his unconscious imitation of Goldsmith's forms of expression—his easy, idiomatic style in the description of the familiar scenes of domestic life—and the very cadence of his verses. No young writer's style can be altogether his own; but through Campbell's style, while it is often an echo of Goldsmith's, and yet oftener of Darwin's, there is a distinguishing tone, in some respects superior to that of either. In Darwin everything peculiar is glaring picture or mere sound: where he is best, he is most unlike himself. Campbell, when he most reminds us of Darwin, is yet sure to relieve us from the intolerable glare by some appeal to the heart and mind. There is in Darwin a strange confusion, as if sounds were addressed to the eye and colors to the ear, and in all this dealing with the human mind, as influenced through the senses alone, he does not succeed in either producing music or picture. In Goldsmith we sometimes find repose, and almost languor, where you look for elevation. Campbell, though he can scarcely be said to have the exquisite graces of Goldsmith, even in his happiest passages, rarely allows the spirit of his reader to flag. Open anywhere "The

Pleasures of Hope." One of Turner's beautiful engravings, in Moxon's edition of 1843, directs our eye to a passage near the beginning of the poem. The watchman on the moonlit sea is thinking of his home.

"His native hills, that rise in happier climes—
The grot, that heard his song of other times—
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail—
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed vale," &c.

These lines surely were the effect of Goldsmith's lines still echoing on the young poet's dreaming ear:

"The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail," &c.

We transcribe a few lines, without saying whether they are from Darwin or from Campbell. Those who have but a general recollection of both poems will, we think, find some difficulty in saying from which poem they are:

"Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime;
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of
Time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
Flowers of the sky, ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall
rush;
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, in one dark centre fall,
And death and night and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines another and the same."

The poem immediately introduced Campbell into whatever of literary society there was at Edinburgh. Burns was but three years dead; and the men who hailed the advent of Burns were still living, and disposed to welcome with honor the young poet. Each day increased the popularity of his poem—each day increased the circle of his acquaintances. The Edinburgh booksellers gave him so many new commissions, that there was considerable danger of his becoming little better than a provincial literary hack. The Edinburgh *savans* and their wives asked him to so many dinners and soirées, that he describes himself as fagged to death, and as unable to fulfill his engagements with the booksellers. He appears to have at once given up, and forever, all no-

tions of studying medicine, which, when he came to Edinburgh, was among his purposes, to make his way to London. As his object was to obtain the means of livelihood among the booksellers, and as the profits of "The Pleasures of Hope" gave him the opportunity, he determined to ramble for a while through Germany, there to learn something of its language and literature before visiting London. In June, 1800, he went to Newhaven, and then to Leith, from which he and his brother passed over to Hamburg. He was introduced to Klopstock, whom he describes as "a mild, civil, old man." "Our only intercourse was in Latin." He gave Klopstock a copy of the third edition of "The Pleasures of Hope," and Klopstock made his visit to Germany pleasant by giving him letters of introduction to his friends in other parts of Germany. He proceeded to Ratisbon; a letter to Anderson describes the scenery. We must make room for a sentence.

"The journey to Ratisbon was tedious, but not unpleasant. The general constituents of German scenery are corn-fields, many leagues in extent, and dark tracts of forests, equally extensive. Of this the eye soon becomes tired; but in a few favored spots there is such a union of wildness, variety, richness and beauty, as cannot be looked upon without lively emotions of pleasure and surprise. We entered the valley of Heitsch, on the frontier of Bavaria, late in the evening, after the sun had set behind the hills of Saxony. A winding road through a long woody plain leads to this retreat. It was some hours before we got across it, frequently losing our way in the innumerable heaths that intersect each other. At last the shades of the forest grew deeper and darker, till a sudden and steep descent seemed to carry us into another world. It was a total eclipse; but, like the valley of the shadow of death, it was the path to paradise. Suddenly the scene expanded into a broad, grassy glen, lighted from above by a full and beautiful moon. It united with all the wildness of a Scotch glen the verdure of an English garden. The steep hills on either side of our green pathway were covered with a luxuriant growth of trees, where millions of fire-flies flew like stars among the branches. Such enchantment could not be surpassed in Tempé itself. I would travel to the walls of China to feel again the wonder and delight that elevated my spirits when I first surveyed this enchanting scene. An incident apparently slight certainly heightened the effect produced by external beauty. While we gazed up to the ruined fortifications that stretched in bold broken piles across the ridge of the mountain, military music sounded at a distance. Five thousand Austrians, on their march to Bohemia, (where the French were expected to penetrate,) passed our carriage in a long broad line, and en-

camped in a wide plain at one extremity of the valley. As we proceeded on our way, the rear of their army, composed of red cloaks and Pandours, exhibited strange and picturesque groups, sleeping on the bare ground, with their horses tied to trees; whilst the sound of the Austrian trumpets died faintly away among the echoes of the hills."

In all Campbell's poetry there is nothing better—we had almost said nothing so good; and the incidents of actual war which he beheld are described with equal effect. He was hospitably received by the Benedictine Monks of the Scottish College of St. James. He describes the splendor and sublimity of the Catholic service, which he probably heard for the first time; and the Cathedral music at Ratisbon he speaks of as grand beyond conception.

"On the morning before the French entered Ratisbon, a solemn ceremony was held. The passage in the Latin service was singularly apropos to the fears of the inhabitants for siege and bombardment. The dreadful prophecy, 'Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou shalt be made desolate,' was chanted by a loud single voice from one end of the long echoing Cathedral. A pause more expressive than any sound succeeded, and then the whole thunder of the organs, trumpets, and drums broke in. I never conceived that the *terrific* in music could be carried to such a pitch."

In the Benedictine Monastery of St. James's, young Scotchmen were educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood. Its revenues have declined, and the brotherhood, Dr. Beattie tells us, has latterly amounted but to six or seven individuals. They were strongly attached to the interests of the Stuarts; they had for the most part left Scotland at six or seven years of age, and every prejudice of religion and politics was carefully nourished. They and Campbell did not long continue friends. The Jacobite and the Jacobin cannot long hunt in couples. The monks had recommended Campbell to lodgings, where he was robbed by his host or his servants; and when he complained, the monks took part with the native against the stranger. Then came letters home from Campbell, describing the monks as "lazy, loathsome, ignorant, and ill-bred." He tells of one of them attacking him with the most blackguard scurrility, and this in their own refectory.

"I never," says Campbell, "found myself so carried away by indignation. I flew at the scoundrel, and would have rewarded his insolence had not the others interposed; but prevented as I

have been from proceeding to extremities, what I have done is punishable by law, and the wretch has malevolence enough to take advantage of my rashness. Oh, if I had him at the foot of John's Hill, I would pummel his carrotty locks, and thrash him to the gates of purgatory! I saw him to-day. I was on the bridge along with him, and had grasped my yellow stick to answer his first salutation if he had dared to address me, but he slunk past without saying a word."

This scene would have been enough to have separated Campbell from the Scotch monks; but he also speaks of the conversation whenever he went there turning on politics, and with very ignorant men—and both Campbell and the monks were exceedingly ignorant of the actual springs of European politics—it is not surprising that a temper of disputativeness on both sides, which seems inseparable from the blood which both inherited, rendered all society, in any true sense of the word, impossible.

Campbell's pecuniary means now began to fail, and his letters evince increasing gloom; but his was a mind that the slightest gleam of sunshine was sufficient to cheer, and even for his gloom he had then an unfailing resource in the glorious faculty of imagination. An engagement to supply occasional poems to the Morning Chronicle, by which he earned some two guineas for each little copy of verses, makes him the happiest of men, and the very incidents that had almost overcome his spirit, and made his friends fear that melancholy might deepen into insanity, became the subject of his poems. The lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria, are evidence of this. Campbell took advantage of an armistice between Austria and France, to make several excursions into the interior, but when hostilities were renewed he became apprehensive of personal danger, and returned to Hamburg. He settled for the winter months at Altona. From Altona his communications with the Morning Chronicle became frequent. Several of the poems which have been since collected into the authorized editions of his works, appeared for the first time in this form—many of them with his name, and some—for he began to fear that his name appearing too frequently in newspapers might injure his reputation—were printed without his name. Among the latter was "The Mariners of England," and we believe "The Exile of Erin." "Lochiel," and "Hohenlinden," at an after period, were first published without the author's name. Of "The Exile of Erin," we have Campbell's own account of the origin:

"While tarrying at 'Hamburgh, I made] acquaintance with some of the refugee Irishmen, who had been concerned in the rebellion of 1798. Among them was Anthony M'Cann, an honest, excellent man—who is still I believe alive—at least I left him in prosperous circumstances in Altona a few years ago.* When I first knew him he was in a situation much the reverse; but Anthony commanded respect, whether he was rich or poor. It was in consequence of meeting him one evening on the banks of the Elbe, lonely and pensive at the thoughts of his situation, that I wrote 'The Exile of Erin.'"

The song is to an Irish air, to which more than one set of words had been written in Ireland—resembling Campbell's in metre, and the general turn of the sentiment. It seems certain, that either among the Irish students at Glasgow, or with M'Cann and his associates, Campbell had fallen in with the air, and some one or other of these songs. One of these songs, which is said to have been written in 1792, begins with the words—

"Green were the fields, where my forefathers dwelt, oh

Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh;
Though our farm it was small, yet comforts we felt, oh

Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh;
At length came the day, when our lease did expire,

And fain would I live where before lived my sire;

But oh, well a day, I was forced to retire,
Erin mavourneen, slawn lath go bragh."

Campbell's acquaintanceship with M'Cann and his other Irish friends was likely to lead him into trouble. Perhaps some feeling of this made him not solicitous to connect his name with the "Exile of Erin." At Ratisbon he knew that his politics were more than suspected. In April he returned, *via* London, to his mother's, who had during his absence become a widow. While in London he made the acquaintance, chiefly through Perry, of Lord Holland, Mackintosh, Rogers, and others of that class. His stay was short. He returned by sea. A lady who travelled by the same vessel, startled him by the information that Campbell the poet had been arrested in London for high treason, was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed. This was rather serious. "Coming events cast their shadows before." When he got to his mother's, he found her alarmed by similar reports. He at once wrote to the Sheriff of Edinburgh, saying, that he would wait on him, to refute the calumny. Next

morning he found the Sheriff disposed to deal kindly with him, but believing in his guilt. "Mr. Campbell, I wish you had not come to me; there is a warrant out against you for high treason; you are accused of conspiring with General Moreau in Austria, and with the Irish in Hamburgh, to get a French army landed in Ireland. Take my advice, and do not press yourself on my notice." "Where are the proofs?" "Oh, you attended Jacobin clubs in Hamburgh, and you came over from thence in the same vessel with Donovan, who commanded a regiment of rebels at Vinegar Hill." Campbell insisted on an investigation of the charges. His trunks had been seized at Leith—they were examined for documentary proofs of his treason; among his papers was found a copy of "Ye Mariners of England." This was not an hour to say more than was necessary of the authorship of the "Exile of Erin."

The Irish traitors after all were not treated with any great severity. Campbell tells Donovan's story, which, we dare say, was the story of dozens. At first, things looked bad enough. At Leith he was put into a post-chaise with a King's messenger, who humanely observed at every high post they passed on the road—"Look up, you Irish rascal, and see the height of the gallows from which you will be dangling in a few days."

"A twelvemonth after," says Campbell, "I met Donovan in London, and recognized my gaunt Irish friend, looking very dismal. 'Ha, Donovan, I wish you joy in getting out of the Tower, where, I was told, they had imprisoned you, and were likely to treat you like another Sir William Wallace.'—'Och!' said he, 'good luck to the Tower; black was the day that I was turned out of it. Would that any one would get me into it for life.'—'My stars! and were you not in confinement?'—'Ne'er a bit of it. The Government allowed me a pound sterling a-day as a State prisoner. The Tower gaoler kept a glorious table; and he let me walk out where I liked all day long, pretty secure that I should return at meal times; and, then, he had a nice pretty daughter.'—'And don't you go and see her in the Tower?'—'Why, no, my dear fellow; the course of true love never yet ran smooth. I discovered that she had no money, and she found out that my Irish estates, and all I had told her of their being confiscated in the rebellion, was sheer blarney. So then your merciless Government ordered me to be liberated as a State prisoner. I was turned adrift on the wide world, and glad to become a reporter to one of the newspapers.'"

While Donovan was living comfortably in the Tower, Campbell was experiencing the

* Written in 1837.—M'Cann is since dead.

Irish adage, that virtue is its own reward. The poverty of his family had increased. An annuity, which constituted part of their support, had died with his father, and distress stared them in the face. A subscription edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" was the only resource that suggested itself. It is a sad thing to think how much of advantage to society has been lost by no arrangement having been made in Scotland, where all education is conducted by professorial teaching—in Scotland, so justly proud of her literary men—for Campbell's support, by connecting him with one of her Universities. In his project of a new edition of "The Pleasures of Hope" Scott and Jeffrey gave him such aid and encouragement as they could; and he went to Liverpool to see what could be done there. From Liverpool he went to London, and seems to have been connected with Lord Minto in some capacity of secretary. In the course of this year (1802) "Lochiel" was written. With the booksellers he contracted for a continuation of Smollett's "History of England," in three volumes, at £100 per volume, which appeared under the title of "Annals of George III." It is an exceedingly useful abridgment, plainly and unambitiously written, and we have found it a work of very convenient reference.

In a poem written in Germany, there are some allusions, which Dr. Beattie does not think himself authorized distinctly to explain, to some love-dream which had been floating before the poet's fancy—

"Yea, even the name I have worshipped in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again."

And, at the same time, we find some verses, which we suppose his cousin Matilda was likely to think very beautiful:

"Oh, cherub, Content, at thy moss-covered shrine
I could pay all my vows, if Matilda were mine.
If Matilda were mine, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee."

This is not very passionate—still it was good enough for the newspaper in which it appeared, and the young lady was not likely to be a severer critic than Mr. Perry or his editor. Campbell, however, does not describe himself as falling in love with Matilda Sinclair for a couple of years after writing these verses; and as more than one political Irishman claims the honor of being the exile of Erin, perhaps some other Matilda was the heroine of these rhymes. The final Matilda,

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we are told by the poet, was a beautiful, lively, and lady-like woman. She had travelled too; and Campbell's stories of the Rhine and Danube were more than matched by hers of the Rhone and the Loire. In Geneva, too, she had learned the art of making the best cup of Mocha in the world; and there was a tradition that the Turkish ambassador seeing her at the Opera in a turban and feathers asked who she was; was told she was a Scotch lady; and thereupon said, he had seen nothing so beautiful in Europe. "Her features," says Dr. Beattie, "had much of the Spanish cast; her complexion was dark; her figure graceful, below the middle size; she had great vivacity of manners, energy of mind, and sensibility, or rather irritability, which often impaired her health." The subscription for Campbell's poems was going on well; the booksellers owed him money for the "Annals," or rather he would be entitled to some when the commission was executed; he had contracted, to be sure, a debt of £200, for which he paid £40 a year interest—and he had in his desk a fifty pound note. The lady's father in vain endeavored to persuade the young people of the madness of marriage in their circumstances. The poet would not listen; the lady did listen; but she got ill from anxiety, and so married they must be, and they were.

Early in the next year, it was suggested to Campbell to apply for the Regent's chair in the University of Wilna. The best chance of the poet's success in obtaining the appointment depended on its not being known to those who might be his competitors that he was a candidate. He could not be expected to use the artifices of low intrigue, which, it was to be feared, could alone be successful if the office were thrown open to competition, and the very mention of his name in connection with the appointment would at once have the effect of terminating the kind of engagements with publishers and journalists, by which his daily bread was obtained. Passages from "The Pleasures of Hope" were likely to be cited by his opponents on the subject of the partition of Poland, which would at once dispose of his claims. The secret did, in spite of his care to guard it, transpire; and, after some communication with persons connected with the Russian legation, he felt it prudent to retire from the contest.

Campbell's letters at this time, though often written in ill health, and under depressing anxieties, show that his married life was happy. A letter from a young

female relation, who was at this time on a visit with them, says, "they were greatly attached. Mrs. C. studied her husband in every way. As one proof, the poet being closely devoted to his books and writing during the day, she would never suffer him to be disturbed by questions or intrusion, but left the door of his room a little ajar, that she might every now and then have a silent peep at him. On one occasion, she called me to come softly on tiptoe, and she would show me the poet in a moment of inspiration. We stole softly behind his chair—his eye was raised—the pen in his hand, but he was quite unconscious of our presence, and we retired unsuspected."

He thought for a while of Edinburgh for a residence, but London or its neighborhood was the only place where the kind of employment he wanted was to be obtained. He had formed a connection with the *Star* newspaper; we believe, translating for them matter from the foreign journals, which gave him four guineas a week. He also wrote for Reviews; and he seems to have been anxiously looking round him to purchase a share in some magazine, thinking something might be made by adding the publisher's profits to those of the literary man. His health, and that of his young family, rendered it desirable to live in the country; and he found a house at a moderate rent at Sydenham Common, from which he rode into town every day. He could scarcely have placed himself in any situation more favorable for health or for study; and society was, in every sense of the word, good. He could reckon on two hundred a year from the "*Star*" and the "*Philosophical Magazine*;" both of which were conducted by the same proprietor. This did little to supply his wants, when out of it it is considered he had to keep a horse. He took whatever employment he could get. He wrote a vast deal. "Dispirited," he says, "beneath all hope of raising my reputation by what I *could* write, I contracted for only anonymous labor, and, of course, at an humble price." Overwork produced restlessness at night, and the necessity of having recourse to opiates. His Edinburgh friends continued to obtain subscriptions for his poems. Richardson—a friend of his who yet survives—was indefatigable, and Scott was active. There are some letters from Campbell to Scott, in which two or three projects of publishing lives of the British poets, and large editions of their works, in partnership, are suggested; they failed. In one of the letters to Scott,

we have the "Battle of Copenhagen," the first form of the "Battle of the Baltic." Some exceedingly spirited stanzas are omitted in the recast, still the second poem is far superior to the first. Dr. Beattie has also given us the opportunity of comparing "Lochiel's Warning," as it now stands, with the original draft. The "Battle of Copenhagen" is cut down to a third of its original dimensions. "Lochiel" is amplified by additional incidents, and the pictures are throughout heightened. Both poems are greatly improved; and to young poets, we think, the comparison of these works in their first and in their finished state, would be a most useful study.

A letter to Scott, dated October 2, 1805, concludes with the postscript, "*His Majesty has been pleased to confer a pension of £200 a year on me. GOD SAVE THE KING.*"

Campbell himself, and other writers who have addressed the public through the various channels of periodical literature, have been the main instruments in creating a public, and thus giving the chance of respectable bread to those who may select this unobtrusive way of communicating instruction. It is probable that the author will at all times be less highly paid than the clergyman or the physician, but that he has the means of living at all, with the ordinary decencies of life, is due to Johnson above all other men, and, after him, to those who have rendered it impossible that men shall consent to do without intellectual food. There is not a nook of Scotland which is not better for having produced Burns. His poems and Campbell's would not, in all probability, have been published at all, if it were not for local subscriptions. The love of letters, now diffused everywhere, renders such patronage no longer necessary; and there now is, probably, a stronger feeling against an expedient of the kind than suggested itself to any one in the year 1805. However this be, at the time when Campbell obtained the pension, which, as far as is known, was given by Fox at Lord Holland's solicitation, it did not appear unbecoming to his friends to seek to make some permanent provision for his family, by again publishing a subscription edition of his poems. Horner worked hard for him, and with good success. In a letter to Richardson, Horner says, "It may do you good, among the slaves in Scotland, to let it be known that Mr. Pitt* put his name to the subscription

* Pitt died three weeks after the date of this letter.

when he was at Bath, and we hope that most of the ministers will follow him."

"With this letter," says Beattie, "closed the year 1805—an eventful year to Campbell. It left him in improved health, with new friends, a settled income, and cheering prospects."

There appears strong reason to believe that Fox did not intend his favors to Campbell to end with the pension. It was small, and it was reduced by taxation and fees of office to £168 a year. Lord Grenville interested himself for him, and his friends thought their success certain, when Fox's death defeated their hopes. It is probable that Fox himself would have felt delight in serving Campbell. Campbell tells of a dinner in company with Fox at Lord Holland's—the poet was charmed with him. "What a proud day," he says, "to shake hands with the Demosthenes of his time—to converse familiarly with the great man, whose sagacity I revered as unequalled; whose benevolence was no less apparent in his simple manners—and to walk arm in arm round the room with him." They spoke of Virgil. Fox was pleased, and said at parting, "Mr. Campbell, you must come and see me at St. Anne's Hill; there we shall talk more of these matters." Fox, turning to Lord Holland, said, "I like Campbell; he is so right about Virgil."

Campbell, we said, rode each day into London. This became fatiguing; there were frequent invitations to dinner parties which could not well be refused. His health was unequal to the slightest excess, and "the foundation was laid for habits that in after years he found it hard, or even impossible to conquer."

It would appear that the variety of his engagements, and still more the perplexity of his circumstances, prevented his writing any poetry for some two or three years. He looked round him for some German poem to translate, and asked Scott to direct his attention to something in that way. It is fortunate that he found none, as we should probably not have had his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which was now commenced.

Among Campbell's most intimate friends at Sydenham was a family of the name of Mayo, and in a letter to one of the ladies of the family he tells her, that in his description of the father of *Gertrude*, Wynell Mayo, the father of his correspondent, was represented.

He quotes a few lines of the poem from

his manuscript, which are not materially altered in the printed copy:

"How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
Undimmed by weakness, shade, or turbid ire,
When all but kindly fervors were assuaged:
Such was the most beloved, the gentlest sire:
And though amid that calm of thought entire
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire,
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Etna's fires grow dim before the rising day."

We regret that Dr. Beattie seems unable to tell us anything about the origin of *Gertrude*, the most elaborate and the most beautiful of Campbell's works. This is the more provoking, as, from the complexity of the stanza alone, it is impossible that it should not have undergone, in almost every line, repeated changes. A passage from La Fontaine's romance of Barneck and Saldorf, is printed by Dr. Beattie, from some fancied resemblance to the story of *Gertrude*. We have not read La Fontaine's romance, but there is nothing in the passage quoted which would suggest the slightest obligation from either writer to the other, and there is not any evidence that Campbell ever saw La Fontaine's work, which, from the date given by Beattie, would appear to have been printed in Berlin only a year or two before. Between Campbell's poem of *Gertrude* and Chateaubriand's *Atala*, there are some points of resemblance, not in the story, but in the general picture of American scenery and of Indian manners. The contrasts of savage and social life are also brought out in very much the same kind of feeling. The "Areouski" and the "Manitous" are, perhaps necessarily, common property; and the mention of the God to whom the Christians pray, in the same language, does not show more than that each imitates, with such skill as he can, the reputed dialect of the native tribes. The same may, perhaps, be said of "the fever-balm and sweet sagamite;" and the sound of Outalissi, as a name for an Indian warrior, may have equally affected both poets; but these are resemblances of a different kind, and we think that the study of Chateaubriand, more than anything else, has misled Campbell into the few instances of false painting that surprise us in *Gertrude*. Chateaubriand's scene is in Florida. This, Campbell forgets; and we suspect that some of the plants and birds of Florida are by this accident brought into Pennsylvania.

The deep untrodden grot,

"Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore,"

was closed by mountains to the east, and and open to the west. It was a spot where the native tribes in days of old might perhaps "explore their father's dust, or lift their voice to the Great Spirit."

"Rocks sublime,
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colored all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed
by time.

"But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw ;
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue.
And now suspended was the pleasing din—
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ—heard within
Cathedral aisles—ere yet the symphony begin."

Chateaubriand's description of the Indian cemeteries, in a passage which we are compelled to quote at length, we cannot but think suggested the passage we have quoted from Campbell.

"De-là nous arrivâmes à une gorge de vallée ou je vis un ouvrage merveilleux : c'était un pont naturel, semblable à celui de la Virginie, dont tu a peut-être entendu parler. Les hommes, mon fils, surtout ceux de ton pays, imitent souvent la nature, et leurs copies sont toujours petites ; il n'en est pas ainsi de la nature quand elle a l'air de vouloir imiter les travaux des hommes, mais en leur offrant en effet des modèles. C'est alors qu'elle jet des ponts du sommet d'une montagne au sommet d'une autre montagne, suspend les chemins dans les nues, refond les fleuves pour canaux, sculpte des monts pour colonnes, et pour bassins creuse de mers.

"Nous passâmes sous l'arche unique de ce pont, et nous nous trouvâmes devant une autre merveille. C'était le cimetière des Indiens de la Mission, ou les bocages de la Mort. Le père Aubry avait permis à ses néophytes d'ensevelir leurs morts à leur manière et de conserver à leur sépulture son nom sauvage. Le sol en était divisé, comme le champ commun des moissons, en autant de lots qu'il y avait de familles. Chaque lot faisait à lui seul un bois, qui variait selon le goût de ceux qui l'avaient planté. Un ruisseau serpentait sans bruit au milieu de ces bocages ; on l'appelait le ruisseau de la paix ; ce riant asile des âmes était fermé à l'orient par le pont sous lequel nous avions passé : deux collines le bornaient au septentrion et au midi : il ne s'ouvrait qu'à l'occident où s'élevait un grand bois des sapins. Les troncs de ces arbres, rouges, marbrés de

vert, montant sans branche jusqu'à leur cime, ressemblaient à de hautes colonnes, et formaient le peristyle de ce temple de la Mort. Dans ce bois régnoit un bruit religieux semblable au sourd mugissement d'une église Chrétienne : mais lorsqu'on pénétrait au fond du sanctuaire on n'entendait plus que les hymnes des oiseaux, qui célébraient à la mémoire des morts une fête éternelle."

The remarkable expression of the forests rolling their "verdant gulfs," we have in another passage :

"J'entraînai la fille de Simagham aux pieds des côteaux, que formaient des golfes de verdure, en avançant leur promontoires dans la savane."

In Campbell's description of Pennsylvanian scenery minute inaccuracies have been shown, but in the descriptions of a terrestrial paradise this is a permitted license, and the general effect is true. An American who met him at Dr. Beattie's in 1840, told him it was as true to nature as if written on the spot. "I read," said Campbell, "every description I could find of this valley and could lay hands on, and saw several travellers who had been there. I should wish to see it, but am too old to undertake the voyage, and yet I don't like the idea that I am too old to do anything I wish. My heart is as young as ever." His American friend told him of a pilgrimage that he and others were led to make to the spot, from their admiration of Campbell's genius. "It was autumn, and the quiet shores of the lake were bathed in the yellow light of Indian summer. Every day we wandered through the primeval forests, and, when tired, we used to sit down under their solemn shade, among the falling leaves, and read 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sound but the song of the wild birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I felt the power of Campbell's genius." Campbell took his hand, pressed it, and said, "God bless you, sir, you make me happy, although you make me weep. This is more than I can bear. It is dearer to me than all the praise I have had before ; to think that in that wild American scenery I have had such readers. I will go to America yet." When they parted, Campbell gave him a copy of the illustrated edition of his poems. "Take it with you," were his words, "and if, with your 'Gertrude,' you ever go again to the valley of Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, 'Campbell gave me this.'"

Some fourteen or fifteen years after the publication of *Gertrude*, Campbell found himself engaged in a correspondence with the son of Brandt, the Indian chief, who was represented by the poet as the leader of a savage party, whose ferocity gave to war more than its own horrors. Campbell had abused him, almost in the language of an American newspaper.

"The mammoth comes—the foe—the monster
Brandt—
With all his howling, desolating band."

It was rather a serious moment when a gentleman, with an English name, called on Campbell, demanding, on the part of the son of Brandt, some explanation of this language, as applied to his father. A long letter from Campbell is printed in Stone's "*Life of Brandt*," addressed to the Mohawk chief, *Ahyonwalghs*, commonly called John Brandt, Esq., of the Grand River, Upper Canada, in which he states the various authorities which had misled him into the belief of the truth of the incidents on which his notion of Brandt's character was founded, and which it seems misrepresented it altogether. It was no doubt a strange scene, and the poet could with truth say, and with some pride, too, that when he wrote his poem, it was unlikely that he should ever have contemplated the case of the son or daughter of an Indian chief being affected by its contents. He promises in future editions to correct the involuntary error; and he does so, by saying in a note, that the "Brandt" of the poem is a pure and declared character of fiction. This does not satisfy Mr. Stone's sense of justice, who would have the tomahawk applied to the offending rhyme, and who thinks anything less than this is a repetition of the offense. Beattie ought to have published the correspondence.

The next poem of Campbell's was *O'Connor's Child*. "The theme," says Dr. Beattie, "was suggested by seeing a flower in his own garden, called 'Love lies bleeding.'" Beattie, in communicating this information, uses inverted commas, but does not say whether he gives us the poet's words or not, and we should wish to know the fact, as it would in some degree affect our estimate of the poem. Nothing can be more perfect than this poem is throughout. In one or two passages of "The Pleasures of Hope," and in a few wild words at the close of the "Battle of the Baltic," the student of Campbell's poetry might be prepared for lines expressive of

what Schiller, or one of his translators, calls "the fancifulness of despair."*

"Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

"Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!"

The wildness of the fancies through the whole poem—the leading thought of her lover's death everywhere re-appearing, and linked with the flower that first grew upon his grave, is, we think, almost more beautifully conceived, and more beautifully expressed, than anything we know in English poetry. The old fancies of the hyacinth and Shakspeare's little western flower—"before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound"—fade into nothingness before it.† Campbell himself has been known to say that he preferred "*O'Connor's Child*" to any other of his poems. It was, he said, rapidly written—the work of a fortnight. In the illustrated edition of the poems, there are two misprints, which, as they alter the meaning, we had better point out. One is,

"And I behold, Oh God! Oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod."

The other is,

"Dragged to that hated mansion back,
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day."

* See a translation of the "*Kindesmörderinn*" in Merivale's Schiller.

† A fancy of the same kind now and then appears in the old ballads or poems published as such. In a Jacobite song of 1745, printed in Cromek's *Remains*, we have the lines:

"My father's blood's in that flower tap,
My brother's in that harebell's blossom:
This white rose was steeped in my love's blood,
And I'll aye wear it in my bosom."

For Shakspeare's "little western flower," the reader who has the opportunity of referring to Halpin's "*Essay on the Vision of Oberon*," published by the Shakspeare Society, or Craik's "*Romance of the Peerage*," will probably receive great pleasure and instruction from their examination of the allegory. We do not say that we quite agree with them, or either of them. Craik's "*Romance of the Peerage*" is a most important and valuable addition to our historical literature. Much of it is drawn from sources hitherto neglected, or very imperfectly explored.

In the first, the word printed "behold" should be *beheld*—in the other, the word "knew" should be *know*. In both, a meaning inconsistent with the general feeling of the passage is unfortunately suggested.

We cannot follow Dr. Beattie in narrating how the means of life were made out by Campbell. He lectured—he published specimens of the poets, accompanied with criticism, always sensible, often acute; but his prose has no abiding life. It did its day's work. Letters from Paris, which he visited in 1814, are printed. They contain little more than his impressions about works of art, with the principles of which he was not sufficiently acquainted to justify us in transcribing what he says—and his opinion of Mrs. Siddons, which he afterwards worked into a sort of trade life of her. In 1821, he undertook the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he continued for nine or ten years. At the end of this time, he found himself in the publisher's debt, and felt obliged to look round him for employment of the same kind. He became editor of the "*Metropolitan Magazine*," and soon after, Rogers lent him five hundred pounds to purchase a share in the *Metropolitan*. The money had a narrow escape, as the bankruptcy of some copartner occurred at the time. Rogers had refused taking any security, but Campbell insured his life, and had some deed executed that gave Rogers rights against whatever property he had. Campbell, though always a struggling man, seems to have been anxious that his improvidence should not injure his friends. To his own family—his mother and sisters, his generosity was very great.

The book contains some very painful scenes, on which we do not think it desirable to enter. Of two children of his marriage, one died in infancy; the other was, during his father's life, in such doubtful health as to render it necessary that he should live, at a distance from home under medical care. Campbell felt it necessary to live in London, and he felt it necessary to allow himself to be made chairman of Polish clubs, and to preside at patriotic dinners. This brought him acquainted with strange companions, whom it was not at all times possible to get rid of. Dr. Beattie tells us of some affecting scenes, when the broken-hearted man was thoughtlessly reproached at his own table by a guest who thought the host had taken too much wine, and who ought himself either not to have taken any, or not stopped at what is not inappropriately called the cross drop.

In the cause of education Campbell was at all times an enthusiast. To him, above all others, is to be ascribed the origination and the success of the London University. His election to the rectorship of Glasgow University was the most gratifying incident of his life, and it resulted in permanent advantages to that institution.

Campbell resided for a while at St. Leonard's, and afterwards settled in London. These were moments of great pecuniary difficulty and embarrassment; but towards the close of life, and at the moment when such relief was most seasonable, additions came to his income by some two or three legacies. In one instance, the sum that seemed providentially sent came in vain, for without waiting to consult any one, he laid it out in an annuity for his own life, which lasted for little more than a year after this transaction.

His wife had been some years dead. There is some obscure intimation of his making some overtures towards a second marriage, which failed. He was fond, passionately fond of children, and it occurred to him that one of his nieces—a girl of some thirteen or fourteen years of age—might come from Scotland to be his housekeeper. He was to teach her French. His only son was sufficiently provided for; and the poet promised her parents to leave her whatever little property he might have at his death.

In one respect alone are we dissatisfied with Dr. Beattie's book. In every line of it there breathes the strongest affection towards the poet, and yet how, where, or when their intimacy commenced, the book gives us no information whatever. For many of the latter years of Campbell's life, Dr. Beattie was his most anxious friend, and we believe it is in the strictest sense of the word true, that but for him that life must have closed long before it did. Campbell removed to Boulogne in September, 1843. Every object of his removal was disappointed. He found the place scarcely cheaper than that which he left; he found the climate worse; he had all the trouble and expense of a removal. He fixed plans of study, and tried to execute them. The custom-house regulations interfered with his receiving English books. He would, when weary of reading, diversify the day by conversation; but where were his old friends? "Home-sickness," says his kind physician, "was on him."

He sought to write to his friends, but his letters became few and short; still they were cheerful. At last, a letter from his niece brought over Dr. Beattie. When he arrived,

he found a Sister of Charity assisting her in attending on the dying poet. When Beattie was introduced into his chamber, he complained of chilliness—morbid chilliness. He held out his hand, and thanked Beattie, and the other friends who had come to assist him.

This was June the 4th. On the 6th he was able to converse more freely; but his strength had become more reduced, and on being assisted to change his posture, he fell back in the bed insensible. Conversation was carried on in the room in whispers; and Campbell uttered a few sentences so unconnected, that his friends were doubtful whether he was conscious or not of what was going on in his presence, and had recourse to an artifice to learn. One of them spoke of the poem of Hohenlinden, and pretending to forget the author's name, said he had heard it was by a Mr. Robinson. Campbell saw the trick, was amused, and said playfully, but in a calm and distinct tone, "No; it was one Tom Campbell." The poet had—as far as a poet can—become for years indifferent to posthumous fame. In 1838, five years before this time, he had been speaking to some friends in Edinburgh on the subject. "When I think of the existence which shall commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me—to any one—but as nothing? I believe, when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way—that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue." The next day swelling of the feet appeared. In answer to an inquiry, he replied, with a remarkable expression of energy, "Yes, I have entire control over my mind. I am quite"—Beattie lost the last word, but thinks it was "resigned." "Then with shut eyes and a placid expression of countenance, he remained silent but thoughtful. When I took leave at night, his eye followed me anxiously to the door, as if to say, 'Shall we meet to-morrow?'" Dr. Beattie's journal records a few days passed like the last. Religious feeling was, as the closing scene approached, more distinctly expressed. Beattie was thinking of the lines in *THE LAST MAN*, when he heard with delight the dying man express his belief "in life and immortality brought to light by the Saviour."

"This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave the heavenly spark:
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!

No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath
Who captive led captivity—
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death."

"To his niece he said, 'Come let us sing praises to Christ;' then, pointing to the bedside, he added, 'Sit here.' 'Shall I pray for you?' she said. 'Oh yes,' he replied; 'let us pray for each other.'"

The liturgy of the Church of England was read; he expressed himself "soothed—comforted." "The next day, at a moment when he appeared to be sleeping heavily, his lips suddenly moved, and he said, '*We shall see* * * *to-morrow*'—naming a long-departed friend." On the next day he expired without a struggle.

This was the fifteenth of June; on Thursday, the 27th, he was interred in Westminster Abbey, in a new grave, in the centre of Poet's corner. Among the mourners in the funeral procession were the Duke of Argyle, and other representatives of the house of Campbell; Sir Robert Peel and Lord Strangford. Lord Brougham was there, and Lockhart and Macaulay. A monument is projected to his memory, and on the committee are Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel.

Among Dr. Beattie's recollections of the poet's conversations a year or two before, he tells of the emphasis with which he repeated Tickell's lines on the burial of Addison. "Lest I should forget them," Dr. Beattie adds, "he sent me a copy of them next day in his own handwriting." With these lines from one of the most affecting poems in the language we close our notice of a book in many respects honorable to its author; in none more than in his anxious wish to conceal the faults and to vindicate the memory of his distinguished friend.

"Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead!
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things;
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire—
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir!
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that "dust to dust" conveyed.
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept those tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone forever! take this last adieu,
And sleep in peace."

From the Literary Gazette.

ELIZA COOK'S NEW POEMS.

Poems by Eliza Cook. 3 vols. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

A TRINE of volumes to a poet is, like one of those in the prophetic almanacs, an important sign, and predictive of influence and fame. To this honor has our fair friend duly and honestly reached, by a number of compositions which have justly become popular within the boundaries of the English language. They are the offspring of nature and feeling; some homely, and imparting pleasure to the homes of the refined as well as the lowly; some more ambitious in subject and treatment, and all dictated by that love of kind which makes genius earnest in every effort to promote the welfare of our fellow creatures. We have often been seduced to bestow our meed of praise on the productions of the author, and it is with pleasure we observe that the novelties in this edition fully bear out the reputation she has so fairly achieved. Here is one of her simple melodies, like the best of former days:

"THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

"The village church is passing gay,
The bells gush out in merry tune,
A flag is o'er the turret grey,
The porch holds all the flowers of June,
For Youth and Beauty come to wed,
With bounding form and beaming eye—
With all the rapture love can shed,
And all the hope that gold can buy;
And children twine with noisy glee,
White favors round the cypress tree.

"An old man sitteth on a grave,
His steps no more are firm and fast;
And slenderly his white locks wave,
As breeze and butterfly go past.
A gentle smile lights up his face,
And then he turns to gaze around;
For he has come to choose the place
Where he shall sleep in hallowed ground:
'Just by yon daisy patch,' saith he,
'Tis there, 'tis there, I'd have it be.'

"The bridal hearts in triumph glow,
With all the world before them yet;
The old man's pulse beats calm and slow,
Like sun-rays, lengthening as they set.

*They see the fancied hours to come,
He sees the real days gone by;
They deem the earth a fairy home,
He thinks it well that man should die.
Oh, goodly sight—it should be so—
Youth glad to stay—Age fit to go!"*

A prayer, closing an address rather *doggerelly* to the Pope, though fervently put up, has not been fulfilled—

"All honor to 'the Pope!'
Long life and fame to 'Pius!'
The world's heart still may hope,
While such as he stand by us."

It is dangerous now-a-days to speculate upon any thrones or political events. The poor Pope could not stand by himself; far less "by Us," except in the representative person and precepts of Dr. McHale!

Some very affecting stanzas to William Thom, the Inverary poet, are, we trust, only imaginative in expressing kindred woes—

"O'er thy draught of sorrow, Willie,
I have hung with smileless lip;
The cup is sad to borrow, Willie,
Yet a kindred one *will* sip."

We are glad to seek refuge in a lighter fancy, in "Lines among the Leaves," though with a teaching and touching moral close:

"Have ye heard the west wind singing,
Where the summer trees are springing?
Have ye counted o'er the many tunes it knows?
For the wide-winged spirit rangeth,
And its ballad metre changeth
As it goes.

"A plaintive wail it maketh,
When the willow's tress it shaketh,
Like new-born infant sighing in its sleep;
And the branches low and slender,
Bend to list the strain so tender,
Till they weep.

"Another tale 'tis telling,
Where the clustered elm is swelling

With dancing joy, that seems to laugh outright;
And the leaves, all bright and clapping,
Sound like human fingers snapping
With delight.

"The fitful key-note shifteth
Where the heavy oak uplifteth
A diadem of acorns broad and high;
And it chants with muffled roaring,
Like an eagle's wings in soaring
To the sky.

"Now the breeze is freshly wending,
Where the gloomy yew is bending,
To shade green graves and canopy the owl;
And it sends a mournful whistle,
That remindeth of the missal
And the cowl.

"Another lay it giveth,
Where the spiral poplar liveth,
Above the cresses, lily, flag and rush;
And it sings with hissing treble,
Like the foam upon the pebble
In its gush.

"A varied theme it utters,
Where the glossy date-leaf flutters,
A loud and lightsome chant it yieldeth there;
And the quiet, listening dreamer
May believe that many a streamer
Flaps the air.

"It is sad and dreary hearing
Where the giant pine is rearing
A lonely head, like hearse-plume waved about;
And it lurketh melancholy,
Where the thick and sombre holly
Bristles out.

"It murmurs soft and mellow
'Mid the light laburnums yellow,
As lover's ditty chimed by rippling plash,
And deeper is its tiding,
As it hurries, swiftly gliding,
Through the ash.

"A roundelay of pleasure
Does it keep in merry measure,
While rustling in the rich leaves of the beech,
As though a band of fairies
Were engaged in Mab's vagaries,
Out of reach.

"Oh! a bard of many breathings
Is the Wind in sylvan wreathings,
O'er mountain tops and through the woodland groves,
Now fifing and now drumming—
Now howling and now humming,
As it roves.

"Oh! are not human bosoms
Like these things of leaves and blossoms,
Where hallowed whispers come to cheer and rouse?
Is there no mystic stirring
In our hearts, like sweet wind whirring
In the boughs?

"Though that wind a strange tone waketh
In every home it maketh,

And the maple tree responds not as the larch,
Yet Harmony is playing
Round all the green arms swaying
'Neath heaven's arch.

"Oh! what can be the teaching
Of these forest voices preaching?
'Tis that a brother's creed, though not as mine,
May blend about God's altar,
And help to fill the psalter
That's divine."

"Summer Days" is another sweet poem,
though we quote only one verse, for a brilliant line—

"Oh! the summer days are bright,
And I long to mark their glory,
When the lark talks to the light,
Till the gleesome bird of night
Goes on with the fairy story."

"Love," too, is finely sung, as the following stanzas will testify:

"There's not a dark, dull coffin-board but what has
stood to bear
A swarm of summer warblers in the mellow green-
wood air;
There's not a thread of cere-cloth but has held its
blossom bells,
And swung the morning pearls about within the fra-
grant wells.

"Love lurketh round us everywhere—it fills the
great design,
It gives the soul its chosen mate—it loads the au-
tumn vine;
It dyes the orchard branches red—it folds the worm
in silk,
It rears the daisy where we tread, and bringeth
corn and milk.

"Love stirreth in our beings all unbidden and un-
known,
With aspirations leaping up like fountains from the
stone;
It prompts the great and noble deeds that nations
hail with pride,
It moveth when we grieve to miss an old dog from
our side.

"It bids us plant the sapling to be green when we
are grey,
It pointeth to the Future, and yet blesses while we
stay;
It opens the Almighty page where—though 'tis held
afar,
We read enough to lure us on still higher than we
are.

"The child at play upon the sward, who runs to
snatch a flower,
With earnest passion in his glee that glorifies the
hour—
The doting student—pale and meek—who looks
into the night,
Dreaming of all that helps the soul to gauge Eternal
might;

"The rude, bold savage, pouring forth his homage
to the sun,
Asking for other 'hunting-fields' when life's long
chase is run—
The poet boy who sitteth down upon the upland
grass,
Whose eagle thoughts are nestled by the zephyr
wings that pass;

"The weak old man that creepeth out once more
before he dies,
With longing wish to see and feel the sunlight in his
eyes—
Oh! these are the unerring types that Nature set-
teth up,
To tell that an elixir drop yet sanctifies our cup.

"Love, beautiful and boundless Love, thou dwellest
here below,
Teaching the human lip to smile—the violet to
blow:
Thine is the breath ethereal that yet exhales and
burns
In sinful breasts as incense steals from dim unsightly
urns."

The playfulness in an address to "Win-
ter," offers a different strain:

"Oh, Winter, old Winter! for many a year
You and I have been friends, but I sadly fear
That your blustering nights and stormy days
Will have no more of my love or my praise.

"There was a time when I used to look
You full in the face on the frost-bound brook;
When I laughed to see you lock up the ale,
And fetter the mop to the housemaid's pail.

"It was fun to see you redden a nose,
Benumb little fingers, and pinch great toes;
To hear you swear in a nor-west blast,
As your glittering sledge-car rattled past.

"I've greeted you, come what there might in your
train,
The hurricane wind or the deluging rain;
I've even been kind to your sleet and your fog,
When folks said 'twas n't weather to turn out a
dog.'

"I've welcomed you ever, and tuned each string
To thank and applaud you for all you bring;
I've raced on your slides with joyous folly,
And pricked my fingers in pulling your holly.

"But you treat me so very unfairly now,
That, indeed, old fellow, we must have 'a row,'
Though your tyrannous conduct's so fiercely un-
couth,
That I hardly dare venture 'to open my mouth.'

"I tremble to hear you come whistling along,
For my breathing gets weak as yours grows
strong;
And I crouch like my hound in the fire's warm
blaze,
And eagerly long for the solstice rays.

"You may spit your snow, but you need not make
My cheek as white as the icicle flake;

You may darken the sky, but I cannot tell why
You should spitefully seek to bedim my eye.

"You sent old Christmas parading the land,
With his wassail cup and minstrel band;
But you griped me hard when the sports began,
Crying, 'Drink if you dare, and dance if you can.'

"It is true I had proffers of meat and of wine,
Which, with honest politeness, I begged to de-
cline;
For with drams antimonial I cannot agree,
And I quarrel with beef when 'tis made into tea.

"Others may go to the revel and rout,
They may feast within and ramble without;
But I must be tied to the chimney side,
Lest Death, on his white horse, ask me to ride.

"The wise ones say I must keep you away,
If I wish not to see my brown locks turn grey;
That your motive is base, for you're lying in wait
To carry me off through the church-yard gate.

"Oh, Winter! old Winter! such usage is sad,
You're a brute, and a traitor, and everything bad;
But, like many dear friends, you are stinging the
breast
That has trusted you most and has loved you the
best."

We conclude with a ballad, "'Tis a Wild
Night at Sea," which reminds us of that
sung by *Barbara*, (see *Shakspeare*, *Othello*.)

"The clouds arose in a giant shape
And the wind with a piercing gust—
Dark as the murderer's mask of crape,
And sharp as a poniard thrust.

"Thicker and wider the gloom stretched out
With a flush of angry red;
Till the hissing lightning blazed about,
And the forest bent its head.

"A maiden looked from a lattice pane
Toward where the ocean lay;
And her gaze was fixed with earnest strain
On the beacon, leagues away.

"She knew that he who had won her soul
Was getting close to land;
And she clutched at every thunder roll
With a hard convulsive hand.

"He had promised he would sail no more
To far and fearful climes;
He had talked of a cottage on the shore,
And the sound of wedding chimes.

"They had loved each other many a year,
They had grown up side by side;
She had reckoned the days—his ship must be
near—
He was coming to claim his bride.

"An old crone passed the lattice pane—
'God help us all!' quoth she,
'Tis bad on the mountain, but worse on the main,
'Tis a wild night at sea!"

"The maiden heard, but never stirred
Her gaze from the beacon lamp;
Her heart alone felt a sepulchre stone
Roll up to it, heavy and damp.

"A grey-haired mariner looked around—
'Here's a wind,' cried he:
'May God preserve the homeward bound;
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"The maiden heard, yet never stirred
Her eyes from the distant part;
But shadow was thrown upon the stone,
And the stone was *over* her heart.

"The lightning blades fenced fierce and long,
The blast wings madly flew;
But morning came with the skylark's song
And an arch of spotless blue.

"Morning came with a tale too true,
As sad as tale could be;
'A homeward bound' went down with her crew—
'Twas a wild night at sea!'

"The maiden heard, yet never stirred,
Nor eye, nor lip, nor brow;
But moss had grown on the sepulchre stone,
And it covered a skeleton now.

"Summer and Winter came and went
With their frosty and flowery time:
Autumn branches lusciously bent,
And Spring-buds had their prime.

"The maiden still is in her home,
But not a word breathes she;
Save those that sealed her spirit doom,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"The hedge-row thorn is out again,
And her cheek is as pale as the bloom;
She bears a wound whose bleeding pain
Can only be stanch'd by the tomb.

"Children show her the violet bed
And where young doves will be;

But they hear her say, as she boweth her head,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"She may be seen at the lattice pane
When the climbing moon is bright;
With the gaze distraught of a dreaming brain
Toward the beacon height.

"There's not a cloud a star to shroud,
The song-birds haunt the tree;
But she faintly sighs, as the dew-drops rise,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"Golden beams of a sunny June
The world with light are filling;
Till the roses fall asleep at noon
O'er the draught of their own distilling.

"The maiden walks where aspen stalks
Only move with the moth and bee;
But she sigheth still, with shivering chill,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

"Her beautiful youth has withered away,
Sorrow has eaten the core;
But, weak and wan, she lingereth on
Till the thorn is white once more.

"There are bridal robes at the old church porch,
And orange bloom so fair;
The merry bells say, 'tis a wedding day,
And the priest has blessed the pair.

"The maiden is under the church-yard yew,
Watching with hollow eye;
Till the merry bells race with faster pace,
And the bridal robes go by.

"She dances out to the ding-dong tune,
She laughs with raving glee;
And Death endeth the dream in her requiem
scream,
'Tis a wild night at sea!'

A most fervent poetical dedication to Miss
Charlotte Cushman ushers in these volumes.

From the British Quarterly Review.

ROBERT BOYLE.

A History of the Royal Society, with Memoirs of the Presidents. By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Assistant-Secretary and Librarian to the Royal Society. In 2 vols. London: John W. Parker, West Strand, 1848.

Occasional Reflections. By the Hon. ROBERT BOYLE. J. H. Parker, Oxford and London, 1848.

Boyle Lectures for 1846. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. London: John W. Parker, West Strand. Second edition, 1848.

It is reported of Thomas Carlyle that he once half-jestingly declared his intention of writing a life of Charles II., as one who was no sham or half man, but the perfect specimen of a bad king. Charles, however, if he did no other good thing, founded the Royal Society, and by so doing saved his portrait from being cut out in untinted black, by the stern humorist's scissors.

The thoughtless monarch, no doubt, did as little for science as he well could. The only incident in his life which can be referred to as indicating a personal interest in it, is his sending the Society a recipe for the cure of hydrophobia; but the act was probably prompted as much by his love of dogs as his love of science. Sheer carelessness on his part appears to have been the cause of the Society's not obtaining confiscated lands in Ireland, which he was willing it should possess, and which would have ultimately yielded an ample revenue. The members besought him for apartments where they might meet and keep their library, curiosities, and apparatus. Charles at last gave them a dilapidated college and grounds at Chelsea; but characteristically enough, it turned out that the property was only in part his to give; and the Society finding it had inherited little else than a multitude of lawsuits, was glad to restore the college to Government, and accept a small sum in exchange. Yet Charles did more for science, at a time, too, when royal patronage was a precious thing, than many wiser and better monarchs have done,

and it would be difficult to discover any sinister or interested motive which the King had in assisting the philosophers. He probably did not pretend (except in the Society's charters, which in all likelihood he never read) to revere science as truth, or covet it as power, but he could wonder at it as marvellous. It dealt in novelties, and he was too intelligent and inquisitive not to be struck by them. It helped him through a morning, to attend on occasion, "an anatomical administration," at Gresham College, and see an executed criminal dissected. From time to time, also, the members of the Royal Society showed him their more curious experiments, and Charles first smiled approbation, and then generally found something to laugh at, either in the experiment or the experimenter. It occasioned him no little diversion, as we learn from Pepys, to witness the philosophers "weighing of ayre." He had too strong and practised a sense of the ludicrous not to be keenly alive to the little pedantries and formalities of some of the fellows; and too little reverence in his nature to deny himself a laugh at their weaknesses and follies. He was sometimes, no doubt, entitled to his smile at the experimenter; and always, if he saw fit, at the experiment. For everything on this earth has its ludicrous, as well as its serious aspect, and the grave man need not grudge the merry man his smile at what he thinks strange.

An experiment, too, was a thing on the result of which a bet could be laid, as well

as on the issue of a game at cards or a cock-fight. The Royal Society was, on one occasion, instructed that "his Majesty had wagered £50 to £5 for the compression of air by water." (Weld, vol. i, p. 231.) A trial, accordingly, was made by one of its most distinguished members, and the King, as may be surmised, won his wager. (p. 232.)

It is impossible to read the histories and eulogies of the Royal Society, without detecting in them, in spite of all their laudations of its kingly founder, a subdued, but irrepressible conviction, that by no address of the annalist can Charles II. be made to figure as an august patron and promoter of science. It is not that he will not brook comparison with such princes as Leo X., or the Florentine dukes. Charles could not be expected to equal them, but he took such pains to show that he had the progress of science as little at heart as the maintenance of personal virtue, or public morality, that he has baffled the most adroit royalist to say much in his praise. He was often expected at the public meetings of the Society, but he never accomplished an official visit. He dreaded, no doubt, the formality and tediousness of the *séance*, and his presence might have recalled the caustic proverb, "Is Saul, too, among the prophets?"

Nevertheless, it might have fallen to the Royal Society's lot to have had a worse founder. Its seeds were sown and even germinated in the days of James I., but the philosophers were fortunate in escaping the patronage of the most learned of the Stuarts. James would have plagued them as much as Frederick the Great did the *savans* he favored. His sacred Majesty would have dictated to the wisest of them what they should discover, and how they should discover it. A wayward genius like Hooke would have paid many a visit to the Tower, or one to Tower Hill; and any refractory philosopher who persisted in interpreting a phenomenon otherwise than the royal pedant thought he should interpret it, would have been summarily reminded of the "King's divine right to rule," and treated as a disloyal subject.

Charles I., we can well believe, looked on with unassumed interest at Harvey's dissection of the deer's heart, and demonstration of his great discovery of the circulation of the blood. Whatever that monarch's faults may have been, he had too religious a spirit not to have honored science, and too kingly a manner to have insulted its students. But his patronage would have compromised the liberties and lives of the philosophers during

the civil war, and we should grudge now if the perversest cavalier among them had paid with his life for his scientific royalism.

The uncrowned king that followed the first Charles, had his hands too full of work, and his head and heart too much occupied with very different things, to have much patience with weighers of air, or makers of "solid glass bubbles." (Rupert's drops, Weld, i. 103, 113.) But a hint that they could have helped him to a recipe for "keeping his powder dry," or improved the build of his ships, or the practice of navigation, would at once have secured the favor of the sagacious Protector. When the restoration came, however, such services to Cromwell would have procured for the philosophers a swift and bloody reward.

Things fell out, as it was, for the best. The infant society escaped the dangerous favors of King and Protector, till the notice of royalty could only serve it; and then it received just as much of courtly favor as preserved it from becoming the prey of knavish hatchers of sham plots, and other disturbers of its peace; and so little of substantial assistance that its self-reliance and independence were not forfeited in the smallest. Charles the Second did the Royal Society the immense service of leaving it to itself, and an institution numbering among its members such men as Newton, Boyle, and Hooke, (to mention no others,) needed only security from interruption, and could dispense with other favors. And it had to dispense with them. The title of the Society is apt to convey the impression that it had the government to lean upon, and was dowered from its treasury. But this was not the case. The Society was not fondled into greatness by royal nursing. Charles' only *bona fide* gift to it, was what Bishop Horsley, in an angry mood, denounced as "that toy," the famous bauble mace, (Weld, ii. 168,) which the original warrant for its making, calls "one guilt mace of one hundred and fifty oz." (Weld, i. 163.)

In return for this benefaction the Society presented their patron with a succession of remarkable discoveries and inventions, which told directly on the commercial prosperity of his kingdom. The art, above all others the most important to this country, navigation, owes its present perfection in great part to the experiments on the weight of the air, and on the rise and fall of the barometer, to the improvements in time-keepers, and the astronomical discoveries and observations which Boyle, Hooke, Newton, and other

members of the Royal Society, made during Charles the Second's reign. The one hundred and fifty ounces of silver gilt were returned to the treasury in his lifetime.

In exchange for the regal title which they received, the Society made the monarch's reign memorable by the great discoveries which signalized that era, and under his nominal leadership won for him the only honorable conquests which can be connected with his name. Estimated in coin, or in honor, given and received, the king stands more indebted to the Society than the Society to him.

We will not, however, strive to lessen Charles's merit. The gift of the mace, "bauble" though it was, may be accounted a sincere expression of good will. It probably appeared to the donor an act of self-denial to let so much bullion of the realm go past the profligates of both sexes, who emptied his pockets so much faster than he could fill them; and the deed may pass for a liberal one. We willingly make the most of it. Charles the Second's reign is, from first to last, such a soiled and blotted page, that we are thankful for one small spot, which, like the happy ancients, we can mark with white. CAROLUS SECUNDUS REX, we think of with contempt, and loathing or indignation; but Charles Stuart, F.R.S., meant on the whole well, and did some little good in his day.

Charles's connection with the Royal Society, however, is a small matter in its history. He was its latest name-giver, not its founder. If any single person can claim that honor, it is Lord Bacon, who, by the specific suggestions in his "New Atlantis," but also, and we believe still more, by the whole tenor of his "Novum Organum," and other works on science, showed his countrymen how much can be done for its furtherance, by the coöperation of many laborers. But even Bacon must share the honor with others; learned societies are not kingdoms which the monarchs of intellect found; but republics, which grow out of the common sympathies of many minds. Fraternity is the rule, though not equality, and there is no prating about liberty, for it is enjoyed by all.

A Bacon or a Descartes does not act on his fellows like a great magnet, attracting to itself all the congenial metal within its range. A brotherhood grows as a crystal does. Particle seeks out like particle, and the atoms aggregate into a symmetrical whole. The crystal, when completed, has not the same properties in every part, but it is not

the presence of a peculiarly endowed molecule at the centre, or the summit, that occasions the difference.

It seems a vain thing, accordingly, to insist on singling out individuals, however gifted, as the founders of learned "bodies." The very title we apply to them might show us the folly of it. "The body is not one member, but many." It was not the brain that produced it, nor the heart, although it may be true that these were first and fullest developed, and were essential to the knitting together of the weaker and less vital members.

The association of gifted men, which afterwards became the Royal Society, rose into being simultaneously with many similar institutions in other parts of Europe. These were not copies of each other, but originated in the kindred sympathies of their several founders. Why such societies should have sprung up in the seventeenth century, and not earlier, or later, is a question not to be answered by reference to any single cause. It will not solve the problem, to say that Bacon was born at a certain epoch, or Galileo, or Newton. The birth of those and other great men, is as much part of the phenomenon to be explained, as the explanation of it. Neither will the invention of printing, nor the outburst of the Reformation, supply more than a part of the rationale. What we have to account for is this: Mankind stood for ages, with closed eyelids, before the magnificence of un-ideal Nature, or opened them only to gaze at her with the eyes of poets, painters, and mystics. They saw wondrous visions, and clothed Nature with splendid vestments, which they wove for her. All at once they bethought themselves, that the robes which God had flung over the nakedness of the material world might be worth looking at, and might prove a more glorious apparel than the ideal garments which man's imagination had fashioned for the universe.

The sleep of centuries was broken in a day. The first glances at the outer world were so delightful, that the eye was not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Men longed to extend their grasp beyond the reach of the unassisted senses. Within a few years of each other, the telescope, the microscope, the thermometer, the barometer, the air-pump, the diving-bell, and other instruments of research, were invented and brought to no inconsiderable perfection. The air, the earth, the sea, the sky, were gauged and measured, weighed, tested, and

analyzed. The world had been satisfied for hundreds of years with the one half of the Hebrew monarch's proverb, "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." The verse was now read to the end, "but the honor of kings is to search out a matter."

The searching out of the willingly divulged secrets of Nature, was not delayed till the seventeenth century, because none but Baccans, Newtons, Galileos, Descartes, and Pascals were competent to the task. We need not ask whether men of as ample, or exactly the same gifts, had preceded those great ones. It is certain that men with endowments liberal enough to have discovered much, if not all, that has been left for us and our immediate forefathers to find out, adorned even the darkest epoch of the earlier ages. Among the astrologers and alchemists, were men of such rare genius, that, if by some choice anæsthetic they could have been flung into a trance, and kept pleasantly dreaming of "the joy of Jupiter," and the elixir of life, till the present time, they would awake to dispute the palm with our Herschels and Faradays. We will attempt no other explanation of the sudden, universal, and catholic recognition of the interest and importance of physical science, which characterized the seventeenth century, than this—that mankind, as a whole, is possessed of a progressive intellectual life, which, like organic life, is marked at intervals by sudden crises of permanent expansion. The seed shoots forth the germ. The petals blow into the flower; the chrysalis bursts into the butterfly. The boy starts into the youth; his thoughts are elevated, his desires changed; and so the whole race, in a brief interval of time, is lifted to a higher intellectual level, and its speculations directed into new channels.

The aloe buds, thorns, and leaves only for ninety-nine years, and we have to wait till the hundredth comes, before the flower blooms. The flower is not an accident of the hundredth year, but its complement and crown. Had the thorns not protected the leaves, and the leaves elaborated the juices during the ninety-nine barren years, the century would not have been crowned by the flower. Yet why the aloe blooms in its hundredth, rather than in its fiftieth or its tenth year, is not explained by this acknowledgment.

The contest between Charles the First and the English people was contemporaneous with an aloe flowering of the genius of the nations of Europe. It was no accident, or mere result of a certain century having ar-

rived. The printing-press, and the Reformation, the births of great men, and much else, were its thorns and leaves, and wide-spread supporting roots; but we cannot say, *therefore*, the revolution in men's scientific tastes occurred after 1600, rather than after 1500 or 1700, any more than we can demonstrate that 1848 was the necessary and infallible year for the overturning of the thrones of Europe.

The Royal Society was one of the choicest buds of this blossoming of the European intellect. Its beginnings were some two hundred years ago, about 1645, when "divers ingenious persons" met weekly in London, to make experiments and discuss the truths they taught. "We barred," says Dr. Wallis, one of their members, "all discourses of divinity, of state affairs, and of news, other than what concerned our business of philosophy."

About the year 1648-9, some of their company removed to Oxford, upon which, the society, like a polypus, divided itself into two. The one half, provided with a new tail, remained in London; the other, furnished with a new head, thrived at Oxford. It was afterwards matter of dispute which was the better half, but we need not discuss the question. The halves came together in London, and after Charles the Second's return, "were about the beginning of the year 1662, by his majesty's grace and favor, incorporated by the name of the Royal Society." It had no fixed title before its incorporation. Boyle spoke of it as the "Invisible College." Evelyn wrote of it as a "Philosophic Mathematic College." Cowley called it the "Philosophical Colledge." Only sickly infants are christened in haste. It was an earnest of the Royal Society's longevity that it had long been weaned, and was out of leading-strings, before it was named.

The "History of the Royal Society" is a part of the history of the Empire. For nearly two hundred years it has gathered together one great division of the highest intellects of the nation, and given unity and a practical aim to their labors. All its doings have not been wise, or its works fruitful. But its errors have been singularly few, and its most abstract, and apparently visionary occupations have, in the great majority of cases, been found, in the end, ministering to the welfare of all men. It has expanded the intellect of the whole people; been the true, though sometimes unconscious and generally distrusted ally of religion; and the faithful, though too often unthanked servant of government,

which it has aided and guided in increasing the commercial and political greatness of the country.

The Society will never be thanked as it deserves for its direct services to the empire, much less for its indirect ones. It is not that men are unthankful, but that they are slow to perceive that there is occasion for thanks, and they are blind to their true benefactors. Rarely does a scientific inquiry like "Davy's Researches on Flame," bud, blossom, and bear fruit, like Aaron's rod, in a single night, and show forth, on the morrow, a safety-lamp, the value of which men hasten to acknowledge by cheques on their bankers, and a service of plate to Sir Humphry. In general, one man sows and another reaps; the acorn is planted in this age, and the oak felled in the next. The seed-time is forgotten before the harvest comes. Too often, also, while the sower was a very wise man, the reaper is only a very needy or greedy one. He puts a money value on the grain, which the public pays, and cries quits. It would be difficult to extort from many a London or Liverpool ship-owner an acknowledgment that the Royal Society did him a service by persuading Government to spend a round sum of money in sending out vessels to observe the transit of Venus over the sun's disc. It would be still more difficult to persuade him that he owed thanks to the astronomers of Charles the Second's reign, for watching, night after night, the immersions and emersions of Jupiter's moons; that Dr. Robert Hooke was his benefactor, by experimenting upon the properties of spiral springs, and Dr. Gowan Knight by making artificial magnets. The ship-owner furnishes his captains with nautical almanacs, chronometers, and compasses, and thanks no one. The bookseller and instrument-maker have got their own price for their goods. Businessmen do not thank one another when value is given for value. All London has been out gaping at the new electric light. It has gone home with dazzled eyes, not to meditate statues to Volta, or Davy, or Faraday, but to reflect that the light is patent and must be paid for, and to consider the propriety of disposing of its shares in the gas companies, and retiring from the oil and tallow trade.

We do not make these remarks complainingly. Scientific men have, at present, a fair share of the sympathy and gratitude of their unscientific brethren, and are every day receiving fuller and more kindly acknowledgment of the value of their services.

Whilst we are writing, Mr. Macaulay's elo-

quent recognition of the debt of gratitude which the nation owes the Royal Society has appeared, to wipe away its reproach among the ignorant. He must be an exacting man of science who is not satisfied with the graceful tribute to the worth of his labors which a great literary man has so willingly paid.

We have spoken of the past glories of the Royal Society, but though its history has been four, we may say, five times written, it has not become a historical thing. It never ranked a greater number of men of genius among its fellows than it does at present, and we trust that the time is far distant when the Society shall end with the name with which it began, and become, in sad earnest, the Invisible College.

Three of the earliest members of the Royal Society distinguished themselves from the other fellows by the innumerable additions which they made to natural knowledge, or, as we should now call it, physical science. These were Isaac Newton, Robert Hooke, and Robert Boyle. The last is to be the special object of our further remarks. In genius he was the least of the three, but to be least in that triad was to be great among ordinary men. He comes before his greater brethren in point of time. He was older than Newton by fifteen years, and older than Hooke by nine. Newton wrote to Boyle as to a grave and reverend senior, and Hooke, who in early life was his experimental assistant, displayed to his old master a love and esteem such as he exhibited to no other philosopher. It was long ago observed that Boyle was born in the year in which Bacon died, and it soon appeared that a corner, at least, of the deceased prophet's mantle had fallen upon him. He was the earliest pupil who applied, in practice, the lessons of the *Novum Organum*; the oldest, though not the greatest of the Marshals, who won for himself a kingdom, by following the rules of conquest laid down by the Imperial Verulam. As the patriarch, therefore, of English experimental science, he takes precedence even of Newton.

It is in this capacity that we propose chiefly to treat of Boyle. He was too memorable a man, however, in other respects, not to require his whole character to be sketched, though it can be only in outline. Many excellent biographies of him have appeared, but no recent English writer has given an analysis of his scientific researches, so that a good purpose may be served by giving an abstract of certain of the more important of them, with an estimate of their

value, as examined by the light of a science, much of which is two centuries older than that of Boyle's time. He is eminent as a discoverer in chemistry, heat, pneumatics, hydrostatics, and various other branches of physics proper. He was one of the great improvers of two of the most important instruments used in scientific researches—the air-pump and the thermometer. He was a zealous naturalist; an active medical practitioner, and so good a theologian and excellent a Christian, that Lord Clarendon would gladly have assured him of a mitre, could he have persuaded him to enter the church. In all those respects we shall have something to say of him, but it is of Boyle the philosopher we have chiefly to speak.

The Honorable Robert Boyle was the seventh and youngest son of Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, known in his day as the Great Earl, so remarkable had been his rise from a lowly station to the possession of great wealth and dignities. He landed in Dublin to seek his fortunes in 1588, the peniless and untitled younger son of a younger brother; and in 1632 he was entitled to style himself "Sir Richard Boyle, Knt., Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghall, Lord Dungarvan, Earl of Cork, Lord High Treasurer of Ireland," &c. &c. He had ample wealth also to support his titles. Through prudence, good management, and friends at court, he procured grants and favorable bargains of confiscated Irish estates, and his wealth enabled him to purchase property in England, so that he ultimately became one of the largest landed proprietors in the empire. His greatness is now almost entirely forgotten, or remembered only in connection with the more enduring fame of his sons, Roger, (Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery,) and the subject of our sketch. The Earl's name deserves to be connected with those of his children. He was an upright, estimable man, and a kind, considerate father. Boyle was indebted to him for a most liberal education, and for the fortune which enabled him to devote himself to science.

The particulars of Boyle's early years have been chronicled in a curious autobiography, in which he speaks of himself in the third person, under the assumed name of Philaretus. As it acquaints us with the chief particulars of his life nearly up to the period when he commenced his scientific researches, we shall go briefly through its personal revelations, before saying anything concerning his labors as a discoverer in physics.

Boyle was born at his father's country

seat of Lismore, in Munster, on the 25th day of January, 1626, O.S.* The Earl of Cork, as his son tells us, "had a perfect aversion for their fondness who used to breed up their children so nice and tenderly, that a hot sun, or a good shower of rain, as much endangers them as if they were made of butter or of sugar." As soon, therefore, as the baby, Philaretus, "was able, without danger, to support the incommunities of a remove," he was sent to a country nurse, and inured to plain fare and homely ways. Boyle thought he profited much by this regimen, though to appearance, in after life, he did little credit to his country nursing, for he was a sickly valetudinarian all his days. Yet as he nearly made out the allotted three-score years and ten, in spite of several sharp illnesses, and much swallowing of his own physic, it is likely that he owed something to his rustic cradle.

Before he could appreciate the greatness of the calamity, which, however, he reckoned amongst the chief misfortunes of his life, he lost his mother, a woman of a free and noble spirit, and rich in the possession of many virtues. Some of the more glaring defects which marred his intellect in manhood, may be traced indirectly to this misfortune. The widowed Earl transferred the love he had felt for the mother to the motherless boy, whose sweet disposition was not altogether proof against the injurious effects of his father's double love. Philaretus dwells with a natural complacency on the fondness felt for him by the "good old Earl;" and moralizes in his own fashion on the causes of it. He refers it partly to his being, like Benjamin and Joseph, the son of the Earl's old age; partly to a likeness observed in him "both to his father's body and his mind," but chiefly, as he cynically enough conjectures, "to his never having lived with his father to an age that might *much* tempt him to run in debt, and take such other courses to provoke his dislike, as in his elder children he severely disrelished." The evil result of this indulgence may be surmised. Boyle got a great deal too much of his own way. He was what is emphatically called, "a spoiled child." His studies and his masters were often changed. He went through no systematic

* The "Biographia Britannica" says February, and gives authorities for its statement. Boyle's father says January.—(Earl of Cork's True Remembrances, printed in introduction to Birch's Life of Boyle.)

or severe scholastic or academic training, but roved in a desultory way over the whole field of knowledge. He had a quick, versatile intellect, but he was not a deep thinker; so he learned many things, but none profoundly. His Autobiography and his voluminous works, show him to have been, in all things but religion, an amateur from the cradle to the grave. Boyle confessed in after life to being much afflicted with "a roving wildness of wandering thoughts," which he amusingly and unreasonably imputed to his having been allowed, when a schoolboy, during convalescence from a sickness, to read "Amadis de Gaule," and other fabulous and wandering stories. He sought to cure the evil by "the extraction of the square and cube roots," which he found the most effectual remedy for his "volatile fancy." The cure was an exceedingly imperfect one, for few productions of able men exhibit less of logical method, orderly arrangement, and terse condensation, than Boyle's works, although they are not wanting in clearness or graphic power. In last century Johnson affirmed, that many talked of Boyle, and praised him, but that nobody read his books; nor have the readers increased since Johnson's time. The tide is now setting in favor of reprints, and Boyle has not been overlooked. His "Occasional Reflections" have been re-issued, with what result we shall see.

Boyle, however, was no ordinary amateur. He displayed, while yet very young, a precocity of intellect, and a gravity and even melancholy rare in a child; he showed, what is still rarer in children, especially spoiled children, a regard for truth, which was proof against every temptation. He never told a lie.

Having learned before he was eight years old to write a fair hand, and to speak French and Latin, he was sent in his ninth year to Eton College, where he remained nearly four years, and was allowed many indulgences. His aptness and willingness to learn procured for him here the special attention of one of the masters, Mr. Harrison, who instructed him privately and familiarly in his chamber, in "an affable, kind, and gentle way." This kindly teaching acting on a genial disposition, awoke in the eager boy a passionate desire for learning. Like many other great readers, he referred his love of books to the study of a single remarkable one in early life. The volume in this case was "Quintus Curtius," the accidental perusal of which, at Eton, "first made him in

love with other than pedantic books, and conjured up in him that unsatisfied appetite of knowledge that is yet as greedy as when it was first raised." Boyle, we may be certain, mistook the nature, though not perhaps the extent of the influence of "Quintus Curtius" upon him. The "Fairy Queen" did not make Cowley a poet, but only revealed to him that he was one. Had the unsatisfied appetite of knowledge not existed in Boyle's mind, before he fell in with "Quintus Curtius," Quintus would never have been read. It did not beget the love it seemed to create, but only made its reader fully conscious of a passion that had long and silently been growing up within him. From that moment, however, it burned with a double glow.

A schoolboy's journal cannot be expected to record many incidents which shall seem memorable to others. We select from Philaretus' school life only such particulars as throw light on the tastes and labors of his manhood. Passing over, therefore, the recital of several narrow escapes from death, we halt for a moment at a tedious account of his life being perilled, whilst at Eton, by an emetic administered to him in place of a refreshing drink. The mistake was owing to an apothecary, and Boyle was more frightened than hurt. It gave him, however, a dislike to mediciners of all degrees. He pungently remarks, that "this accident made him long after apprehend more from the physicians than the disease, and was possibly the occasion that made him afterwards so inquisitively apply himself to the study of physic, that he might have the less need of them that profess it." When he became his own master, accordingly, he dosed himself, and was, like most other amateur doctors, a very unhesitating practitioner.

Soon after this came a journey to London to interrupt his desultory studies, a tertian ague to interrupt them still further, and, worst of all, the reading of "Amadis de Gaule," already referred to, which, if Boyle's hypothesis were true, gave so incurable a bias to his roving fancy. Scarcely had he recovered from the ague before his father arrived in England, and Boyle went to visit him. The old Earl soon found that he loved his favorite child too much to part with him again. He was taken from Eton accordingly, and resided with his father at Stalbridge, a country-seat in Dorsetshire, which Boyle afterwards inherited. The latter had contrived, during his last year at Eton, to forget most of the Latin he had learned, in conse-

quence of "the change of his old courteous schoolmaster for a new rigid fellow."

At Stalbridge, after a time, he was sent to reside with an old divine, the parson of the place, who instructed him "both with care and civility." Under his teaching he recovered his Latin, wrote French and English verses, "and began" (which is not very credible) "to be no dull proficient in the poetic strain." He burned his verses when he came of age, because, countryman though he was of Shakspeare and Spenser, and contemporary of Milton, he held that "English verses could not be certain of a lasting applause, the changes of our language being so great and sudden, that the rarest poems within few years will pass for obsolete." It would have been well if the unwise prophet had entertained the same fear of the enduringness of English prose, especially his own, and had spared posterity one, at least, of his five folio volumes.

A fresh change of masters now occurred. Boyle passed from the hands of the old divine to the care of M. Marcombes, an accomplished Frenchman; a shrewd, cynical man of the world, of the better sort; a soldier and a traveller, but not a profound scholar. With him Boyle spent a summer, reading the "Universal History," and in conversation in French, "equally diverting and instructive, which was as well consonant to the humor of his tutor as his own." We can imagine how the congenial tutor and pupil got through the day. Monsieur Marcombes, who had the superintendence of Boyle's studies for several years, did his duties faithfully, but the lake could not rise higher than the fountain. An accomplished amateur himself, he made Boyle one; and teacher and scholar were content to be amateurs.

Their busy idleness was, for a season, exchanged for unpretending playing. The Earl of Cork, who was a great encourager of early marriages in his family, concluded a match, in the autumn of 1638, between his sixth son, Francis, a lad of eighteen, and a step-daughter of Sir Thomas Stafford, one of Queen Henrietta's maids of honor. Boyle accompanied his brother to London, where he was sent, in terms of the foregone conclusion, to pay his addresses to the lady. The suit prospered; the times were too unsettled for long courtships or protracted wedding ceremonies. The parties, after a short acquaintance, were publicly married at court, in the presence of Charles the First and his consort; and four days after the wedding, "the bridegroom

extremely afflicted"—the bride being left behind—and his unsympathizing brother greatly delighted, were "commanded away to France." They kissed their majesties' hands; set sail on one of the last days of October, 1638; and "a prosperous puff of wind did safely by the next morning blow them into France."

Their stay on the continent was much longer than either the exiled bridegroom or Boyle anticipated or intended. Accompanied by M. Marcombes, the brothers travelled rapidly through Normandy, visited Rouen, Paris and Lyons, and settled for a season at Geneva. Here Boyle studied, with little relish, logic and rhetoric, but was "enamored of those delightful studies, arithmetic, geometry with its subordinates, the doctrine of the sphere, that of the globe, and fortification." He also took lessons in fencing and dancing, and liked the first as much as he hated the last. He amused himself with "mall, tennis, (a sport he ever passionately loved,) and, above all, the reading of romances."

This brings us to the end of 1640, and brings Boyle to his fourteenth year. It marks an important era in his personal history—the crisis of a great change in his spiritual nature—which he afterwards spoke of as the most important event in his life. We pass it by unnoticed at present, as a consideration of Boyle's mere intellectual qualities will, on the whole, furnish us with sufficient means for estimating his merits as a man of science.

In 1641, Boyle left Geneva on a tour through the north of Italy, visiting, among other places, Verona, Padua, Bologna, Ferrara, Venice and Florence. At Florence he resided for a winter, studying "the new paradoxes of the great star-gazer, Galileo," who died in the neighborhood of the city whilst Boyle and his brother were there. After a short stay at Rome, they bent their way homewards, and arrived at Marseilles in the spring of 1642, intending immediately to return to England. Instead of bills of exchange, however, to enable them to complete their journey, they found letters from their father announcing the breaking out of the general rebellion in Ireland of 1641. The Earl of Cork immediately raised troops, put them under the command of his elder sons, and maintained the soldiers at his own charge. He was a punctual paymaster; and so completely were his available funds swallowed up by the demands of his troopers, that, although a few years before he had al-

lowed his second son, Richard, (Lord Dungarvan,) a thousand pounds a year whilst on his travels, he could now with great difficulty send his two younger sons two hundred and fifty pounds to bring them home. This pittance, however, never reached them. The agent in London to whom the remittance was entrusted proved unfaithful to his trust, and the disappointed young men had to return to Geneva, and become dependents on M. Marcombes' bounty. Here, such was the distraction of affairs in Great Britain, they waited in vain for nearly two years the arrival of supplies from England; till, despairing of relief, they contrived, by raising money on some jewels in their possession, to reach their native country about the middle of the year 1644. Boyle found his father dead, and himself left heir to what in the end proved an ample estate; but, at the period of his arrival in England, its value was nominal, and he could scarcely venture to call it his own. Everything was in confusion. He scarcely knew whither to turn, and was on the eve of joining the royalist army, when, by a fortunate accident, he fell in with his sister Catharine, Lady Ranelagh, with whom he resided for some months in London. A strong attachment, which lasted through life, subsisted between Boyle and his sister, who was twelve years his senior. She was a lady of great genius, courage, and piety, and is dear to every lover of letters, as having ministered to the comforts of Milton's old age. Besides her sisterly care of Boyle, and the happy influence she exerted upon his disposition, she was able to render him an important service in his worldly affairs. The majority of her relations were Royalists, but she was connected by marriage with some of the chiefs of the Parliamentary party; and during the civil war her interest was sufficient to secure her brother's Irish and English estates from confiscation or spoliation.

Boyle returned for a short time to the Continent in 1645, to arrange his pecuniary affairs; and it is not till 1646, (O.S.) or a little more than two hundred years ago, that, at the age of twenty, he began his scientific researches. His collected works, including his life and correspondence, occupy six large closely printed folio volumes. These have been edited by Dr. Thomas Birch, and will be referred to as "Birch's Boyle:" the edition intended is that of 1772. His scientific papers alone occupy three formidable quartos, after having been largely abridged by Dr. Peter Shaw. The abridgment we

shall distinguish as "Shaw's Boyle:" the edition referred to is that of 1738.

It would be vain to attempt a systematic or chronological analysis of works so voluminous as those referred to. We must, with our limited space, be content to show what Boyle has done to extend pneumatics, and, more briefly, what he has achieved for chemistry, heat, natural history, and medicine. We select the subjects that have been least referred to in previous expositions of Boyle's labors, and of those we shall dwell chiefly on the first. Were we to attempt to discuss them all, we could only glance cursorily at each. Any one of Boyle's entire scientific investigations would equally well illustrate his intellectual qualities, and exhibit his modes of procedure as a physical inquirer. Chemistry was, on the whole, his favorite science, and would furnish the amplest illustration of his character as a philosopher. His merits and defects, however, as a chemist have been pretty fully canvassed and acknowledged, and the additions he made to the recorded facts of chemistry secure him a place in the history of that science. A late distinguished professor, indeed, guiltless of any purpose of jesting or playing upon words, once gravely summed up the memorabilia of Boyle's history in the singular epitome, that he was "the son of the Earl of Cork, and the father of modern chemistry." He was the Mentor, however, rather than the Ulysses of the chemistry of the seventeenth century, and neither made so many discoveries as many individuals among his successors have accomplished, nor showed the genius that they have displayed in bringing to light new phenomena and laws. He was more the critic and corrector of the false chemistry of his time than the leader of a new era. When he had overthrown the old science, and had cleared a space for a truer and nobler chemistry, he helped to lay the foundations of the new edifice. But he was so much occupied in preventing unwise architects from rebuilding the tottering walls he had pulled down, that he could do little himself towards forwarding the stately erections that should replace them, but supply materials for succeeding wise master-builders. His name, accordingly, occurs rarely in modern treatises on chemistry, much more rarely than in works on natural philosophy. Phosphorus, which he first introduced to the notice of English philosophers, but did not discover, has shed its radiance round his name for a century and a half, and has lighted it down to the present day. In addition to this, a certain noisome

volatile compound of sulphur, hydrogen, and nitrogen, called of old "the fuming liquor of Mr. Boyle," still continues at times to offer up its sorry incense to his memory. But otherwise, his name is rarely referred to, except by professed historians of chemistry.

In natural philosophy, however, he retains, and will retain, a high place as an observer, especially in reference to pneumatics. The first to construct and employ an air-pump in England, a very little after the earliest air-pump had been constructed in Germany, his name is inseparably connected with a department of knowledge which, dealing with the properties of the atmosphere, is indissolubly interwoven with every one of the physical sciences. We shall not, therefore, convey to the reader a false impression of the kind of reputation which Boyle possesses at the present day, if we refer to him as a natural philosopher, rather than as a chemist, although, did our limits permit, we should endeavor to show that he has done more for chemistry than most of his successors give him credit for. It would be a vain task, however, to condense six goodly folios into a few pages, and we have this additional reason, and it is our chief one, for selecting Boyle's pneumatics as the example of his scientific researches, that the early history of the air-pump in England has fallen into great and unaccountable confusion. The confusion is every day increasing, and cannot be remedied too speedily, so that a service will be rendered to present, as well as to past, science if we remove it. The subject, accordingly, is discussed somewhat fully in what follows.

Pneumatics, as a science, was little known to the ancients. An instrument corresponding to a very indifferent air-pump, was constructed by Hero of Alexandria, in which an imperfect vacuum could be produced by sucking out the air from the interior of a vessel by means of the mouth. The Alexandrian air-pump may be seen, at the present day, in the hands of our nursery maids who never heard of Hero or Alexandria. Children are amused by having a thimble or a nut-shell made to cling to the skin, after the air has been withdrawn from it by the action of the lips and cheeks. The thimble or the nut-shell vacuum is as perfect as Hero's can have been, and the mode of its production is probably as clearly apprehended in the nursery as it was in Hero's time, and for ages after. The Greeks and Romans had no air-pumps—not, however, because they had not sufficient ingenuity to

devise and construct them, for they used pumps to raise water; and an air-pump, though the cause of its efficiency in emptying a cavity of its contents is different, is merely a water-pump employed to withdraw air instead of water from a vessel. A false philosophy had taught them that nature abhorred a vacuum, so that a void was non-existent and impossible, and those who had no faith in the possibility of a vacuum, were as little likely to try to produce one, as the scientific mechanics of our day are likely to employ their ingenuity in endeavoring to realize perpetual motion. The world universally doubted or disbelieved that such a thing as literal emptiness could exist, till, in the early half of the seventeenth century, Galileo's celebrated pupil, Torricelli, demonstrated that it could. Nature may be truly said to abhor a vacuum, but she does not forbid one. A void is difficult to produce, and still more difficult to preserve. Absolute emptiness has perhaps never been realized, but a very near approach to it has been made, and the void may be retained for a long, though not perhaps for an indefinite period. Torricelli's vacuum, which exists in the upper part of every barometer, was produced by filling with quicksilver a glass tube, shut at one end, and more than thirty inches in length. The open end was then closed with the finger, and the tube was inverted and plunged with its mouth downwards below the surface of quicksilver contained in a basin. The finger was then withdrawn, the quicksilver immediately retreated from the closed extremity of the tube, which was held perpendicularly, and sank till it left a column of the liquid metal some thirty inches long. If the tube employed were three feet in length, a space six inches long would thus be abandoned by the mercury. This space, if the experiment were properly performed, was in winter, as nearly as possible, a perfect vacuum. In summer it contained a little of the vapor of mercury. In 1654, ten years after the Torricellian vacuum had been first produced, the famous consul of Magdeburgh, Otto von Guericke, remarkable as the inventor of the electric machine, as well as the air-pump, was led to the conclusion, whilst reflecting on Torricelli's experiment, that air in virtue of its elasticity would expand when relieved from pressure, and continue to abandon a hollow vessel connected with a pump put in action, till the vessel should become ultimately vacuous. After some preliminary trials, accordingly, of another kind, he connected a glass globe,

full of air, with a syringe or pump, exactly identical in construction with one of the forms of the ordinary lift, or sucking pump, and found that by setting the piston in motion, he could empty the globe of air. He proceeded to make a number of interesting experiments, which added largely to men's knowledge of the properties of air, and have made his name and the city of his residence famous in every quarter of the civilized world. So many were the visitors that crowded to Guericke's house to witness his marvellous performances, that he had a large pump erected in his cellar, with tubes ascending into an upper room, and connected with suitable apparatus. At great receptions, the pump was driven all day by two men who kept emptying a very large copper globe of air. When an experiment was to be made, a communication was opened between this globe and the interior of much smaller vessels, the air contained in which was immediately greatly rarefied, and their cavities left nearly vacuum. Were this the proper place, we should have much to say in praise of Otto von Guericke.

The fame of the Magdeburgh experiments soon reached England, and interested no one there so much as Boyle. He had been meditating, like Guericke, on Torricelli's results, and was considering how best a vacuum might be produced on the large scale, when he learned that he had been anticipated. He would probably have succeeded in his schemes, and the likelihood of this, along with the certainty that Boyle had endeavored to construct an air-pump before 1659, has led the late Professor Robison, the writer of the able article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," on Pneumatics, to claim for Boyle the merit of being an independent, though not the first inventor of the air-pump. "Boyle," he says, "invented his air-pump, and was not indebted for it to Schottus's account of Otto Von Guericke's, published in the *Mechanica Hydraulico-Pneumatica* of Schottus, in 1657, as he asserts, *Technica Curiosa*." (Enc. Br., Art. Pneumatics, p. 72.) This is complimenting Boyle at Guericke's expense, in an uncalled-for way. The former, who was eminently free from envy, meanness, or jealousy, explicitly declares in a letter to his nephew, Lord Dungarvan, of date 1659, that he did not set about the construction of an air-pump till he had heard of Guericke's "way of emptying glass vessels, by sucking out the air at the mouth of the vessel." Encouraged by the report of Guericke's success, Boyle called in the as-

sistance of Greatorex, or Gratorix, a well-known instrument-maker of the time, frequently referred to in Pepys' Diary. Between them, however, they could not succeed in fashioning a serviceable machine, and Boyle had recourse to Robert Hooke, then a youth of some three and twenty, but already remarkable for his mechanical genius. No drawing of Greatorex's contrivance has been preserved; but Hooke, who had seen it, says of it, in his cutting way, that it "was too gross to perform any great matter."

At this point, the history of the air-pump in England begins. Statements, the most erroneous and contradictory, occur in the works of writers of the highest authority, nor do we know any treatise which gives an accurate account of the steps in the invention and improvement of the machine, or which rightly marks the parties by whom they were made.

Men so eminent as Dr. Thomas Young, and Professor Baden Powell, have misled authorities of less esteem in this matter. Professor Robison, in addition to other mistakes, in his "Treatise on Pneumatics," (Encyclopædia Britannica,) attributes one most important improvement (the double barrel) in one place to Hooke, and in another place to Hauksbee.* Mr. Weld has completed the confusion, by announcing in his history, that the Royal Society has in its possession an ancient air-pump, once the property of Boyle, which is totally unlike any instrument figured or described in his works. It is time to set this matter to rights, and it may be well to remind the reader that, although the air-pump was invented in Germany, nearly all its great improvements have been made in England.

Greatorex's contrivance having been thrown aside, Hooke constructed for Boyle, in 1658 or 1659, the air-pump, with which his first series of pneumatic researches was made. The merit of devising this instrument should seem to be almost entirely Hooke's. Boyle at least claims very little to himself. His account of his first air-pump is contained in his treatise, entitled, "New Experiments, Physico-Mechanical, touching the spring of the Air and its effects, made, for the most part, in a new Pneumatical Engine; written by way of Letter to the Right Honorable Charles, Lord Viscount Dungarvan, eldest son of the Earl of Cork." The date of the letter is 1659. It is reprinted in Birch's Boyle, vol. i. Boyle mentions that he put both Mr. G. (Greatorex) and R. Hooke to

contrive an air-pump which should be more manageable than the German one, and free from its defects; and then adds, "after an unsuccessful trial or two, of ways proposed by others, the last-named person (R. Hooke) fitted me with a pump, anon to be described." (Birch's Boyle, vol. i. p. 7.) In a manuscript which was not published till after his death, Hooke himself says, "in 1658 or '9 I contrived and perfected the air-pump for Mr. Boyle." (Waller's Life of Hooke, p. 3.)

This instrument consisted "of two principal parts, a glass vessel, and a pump to draw the air out of it." The pump was so placed on a wooden tripod, as to have its mouth downwards, so that the piston-rod, or shank of the sucker, when, like the ramrod of a musket it was pushed home, ascended into the cylinder or barrel. The object of this invention was to allow the glass vessel, from which it emptied the air, to be placed in a vertical position above the pump. This glass vessel Boyle called the receiver, an apparently paradoxical title for a hollow globe, which was, if possible, to be emptied of its original contents, atmospheric air. The name, however, which is still retained, though modern air-pump receivers are differently constructed, was eminently significant, and marked an important difference between Boyle's air-pump, and Otto von Guericke's.

The receiver was a globe, or rather a pear-shaped vessel, with a large aperture at its wider upper end, provided with an air-tight movable cover. Through this aperture the vessel could be made to *receive* any object, such as a burning candle, or a living animal, on which it was intended to try the effects of a vacuum. The hollow stalk of the pear-shaped receiver terminated in a brass tube, provided with a stop-cock, and ground to fit into the upper end of the inverted cylinder. The latter had an opening in it close to the place where the stop-cock entered, which could be closed or opened by a brass plug, ground to fit it, and managed by the hand of the experimenter, or the worker of the pump. The piston, which had no aperture or valve in it, was not moved directly by the hand. The piston-rod had teeth cut on it at one side, so as to form a rack, which was raised or depressed by a handle acting on a pinion or toothed wheel, working into the teeth of the rack, as in the air-pumps of the present day. We shall not dwell more minutely on the peculiarities of the original English air-pump. An engraving of it will be found at the end of the first volume of Birch's Boyle, and in

the second volume of Shaw's Boyle, p. 472. It was necessary to describe it somewhat minutely, for a reason which will presently appear. The most important points to be noticed about it are, that unlike any later air-pump, the cylinder and the receiver were directly connected, and, further, that it was provided with only one barrel or pump. It appears to have been partly in reference to the former of those peculiarities, but also because he did not pretend to be able to produce an absolute vacuum, that Boyle named his instrument. He seldom calls it an air-pump. Once he speaks of Guericke's instrument as "the wind-pump, as somebody not improperly calls it." "Pneumatic pump" also but rarely occurs. The title he preferred for his instrument was that of "pneumatical engine." Others called it the "rarefying engine," and it was known over Europe as *Machina Boyleana*—Boyle's machine.

It was strictly a pneumatical, not a rarefying engine. It could be used to condense air into the globular receiver, as well as to withdraw air from it, as Boyle showed, and was thus something else than a mere vacuum-producer. Vapors and gases could also be introduced into the globe, as they were, in many of the experiments made with it. It was thus best denominated an air or pneumatical engine.

At the present day it would be considered an awkwardly contrived, ill-proportioned, and imperfect instrument. It taught Boyle, however, and his contemporaries so much, achieved such wonders, was so difficult of construction, and so costly, that its possessor called it his "Great" Pneumatical Engine. He did not retain it long in his possession. With a rare and noble liberality, he presented it to the Royal Society in 1662, so that his poorer scientific brethren, who could not afford so expensive a piece of apparatus, might study pneumatics at his cost, and multiply experiments by means of the great engine. Acts as liberal have been done by many men on their death-beds, but seldom during their life-time; and wealthy philosophers have rarely descended from the height of advantage their riches gave them, to put into poor men's hands the means of rivalling and outstripping them in their favorite pursuits.

For six or seven years Boyle turned aside from pneumatic research altogether, and no one took his place, at least in Great Britain. Finding that few new experiments had been made in the course of many years, he resumed his inquiries into the properties of the air,

and began by constructing a new air-pump. His account of this, which he distinguishes as his "Second Engine," and of the experiments which he made with it, was published in the shape of a letter to his nephew, Lord Dungarvan, entitled "A Continuation of New Experiments, Physico-Mechanical, touching the spring and weight of the air, &c. &c. Oxford 1669." The letter is dated March 24, 1667, which we may consider the year in which the second English air-pump was constructed, though it may have been finished in the preceding year. Various considerations "invited me," says Boyle, "to make some alterations in the structure, some of them suggested by others, (especially the ingenious Mr. Hooke,) and some that I added myself, as finding that without them I could not do my work."

The second pneumatical engine, like the first, had a single barrel; but the mouth of the latter, from which the piston-rod projected, was turned upwards, and the barrel stood in a wooden box, or trough, filled with water, which rose above the mouth of the cylinder, so that the latter was entirely under water. The object of this arrangement was to keep the leather of the piston, or sucker, always wet, and, as a consequence, "turgid and plump," so that it should move air-tight in the barrel. The piston, which was moved by a rack and pinion, had an aperture in it, which was closed and opened alternately, by thrusting in and pulling out a long stick, managed by the hand of the operator. But the great peculiarity and improvement in the engine was, that the receiver was not directly attached to the barrel. A tube, provided with a stop-cock, passed from the upper part of the side of the barrel, in a horizontal direction, along a groove, in a wooden board, covered by a thick iron plate, and was then bent up so as barely to project through the iron. The receiver was no longer a globe, or pear-shaped vessel, with various leaky apertures in it, but a bell-shaped, hollow, glass jar, which, turned with its mouth downwards, like an inverted drinking-glass, was, to use Boyle's homely but expressive words, "whelmed on upon the plate, well covered with cement." When the pump was wrought, the air in the bell-jar, or receiver, was drawn out through the horizontal tube. The reader familiar with pneumatics will recognize in the whole arrangement, a device which has been followed, with trifling alterations, in every later air-pump, down to the present day. Every modern air-pump has its "plate," made, however, not of iron, but of brass, or

of plate-glass; and the bell-jar receivers are whelmed on upon the air-pump plate, as they were in Boyle's day. One great advantage of this arrangement was the increased stability given to the apparatus, by transferring the heavy glass receiver, which in the first air-pump was fixed by a narrow tube to the barrel, to a flat support, on which it rested on a broad base. Another advantage was the avoidance of many apertures, which could not be kept air-tight, so that air should not leak into the receiver. For it must be remembered, that every pneumatic receiver, or other exhausted vessel, lies at or near the bottom of a deep sea of air, as a diving-bell does at the bottom of a sea of water; and the latter does not more readily rush into the bell, through the smallest fissure, than air forces its way along the most imperceptible channel, into the exhausted receiver. In the diving-bell there is air, at least, to resist the intrusion of water; but in the receiver there is a vacuum, soliciting the entrance of air. The fewer, therefore, the valves and stop-cocks, the greater the chance of producing and preserving a good vacuum. A third advantage, to mention no more, was the facility which the plate afforded for placing on it any object, such as a candle, a barometer, a thermometer, a piece of clockwork, a growing plant, or the like; and when the object was exactly arranged, bell-jars, of various dimensions and shapes, could be laid over it, and the pump set working. In the first pneumatical engine, bodies intended to be subjected to a vacuum were awkwardly inserted by a large aperture at the top of the receiver, or suspended within it by strings.

Boyle published the account of the experiments he made with his second air-pump in 1669, and laid pneumatics again almost entirely aside for seven or eight years. In 1676, however, he began to think of resuming the subject; and he was fixed in his resolution by a visit paid him by a very ingenious and inventive Frenchman, *Denis Papin*, whose name is still connected with one of his many devices, the *Bone-Digester*, a peculiar high-pressure steam-boiler, with which he effected strange triumphs in cookery. He has a place, and a high one, long overlooked, among the inventors of the steam-engine; and it will presently appear that he has a claim, also overlooked, to a high place among the inventors of the air-pump. Papin came to England in search of some situation which might afford scope for his mechanical genius. Boyle had lost the services of Hooke, whom he generously released from his en-

gagements with him, in 1662, in order that he might become Curator and Experimenter to the Royal Society. Papin, for a time, became assistant to Boyle, whose indifferent health prevented him from experimenting much himself, and a new series of pneumatic researches was undertaken. This was the more readily accomplished, that Papin had brought with him "a pneumatic pump of his own, made by himself," and much superior in efficacy to either of Boyle's pneumatical engines.

An engraving and minute description of Papin's air-pump are given in Boyle's tract, entitled, "A Continuation of New Experiments, Physico-Mechanical, touching the spring and weight of the Air, and their Effects, *Second Part*." The substance of this tract was first noted down in French, by Papin, who performed most of the experiments; then translated by Boyle, or under his superintendence, into Latin, in which the treatise was first published. Afterwards, this was translated, under Boyle's supervision, into English, in which it is reprinted in Birch's Boyle, vol. iv. p. 504. We cannot give the original date of the Latin or English editions of the tract, which must be regarded as the joint production of Boyle and Papin, but the experiments recorded in it are all dated. The first bears date July 11, 1676, (B. B. iv. 519,) the last, February 17, 1679, (B. B. iv. 593.) Papin's air-pump, which he brought with him, is, therefore, at least as old as 1676, which may be considered the date of its introduction into England. Its great peculiarity, as contrasted with former air-pumps, was, that it had two barrels. It was, according to Boyle, Papin's own contrivance. The former, referring to the use he made of the latter's mechanical devices in prosecuting his researches, says: "Not a few of the mechanical instruments, (especially the double pump and wind-gun,) which sometimes were of necessary use to us in our work, are to be referred to his invention, who also made some of them, at least in part, with his own hands." (B. B. iv. 506.)

Papin's air-pump was a curious machine; it had two pumps standing side by side, the mouths of the barrels being turned upwards. Each of the piston-rods terminated in a stirrup, attached to its upper end, and the stirrups were connected by a rope or cord, which passed over a vertical grooved wheel, or large pulley, fixed on a movable axis. To work the machine, the exerciser of the pumps, as he is called in the original account, put his feet into the stirrups, and holding on, as it

should seem, by his hands, to the upper part of the frame-work of the pump, or leaning against it, (for the description is not precise on this particular,) moved his feet alternately up and down, as a hand-loom weaver does, or a culprit on the treadmill. The pistons, or suckers, which were bottomless brass cylinders, had valves opening upwards, like that of an ordinary water-pump; and similar valves were placed at the bottom of the cylinders, which were filled with water to a certain height, that the pistons might move air-tight in them. From the cylinders, tubes passed to a common canal, terminating in the air-pump plate, on which receivers to be exhausted were laid, as in Boyle's second engine.

The advantages of Papin's arrangement were very great. When a single pump is used, it becomes increasingly difficult, as the exhaustion proceeds, to draw out the piston against the pressure of the external air, which comes, towards the end, to oppose an unresisted force, equal to nearly fifteen pounds on each square inch, to the extrusion of the piston. When the piston, on the other hand, is pushed home, it is driven into the barrel with the same force which resists its withdrawal, and is liable to break the valves, or injure the bottom of the cylinder. But if the piston-rods of adjoining cylinders are balanced against each other, as those in Papin's machine were, so that the one ascends as the other descends, the evils described are all obviated. The resistance which the air offers to the ascent of the one piston is balanced, or nearly so, by the force with which it compels the other piston to descend, so that the two hang against each other almost in equilibrio. A very slight expenditure of force, accordingly, little more than is requisite to overcome the friction of the moving parts, suffices for the working of the pump. A double-barrelled air-pump not only exhausts twice as expeditiously as a single-barrelled one, but does double work for nearly the same expenditure of force. In this respect there is an essential difference between a double-barrelled air-pump and a double-barrelled gun. In the latter, a double effect is gained only at the expense of a double expenditure of time and force. Two gun-barrels require twice the charge, loading, ramming, priming, and firing of one barrel, and take twice the time to load. In the air-pump, on the other hand, the working of the one piston renders much more easy the work of the other, and diminishes the time requisite for working both. The barrels of a musket are isolated, though lying side by side, and are not mutually dependent;

but the pistons of the air-pump are, as it were, organically connected, like twins, and aid each other's movements. The peculiarity of Papin's device would have been more apparent, if his machine had been called, not the double-barrelled, but the twin-piston air-pump. The twin-pistons were not the only advantage of Papin's pump; its valves were opened and shut by the air which passed through the apertures they covered, so that the valves were self-acting, like those of a water-pump. If the pistons were only kept alternately ascending and descending, nothing else was needed for the working of the machine. In Boyle's pneumatical engines, on the other hand, in addition to the labor of working the pump, the operator had, at every stroke of the piston, to shut a stop-cock and thrust in a plug, or to open a stop-cock and pull out a plug. His engines, therefore, could not be wrought swiftly.

It is not a little singular, that Papin's air-pump should have been overlooked by most later inventors and writers, at least in England. We have not found it referred to in any recent work of authority, although its curious stirrup-arrangement, which has been employed in no English air-pump, might have been expected to attract attention towards it. Papin is mentioned by Nairne, incidentally, as an improver of the air-pump, (Phil. Trans. 1777, p. 635.) Dr. Hutton, in his Mathematical Dictionary, (1796, vol. i, p. 55,) mentions Papin's two barrels and twin-pistons, but not the stirrup-arrangement. In Shaw's Boyle the whole machine is described and figured, but Papin's name is not once mentioned; an omission which, at the present day, would be considered inexcusable in an editor or abridger. The double pump must pass, with Shaw's readers, for an invention of Boyle's; yet even the latter's great name has not kept the double-barrelled stirrup air-pump in remembrance—a significant proof how little Boyle's works, even when abridged, are read by the very historians of his labors.

It is in connection with the double-barrelled air-pump that the accepted history of the instrument is chiefly erroneous, but the mistakes made in reference to the more complex engine, have ultimately involved in confusion even the authentic records of the steps by which the earlier single-barrelled pump was improved. Recent writers on pneumatics, having overlooked Papin's machine, whilst they universally acknowledge the importance of two barrels with the pistons counterbalancing each other, have attributed this great improvement to Boyle, to Hooke,

or to Hauksbee, an admirable observer and very ingenious mechanic, who flourished in the first decade of the eighteenth century. Professor Baden Powell, in his interesting History of Natural Philosophy (p. 235) says, "Boyle made the first improvement, and reduced the air-pump to nearly its present construction." So general a statement, in a brief popular treatise, would not in itself, perhaps, call for criticism. It is quoted, however, by Mr. Weld, and has contributed, along with other things, to mislead him into a curious error, which, if uncontradicted, will propagate a grave mistake. The point of Professor Powell's statement lies in the word "nearly." In our judgment, he uses it with much too great a latitude. Boyle's two pneumatical engines were awkward in construction, and without self-acting or mechanical valves. They could not be wrought swiftly, and they produced only an imperfect vacuum. Boyle himself ingenuously and ungrudgingly acknowledges, that Guericke's pumps exhausted better than his. In compliment to his beautiful pneumatic researches, the whole of Europe, designedly passing by the prior claims of the burgomaster of Magdeburgh, called the air-pump vacuum, "*Vacuum Boylianum*." Boyle accepted the name, not as a compliment, but as a designation of what he intended when he used the word vacuum in his treatises. It referred to something between an absolute plenum and an absolute vacuum. It approached to the latter, but fell short of it. It was not Nature's vacuum, the thing she so much abhorred, but Boyle's vacuum, the best that the Honorable Robert Boyle could produce with his pneumatical engines. It seems well to notice, although it is a digression, lest we should be thought to have forgotten our duty as biographers, that those things are not pointed out to disparage the genius of the great philosopher. Professor Powell's statement lessens instead of exalting Boyle's claims to our admiration. His merit lies not in having constructed a perfect air-pump, but in having made an excellent use of a very imperfect one. There is a well-known class of painters who are always wandering about in search of "a good light," whilst Wilkies are completing great pictures in dim garrets. There is an equally well-known class of natural philosophers, forever roving from mechanic to mechanic in search of better instruments; while others are discovering new planets, new living beings, or new elements, by apparatus which their dissatisfied brethren can demonstrate to

be unfit for the purpose. Boyle did not belong to this tribe. He spared no cost, or time, or trouble, in endeavoring to obtain a good air-pump, but he did not aim at an ideal perfection. With what he was aware was an imperfect instrument, he fell to work and achieved wonders. His clear, keen, cautious spirit supplemented all defects in mere machinery.

It should seem, however, according to the evidence hitherto produced, that Hauksbee, not Hooke himself, first applied the latter's device to the double air-pump. Nevertheless, Hooke is entitled to be named in connection with his own contrivance, and thus he will have a three-fold connection with the instrument, as deviser of the first air-pump, as one of the devisers of the second, and as the author of the method of raising and depressing the pistons in the fourth. Yet it cannot be denied, that the great merit of the early double pump, does not consist in the mode, whatever it be, employed to move the pistons, but in their mutual twin dependence, and in the arrangement of the self-acting valves. To Papin all this merit belongs. Whether he was the inventor of the instrument he showed to Boyle, we cannot positively affirm. Boyle understood that he was. Winkler, who was professor of natural philosophy at Leipsic, in the middle of last century, in his "Elements of Natural Philosophy," gives a good sketch of the history of the air-pump. Hauksbee and Leupold, of Leipsic, who was contemporary with Hauksbee, are the only parties to whom Winkler refers as having a claim to be considered inventors of the double air-pump. He makes no allusion to Papin's. M. Libes, in his *Hist. des Progrès de la Physique*, states, that Papin and Hauksbee are the only claimants of the double pumps; and that Cotes of Cambridge, a contemporary of Hauksbee, attributed the invention to Papin. (T. iii. p. 56.)

The reader will now understand why we should think it in the highest degree improbable that the double-barrelled air-pump of the Royal Society ever belonged to Boyle. It is possibly a relic of Hooke's, and of the seventeenth century, but more probably a memento of Hauksbee, and belonging to the eighteenth century.

The modern air-pump was conducted through its first improvements by four successive steps, which we briefly recapitulate for the sake of such readers as wish only the fruits of an historical investigation.

I. 1659. The construction of a pneuma-

tical engine, consisting of a single-barrelled pump, with a solid piston moved by a rack and pinion, and a globular glass receiver directly communicating with the cylinder.

II. 1667. The separation of the glass receiver from the cylinder, and introduction of the air-pump plate, on which bell jars could be placed and used as receivers.

III. 1676. The introduction of the double-barrelled pump, with self-acting valves in the cylinders and pistons, and with piston rods suspended at opposite ends of a cord, passing over a pulley.

IV. 1704. The combination of the rack and pinion of the first and second air-pumps, with the two barrels, twin pistons, and self-acting valves of the third.

Great improvements have been made in air-pumps, even recently, although they do not generally differ much in external appearance from those constructed by Hauksbee in the beginning of last century. The perfection of an air-pump lies in certain nice mechanical adjustments of concealed valves, and other internal, and for the time invisible, arrangements, so that mere similarity or even identity of outward appearance is no criterion of equality in effective power. An ordinary observer could not, by a casual inspection, distinguish a chronometer which varies only a second in a week, from a chronometer which keeps time no better than a Dutch clock. We must guard against the notion that no improvements have been made since Boyle's day, because air-pumps look the same. Historians of past successes, we would avoid the error into which historians so easily fall, of exaggerating the past because it is the past. The catholic, generous Boyle, were he to revive among us, would gaze with wonder and delight at our glass-barrelled, glass-plated, exquisite air-pumps, and cease to call his own the Great Pneumatical Engine.

Boyle was not eminently constructive, in the matter of mechanical devices, but he was very inventive in devising appropriate experiments, and he could always compass their execution. Hence it happened, that, though Otto Guericke, a man of great genius, had the start of Boyle by some five years, the latter made so much better use than Guericke of the air-pump, that it was named, by admiring Europe, Boyle's, not Guericke's, machine.

There are few of the mechanical properties of the atmosphere which he did not learn for himself, and teach to others, by his instrument. Its vital or life-sustaining pow-

ers, he understood better than most even of the learned physicians and naturalists of his time. He made some progress in investigating the chemical relations of the air, and ingeniously converted his pneumatical engine, as occasion required, into a retort, an alembic, a still with its condenser, and a gas apparatus, in which he evolved and liquefied fumes and vapors, and eliminated gases by "corrosion and fermentation." Galileo, Torricelli, Pascal, Guericke, and others had shown that air is heavy, and that it exerts a great pressure on all bodies within it. Boyle multiplied and varied the proofs of this by endless impressive and convincing experiments. He made a tolerable approximation towards exactly determining the specific gravity of air, as compared both with water and mercury, and came nearer the true number than any of his early contemporaries.

The power of air to conduct sound had been long vaguely credited, then doubted, and finally, as it appeared, proved not to exist. Endeavors had been made to settle the question by very ingenious experiments with the Torricellian vacuum, in which a sounding body was placed, in the expectation that, when made to vibrate, no sound would be heard. Allowance, however, was not made for the conducting power of the walls enclosing the vacuum, and the trial, in consequence, was conducted in such a way as to allow the sounding body to strike on the solid glass boundaries of the void, as the tongue or hammer of a bell strikes the bell. A sound, accordingly, loud and clear, was heard, and the conclusion was drawn that the presence of air is not essential to the conduction of sounds, even when those are produced, like the cries of birds flying high in the air, or a peal of thunder, in circumstances where they cannot be conveyed to the ear along solid conductors. Guericke repeated the trial with his air-pump, and found that sound was not transmitted through a vacuum. The experiment, however, taught him little. He does not appear to have expected the absence of air to annihilate sound. He seems to have thought, that if air conducted sounds, we should not hear these when much to the leeward of a sounding body. Guericke confounded the transference of sounds, by a series of waves or undulations, *through* the air, with its carrying or conveyance, like smoke, *by* the air. A mistake of the same kind is constantly made in reference to all the physical forces, such as light and heat, which are propagated by undulations or vibrations. A simple experi-

ment and a familiar observation will correct the false conception, and show what misled Guericke. The experiment is to drop a stone into a still pool. A ring-like undulation immediately commences to travel from the place where the stone plunged into the water, and, increasing in diameter, spreads on every side, till it reaches the shores of the lake. But the outer wave which ripples on the shore is not the very water which the stone first disturbed. Each particle of water changes its place very little, and moves only through a small space, although the impulse commenced by the stone travels over a wide area. A sounding body causes air to undulate, as the stone does the water.

The observation which may be considered equivalent to an experiment tried for us by nature, is the spectacle of a field of growing corn, shaken by a gentle wind. When we look at such a field, we see wave after wave sweep over the nodding grain from one side of the cultivated space to the opposite. The ears of corn, however, have not been swept from one corner of the field to the other. Each ear, anchored by its stalk to the soil, has only moved forward a little space in the direction of the wind, and then moved back to its original position. Sound travels through the atmosphere in the same way, not borne along with moving particles of the atmosphere, which fly like arrows, carrying the sound with them, but propagated as a vibration transferred from particle to particle of the air, which is thrown into undulations, but does not flow as a current. The effect of a sounding body on the atmosphere is like that produced when we strike the first of a long row of billiard-balls, so as to make it impinge on the second. An impulse runs along the line, moving each intermediate ball very little, but causing the last to fly off from the row. Another striking illustration of what we are seeking to explain, is supplied by the firing of a great gun. The flash of the cannon is rendered visible to the eye by a series of very swift undulations, which travel in every direction from the cannon as a centre. The sound, in like manner, by slower undulations through the atmosphere, reaches the ear, whilst the smoke does not radiate from a centre, but is carried by the air entirely to windward.

How far Boyle understood all this, we cannot precisely tell, but he was one whom no theory would prevent from subjecting to direct trial, what he thought experiment only could decide. Undeterred by the results of the investigations of Guericke and others, he

tried for the first time, in an unexceptionable way, whether sounds are inaudible in a vacuum. His *experimentum crucis* was as simple and elegant as it was decisive. He hung within the globular receiver of his great pneumatical engine, by a thin string, a watch with its case open. The receiver was large enough to contain sixty wine-pints of fluid, so that the watch, suspended in its centre, was far removed from the glass walls of the globe.

The sounding body was thus detached from all solid conductors, the thin string excepted, which was as slight a conductor as well could be used to support the watch. When all had been arranged, the air was slowly withdrawn from the receiver, and the beating of the time-piece, which was loudly audible at first, fell fainter and fainter upon the ear as the exhaustion proceeded, till at length it ceased to be audible at all, whilst the silent hands moved as before round the dial plate, showing that the movements of the watch had not ceased, but only their sound. The air was then slowly readmitted, when the sound reappeared, waxed louder and louder, and finally reached its previous intensity, when the receiver was filled as at first, with air.

The experiment was repeated by Boyle in various ways, and the ingenuity of later observers has supplied many contrivances for making the experiment demonstrative to large audiences, by whom the ticking of a time-piece could not be heard. The original trial, however, was complete. Since Boyle's time, no natural philosopher has doubted that the air is the great and essential medium of sound.

From the earliest times, the necessity of air to the maintenance of combustion must have been more or less distinctly perceived, yet the notions of the ancients on the subject were at the best very vague. Nor could Boyle do more than dissipate some of the vagueness; yet he did a great deal. With untiring patience, he inclosed in his engine lighted candles, portfires, loaded pistols, which he fired by dextrous contrivances, and many other arrangements of combustible bodies, which he rapidly cut off from a supply of air, or did not kindle, as in the case of gunpowder, till the air was withdrawn. He did not interpret, or he misinterpreted much that he saw that was instructive enough: but he understood a great deal of what he witnessed. He could not only infallibly demonstrate that without air, flame could not exist, but he dimly foresaw what, apparently,

might be easily apprehended, and yet was not clearly perceived till a century later, that a burning body is not parting with some fiery essence or principle to the air, the loss of which renders it incombustible, but is robbing the air of part of its substance, which is added to the burning mass, and makes it insusceptible of combustion. If a flaming candle owed its luminousness simply to its giving off an inflammable principle, it should flame brightest in a vacuum, which would solicit the evolution of the principle of heat and light, whereas a candle will not flame at all in a void, but disappears, as if snuffed out, by invisible snuffers. The moon has no atmosphere, and, therefore, we may be certain no tallow-chandlers, no camphene lamps, or coal gas companies. No lunar Diogenes goes about seeking for an honest man, at least with a lantern. The only torch that would suit a cynic in the moon, is the electric light, which feeds upon electricity, and not upon air.

Imperfect as Boyle's views on combustion were, they greatly exceeded, in clearness, those of his immediate successors. It was by defect and omission that he erred, as well as Mayow and Hooke, who also, for their time, had unusually accurate notions of the nature of combustion, rather than by holding positively erroneous opinions. After those clear thinkers came the Dark Middle Age of modern chemistry, with its chimera of a "phlogiston," or invisible, unsubstantial fire-essence, in theory an entity and yet a nonentity; in fact, a veritable dark lantern, which Lavoisier at last succeeded in knocking to pieces, after satisfying every reasonable person that there never had been, at any time, a light within the lantern to make it worth preserving. A hundred years of retrograde speculation on combustion, divide Boyle's clear views on the subject from the clearer but still defective views of Cavendish, Watt, Priestley, and Scheele, which culminated in Lavoisier's clearest announcement of the theory of burning, in which, nevertheless, as in the sun, the telescope of a more modern chemistry can see dark spaces.

Respiration and combustion are closely analogous as chemical phenomena. The first man that quickened a smouldering brand by blowing upon it, had discovered that the breath of life is also the nourisher of flame. The eastern moralist compared life to a vapor. The quenched, inverted torch was a classical emblem of death, and the modern poet sings of the "Vital spark of heavenly flame." Boyle was one of the first to give

such expressions a literal signification, and to announce, with no little clearness, the aphorism of modern chemistry, that no gas or gaseous mixture, in which a candle goes out, will support animal life. As he, like all the chemists of his century, confounded the various gases under a common name of air, it was impossible that he should announce the aphorism in the terms we now do, but he substantially gave expression to it. No subject interested him more than the relation of life to air. He tried a great number of experiments, many of them, it must be confessed, very cruel, as to the influence of a vacuum on living animals.

It was with no wanton cruelty, still less in the spirit of philosophic indifference, that Boyle tortured animals. Burnet tells us that his sensitiveness to their sufferings made him abandon the study of anatomy, in that age prosecuted with a needless amount of infliction of pain on living creatures. We can well believe this, for it was quite in keeping with the amiability and benevolence of Boyle's character; but no indications of his humanity appear in the records of his pneumatic researches. Experiments which would shock our readers if but alluded to, and which involved inconceivable and protracted agony to their subjects, are as calmly related as if they had been performed upon a candle or a time-piece. This would not seem wonderful in a strictly scientific narration, which supposed pain taken for granted, and left it unnoticed. But it was not Boyle's way to progress through a subject, like a railway train implicitly guided by the rails, nor even like a stage-coach, keeping, on the whole, the middle of the road. He got over his ground as travellers ride across Salisbury Plain, by a kind of zigzag progression, which can make the sharpest angles on either side without risk of breaking a fence, or striking a wall, or falling over a bridge. Yet not a whisper does he utter as to the cruelties he was perpetrating, although Hooke, who has the reputation of being an unamiable man, when describing an experiment on a living animal cannot forbear giving vent to remorseful expressions as to the pain which the experiment cost himself as a performer and spectator, nor omit recording that he will never repeat so cruel a deed. The explanation of the anomaly is to be found in the intense conviction Boyle had, that his air-pump experiments would immensely improve physiology, enlarge men's knowledge of the nature of respiration, and put in the hands of the physician new methods of lessening human suffering.

The stream of Boyle's benevolence had scooped for itself one great channel, in which, fraught with gifts for his brethren, it all ran. He thought not of the agonies of a bird, when its pantings in the vacuum promised to teach him how to cheat consumption out of her victims. Nor should it be forgotten that Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood had filled the disciples of Bacon with as extravagant expectations as to the results which should flow from the extension of his discovery, as men now-a-days anticipate from the triumphs of galvanism. The sacredness of even human life was forgotten. It is scarcely credible at the present day, that the chief physicians of London, contemporary with Boyle, applied to the presiding physician of Bedlam, for a lunatic, into whose veins they proposed to inject an animal's blood. When this extraordinary request was refused, they succeeded in persuading a crazy scholar, an emeritus out-pensioner of St. Luke's, though not on its roll, to submit to have sheep's blood transfused into his blood-vessels. Henry Oldenburgh, the thrifty Secretary of the Royal Society, may still be heard, in an existing letter in the Boyle Correspondence, chuckling over the crazy man risking life and what remained of reason for a guinea!

When men fared so, we cannot wonder that it went ill with pigeons and frogs. Boyle forgot everything but the mighty improvements in medicine which were likely to result from his experiments, and showed no mercy. And it is consolatory to think, that the transient sufferings of the innocent creatures he tortured, have served to lessen the agonies of generations of men, although the state of physiology in his day long prevented any harvest being reaped from his trials. Till Priestley discovered oxygen, and Cavendish showed the chemical composition of air, and Lavoisier expounded the true relation of oxygen to combustion, respiration was an enigma, nor is it yet a perfectly solved problem. Boyle, however, had the faith of genius in the value of his early expositions of the relation of the atmosphere to life, and committed them contentedly, as a seed which should yet bear the choicest fruit, to the hands of his successors. His good taste was not so conspicuous as his faith. In the drawing of his second pneumatical engine he has introduced a revolting picture of a miserable cat struggling in the agonies of suffocation. In his medallion portrait, as already noticed, he has a bird in the receiver of his air-pump. The most maligned of French Vivisectors would not venture on such drawings at the

present day. Boyle was in many respects before his age; but noble Christian as he was, he was tinctured with its barbarity. The designs referred to, however, are important proofs of the value he set upon his experiments on animals.

We can say no more concerning his air-pump researches, although much remains unnoticed; neither can we dwell upon the services he has rendered science indirectly, by the proofs he gave of the value of his machine as an instrument of research.

There is scarcely one of the physical sciences which is not indebted to the air-pump. Optics employs it to measure the refractive powers of gases. The science of heat has been indebted to it, in the hands of Leslie, Faraday, and others, for great strides of progression. Acoustics by means of it ascertains the laws which regulate the propagation of sound through elastic fluids. In many ways it is essential to the researches of the natural philosopher and physiologist, and it is an essential appendage of every chemist's laboratory. It forms an essential part of the condensing steam-engine, and is employed on the largest scale in the purification of sugar, and in other economical processes. If it has failed in its most gigantic application, that, namely, of the atmospheric railway, Boyle, at least, is not to blame. Had the projectors of that scheme looked back two centuries, and read the philosopher's wailings over the failure even of the best sticking plaster to close the chinks in his receiver, they would have thought twice before they tried to realize their project. When we think of all the air-pump has effected, we feel compelled to retract what we have said against Boyle's earliest and rudest instrument, and to unite with him in calling it the Great Pneumatical Engine.

Had our limits permitted, it would have been pleasant to dwell on Boyle's other achievements as a physical philosopher. We should have tried to show what an active investigator of the laws of heat he was, often mistaken, always ingenious; sometimes successful in bringing to light striking phenomena, and elucidating remarkable laws. He was the first to introduce into Great Britain the famous Florentine weather-glasses, which the short-lived but memorable *Accademia del Cimento* taught Europe how to make. England came thus to be provided with delicate thermometers earlier than countries lying nearer Italy; and a great impetus towards the study of heat was communicated to the natural philosophers of our country. Boyle

took a leading part in prosecuting the subject. He devised some very useful forms of the thermometer, and assisted in discovering a process by which the instrument might be infallibly graduated, so that all thermometers should agree in their indications—that is, should point to the same figure on their scale, when the heat affecting them was the same. He did not, however, perfect a method of graduation. Hooke, Halley, and others, went further than he did, and Newton outstripped them all. The modern thermometer is as much his, as the glass prism.

It would have been pleasant also to have shown how endless his distillations, cohobations, sublimations and fermentations were, and what glimpses he got of great discoveries, which, nevertheless, he missed. He toiled unceasingly beside the huge furnace, which the Hermetic philosophers of his day thought essential to their work, and constructed of dimensions large enough to rival a limekiln, or serve a glasshouse, as may be learned from his letters and folios, by the smiling chemist of the present day, whose crucible-furnace would go into his hat, and his blowpipe into his waistcoat pocket. Boyle called himself the "Sceptical Chymist," but he had a weak side towards alchemy. He was constantly begging, borrowing, or purchasing medical recipes, and much of his time was wasted in the manufacture of specifics. Religious considerations probably precluded him from faith in the alchemist's long sought for elixir of life, which should confer an earthly immortality on mankind. The elixir was the specific of specifics, which made lesser specifics needless; the cure for the one disease, Death, which swallows up all others. Boyle did not believe in such a specific, but there was nothing in Scripture to forbid the belief that the day might come when man's God-given skill should succeed in neutralizing disease, and Health should walk side by side with Life up to the very gates of the tomb. Boyle's furnaces, accordingly, were always at work, concocting elixirs of health, but their ineffectual fires blazed in vain. The dyspeptic, melancholic elixir-maker himself, was a poor specimen of the worth of his specifics, though this was, perhaps, as it should be. The alchemical professors of transmutation never had by any chance a penny in their purses, and the hermetic process always began by the begging of so much base metal which the adept should transmute into silver or gold. Boyle was a staunch believer in transmutation, as he was well entitled to be, for there is no a

priori objection to its possibility, as there is to the possibility of a self-sustaining perpetual motion, and in his time there appeared many proofs of transmutation having been effected. It may be realized any day. Boyle tried to multiply the precious metals, and the gold showed symptoms at least of coming. He amazed himself, and alarmed Newton, who counselled concealment, by an experiment where gold and mercury being mingled together grew very hot, and the latter seemed going to fix. There was nothing very alarming in the experiment, after all. It was only a costly way of illustrating, what a little gunpowder would have shown better, and a great deal more cheaply, that chemical combination is accompanied by the evolution of heat. Not long before his death, Boyle procured the repeal of a statute of Henry IV., which forbade "the multiplying of gold and silver," so that more successful transmuters than himself might engage in the fixation of mercury, without fear of their lives.

As a naturalist he was indefatigable. He observed for himself, collected specimens, read largely, and carried on an extensive correspondence with every quarter of the globe. Every one was pressed into his service, from the English ambassadors abroad, to the laborers in his gardens, and the sailors he fell in with. It was a transition-age, half credulous, half sceptical, but more the former than the latter, and many of Boyle's correspondents had eyes only for the wonderful. Among his unpublished works is a manuscript record of conversations with sea-captains and pilots. What wonderful things sea-captains behold we know, and how ready they are to charm willing ears with them. Boyle was a very cautious, though inquisitive man, and had a great stock of common sense. He needed it all in estimating the value of the recitals made to him; and we need neither wonder nor blame, if he sometimes stamped as authentic, narrations which, in reality, were half genuine mixtures of inaccurate observations, unintentional deceptions, and deliberate lies. He winnowed the wheat from the chaff, on the whole, very fairly, if we remember how imperfect his winnowing shovel was, and that there was but his solitary one at work. We may compare him, as a critic and methodizer of the natural history of his time, to one of the Californian gold-washers of our own day. Up to his knees in water he stood, provided with one small wooden bowl, of his own making, with which to sift the gold from the sand. Down came the river, bringing grains

of the true metal; brassy pyrites particles, which, to many eyes, looked more metallic than the gold; yellow mica scales glistening brighter than the pyrites; pebbles, gravel, shingles, clay, sand and mud. With wonderful dexterity, everything considered, Boyle contrived to let nearly all but the gold flow on; and if he occasionally mistook grains of the pyrites or mica for the noble metal, let it not be forgotten that his cautious temper made him err on the safe side, and think it better to save a little dross which could afterwards be purged out, than to permit any of the gold to escape.

What Boyle did in Physics proper, in hydrostatics, for example, and in electricity, we must pass by. His discoveries in these would have won a reputation for a less versatile observer. We must notice him, however, as the self-appointed professor of an important art. We have called him already an Amateur Doctor. It would be fairer to style him an Emeritus Physician. Padua or Leyden might have been proud of him, and gave the Doctor's hat to many less accomplished students of medicine. He knew anatomy well, and was often present at dissections. The meagre physiology of his time he had more than mastered, for his air-pump experiments on living animals threw new light on the great functions of respiration and the circulation of the blood. The properties of blood and bone, and of the other secretions and tissues of the body, he made the subjects of repeated analyses. His knowledge of natural history made him familiar with the medicinal virtues of plants and minerals; and his chemical skill, we have seen, was constantly exerted in preparing novel remedies. He amassed an immense collection of empirical recipes, and tried them on himself, on his friends, or, through the physicians he knew, on their patients. It is curious, indeed, to remark his eagerness on this point. Whatever else he and his immense host of correspondents write about, the majority of them have something to say about specifics. Now it is a request that "the incomparable Mr. Boyle" will send them a little of "*Ens Veneris*." Then it is an announcement from a physician, that he finds "*Aqua Limacum*," (snail-water,) or some other abomination, a powerful remedy. It was a certain way to Boyle's good graces to send him a new recipe, which he acknowledged by presenting the sender in return with one of his choicest formulæ, or a packet or vial of some catholicon, as insect or shell collectors exchange specimens. Ev-

ery one assisted him. William Penn sent him Red Indian cures; Locke gathered plants for him at the due season of the year. Boyle came in the end to be gratuitous consulting physician and apothecary-general to a great section of England. Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians did not hesitate to submit cases to him, and he was a prompt and bold practitioner. In 1665 Oxford gave him the honorary degree of Doctor of Physic.

Doctor Boyle's dispensatory was a catalogue of as vile abominations as ever sick man was compelled to swallow. The compilers of the *Pharmacopæias* of his time—for he was not a solitary transgressor—almost seem to have gone on the principle that the more loathsome the source of a remedy, the more potent was it likely to prove. Let invalids of the present day drink with composure their bitterest potions, and be thankful that they are not required, as their forefathers were, to turn cannibals, and masticate powdered human skulls, or the "ashes of a toad burned alive in a new pot." The nature of the subject forbids enlargement on what is an important chapter in the history of science, interesting to the moralist as well as to the physician, and full of humiliating proofs that we are all *Clodios*. "What we fear of death" makes every other repulsive thing lose its loathsomeness and horror. Life is gladly purchased on the most hateful terms. If any reader thinks we exaggerate, let him turn to Boyle's "Usefulness of Philosophy," which he will find abridged in Shaw's "Boyle," vol. i, p. 94, and read the paragraph at the bottom of the page. If that does not satisfy him, he can read on. He will not read long, without exclaiming, with King Lear, "An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

In the occupations we have described, more than forty years wore away; but before we say anything further concerning Boyle's deeds, it will be well to resume his personal history, which we carried no further than the close of his minority. This may best be effected by going back, for a brief space, to the narrative of *Philaretus*. The reader who knows it only so far as we have yet abridged it, and who is familiar with the wan, wasted, melancholy countenance, which looks out from the engraved frontispiece of Boyle's works, will find it difficult to connect that mournful face with the commentary on it, which his autobiography supplies. Yet the account is his own, and we have not selected passages which should show him to

disadvantage. Those which we have taken, and others which are passed over, display him rather as an estimable, than an engaging youth. If he faithfully acknowledges his faults, he is no less careful to point out his virtues, and this with a minuteness and complacency not prepossessing.

There were better qualities, however, in Boyle, than those we have yet seen, and they were destined, as well as his weaknesses, to an early ripening. Whilst resident at Geneva, an event occurred, which, as we have already hinted, he was accustomed "to mention as the considerablest of his whole life." To prepare his readers for this occurrence, he tells us, in language quaint, but dignified, that up to the period of its happening, "though his inclinations were ever virtuous, and his life free from scandal, and inoffensive, yet had the piety he was master of already so diverted him from aspiring unto more, that Christ, who long had lain asleep in his conscience, (as he once did in the ship) must now, as then, be waked by a storm." In the dead of night he was roused from his slumbers by the thunders of a fearful tempest. Waking with the alarm that always attends sudden starting from sleep, he gazed in terror at the unceasing flashes of lightning till he "began to imagine them the sallies of that fire that must consume the world." The noise of the heavy rain, and the roaring of the winds, loud enough at times to drown the echo of the thunder, "confirmed him in his apprehension of the day of judgment being at hand, whereupon the consideration of his unpreparedness to welcome it, and the hideousness of being surprised by it in an unfit condition, made him resolve and vow, that if his fears were that night disappointed, all his further additions to his life should be more religiously employed." Boyle does not conceal that "his fear was (and he blushed it was so) the occasion of his resolution of amendment," but he also tells us that "the morning came, and a serener, cloudless sky returned, when he ratified his determination so solemnly that, from that day, he dated his conversion." This happened when he was some fourteen years old. In after life, Boyle's religion was conspicuously free from the recognition of dread of punishment of crime, or the barter of good works for reward, as the grounds of Christian love and obedience. "Piety," he said, "was to be embraced, not so much to gain heaven, as to serve God with."

The piety which one grand natural spectacle awakened, another was first to

shake to its foundations, and then to confirm. Soon after witnessing the thunder-storm, Boyle made some excursions through Dauphiny and the south of France. Whilst at Grenoble, "his curiosity at last led him to those wild mountains, where the first and chiefest of the Carthusian abbeys does stand seated; where the devil, taking advantage of that deep raving melancholy, so sad a place, his humor, and the strange stories and pictures he found there of Bruno, the father of that order, suggested such strange and hideous distracting doubts of some of the fundamentals of Christianity, that, though his looks did little betray his thoughts, nothing but the forbiddingness of self-despatch hindered his acting it. But after a tedious languishment of many months in this tedious perplexity, at last it pleased God, one day he had received the sacrament, to restore unto him the withdrawn sense of His favor."

In the sketch of Boyle in the "Biographie Universelle," of which Cuvier was one of the writers, allusion is made to the resemblance in cast of mind to Pascal, which Boyle's melancholy showed. It has been no such rare thing, however, among students of physics any more than among men of warm hearts and sensitive imaginations, that Boyle and Pascal should stand alone as displaying it. The "Anatomy of Melancholy" has to do with all sorts of men, but chiefly with those possessed of very limited or very great intellectual gifts. Minds delicately poised are easily thrown off their equilibrium; like fine balances, which weigh to the almost incredible fraction of a grain, and as a consequence are deranged by the presence of a trace of dust in one scale, and would have a set to one side given them by the down of a moth's wing lying in one pan. Delicate balances, also, are easily strained if overloaded; and the same law in great measure regulates the mental weighing of all kinds of truth. Students of the physical sciences are often referred to, as if their studies had no tendency to ruffle the spirits or overtask the intellect. Cowper in one of his letters, referring to the stir which the public ascent of a balloon had occasioned, contrasts his own sadness with the cheerfulness of the philosophers too much occupied and delighted with the outer world to brood much inwardly. Nor can it be questioned, that a relish for the natural sciences prevents that morbid introversion of spirit

which metaphysical speculation, whether of an intellectual or emotional and æsthetical character, tends to encourage, where there is a natural tendency toward inward brooding. But it is the observation of the striking phenomena, not the study of the laws of physical science, that has the enlivening effect. Naturalists of the merely observing and describing class, and experimenters, fond only of showy phenomena and dextrous manipulations, are a cheerful, gregarious race, delighted with a new specimen or a new machine, and happiest when imparting their pleasure to others. But when we rise to the great discoverers and lawgivers in physical science, we find a vein of melancholy as apt to show itself as in impassioned poets, or recluse metaphysicians, or mighty painters and musicians. All the great problems in natural science,—as the nature of heat, of light, of electricity, of gravity,—and still more, all questions connected with life, bring us in the end, and by few steps, face to face with infinity and mystery. Weary nights and days are appointed to him who studies those things. Hope deferred makes the heart sick. Failure saddens and humiliates the spirit, unnerves the intellect, and embitters the temper. Ambition and vanity, pride and the love of power, are in the philosopher's nature as well as in the poet's, and deaden or pervert the love of truth. Brains can be crazed and hearts broken by other disappointments than those which unrequited love occasions; and in the chemist's laboratory, the astronomer's watch-tower, and the mechanician's workshop, despair has found many a victim. And where great genius is found unalloyed, or little debased by the meaner qualities of our common nature, and the love of truth burns as a pure light—the *lumen siccum* which Bacon desired in all philosophers, and which failure or disappointment cannot quench,—the instinctive tendency of the highly gifted spirit will be to include in its grasp more than even it can compass. The intellect then, though free from all emotional bias, may be crushed, as Sampson was, by the very triumph of its own strength. We need not wonder, then, that a certain melancholy, easily deepened, is as consonant to the spirit of a Newton as a Shakspeare, or that it requires but an apparently trifling matter to develop it in either. Boyle's sadness was the fruit partly of his weakness, partly of his strength. He was only some seventeen when it first preyed on him; and the blame of producing it

cannot be ascribed to physical science, in which as yet he was but a slender proficient. Neither, however, could physics cure it, for "never after did these fleeting clouds cease now and then to darken the serenity of his quiet." He plainly had a natural predisposition to gloom, which a weak body and a roving fancy favored; and though his occupations up to his early residence in Geneva were not at all of a melancholy cast, they employed the mind too much, and the body too little, to keep the balance even between them. Boyle had unconsciously, and while yet a youth, adopted the maxim of the friend and chief counsellor of his later years, Archbishop Usher; "it is better to wear out than to rust out." The sword had already, and far too soon, begun to pierce the scabbard.

However much, nevertheless, bodily or mental idiosyncrasy, or both, may have predisposed Boyle to melancholy, yet something more, as he believed himself, was needed to give it the intensity and the direction which it assumed. He referred his despair, as we have seen, to Satanic temptation.

This is not a suitable place or occasion for discussing the Scripture doctrine of evil spirits, and their relation to man. But as biographers, we cannot avoid considering the effect which the belief in such a doctrine, as realized in his own experience, had upon Boyle. For the "clouds came after the rain," and the temptation to disbelief and self-destruction returned at intervals during his whole lifetime, though never with the original severity. This fact supplies us with the key to much which we should in vain seek to unravel by searching through all his lengthened essays on heat and cold, the "Sceptical Chymist," or the account of the Pneumatical Engine.

Whatever hypothesis he held as to the cause of his despondency, he could not but have been greatly affected, for the better or the worse, by so dark a temptation as that which haunted him. To see, like Macbeth, wherever he turned, a dagger thirsting for blood, "the handle towards his hand," was appalling enough; but it was worse still when the point turned as if magnetically toward his heart, and the blood for which it thirsted, was his own. But when he further believed that this "dagger of the mind" was thrust upon him by a fallen angel, as malignant in purpose as mighty in power, to compel him to be the instrument of his own hopeless damnation, his belief, whether a wise or unwise one, could not but greatly

embitter his agony. Yet whatever evil effect such a faith may be supposed to have had on some of the qualities of Boyle's nature, few acquainted with his life will doubt that it put far into the background, or blotted out altogether, many of his weaknesses. The remembrance and revisitings of temptations so fearful, could not but sober any mind, which retained its integrity in spite of their assaults. The applaudings of vanity spontaneously hush themselves, when the reins of self-control are trembling in the hand, and may be dropped from nerveless fingers at any moment, or flung away in despair. The praises of this world have no attraction for one who has lost his hold upon it, and has come against his will under the dominion of the "powers of the world to come." Although the "poor ghost" had been dumb, and there had been no claim of filial obedience upon Hamlet, or purpose of revenge, we should still have heard him say as he turned from the spectral figure,

"Remember thee?"

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms and pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there."

One glimpse of the world of spirits introduces a new perspective into that of flesh and blood, and changes the standard by which the value of earthly things is measured. If the dark visitant, however, stole away Boyle's cheerfulness, he took also with him his pride and vanity, and ennobled and dignified his character. How compatible even surrender to a despondency bordering at all times on despair is with the clearest good sense and sustained intellectual effort, Cowper's mournful history sufficiently shows. Boyle, moreover, did not surrender. He believed that he was fighting a great spiritual foe, but he was conscious also that he had prevailed. The mingled weakness and greatness of man which Pascal wondered at and mourned over, appear in nothing more than in such a battle. What can be more humiliating to a man, than to have his individuality (the only thing that really is his) intruded on against his will; the chamber of his secret thoughts, which he would not open to those he loves best, and could not if he would, made free to the most hateful of visitors; the very citadel of Mansoul with its gates flung back upon their hinges, and the daily haunt of evil spirits? There is no humiliation of man's natural pride greater than this. Yet surely there is no arena on

which his God-given greatness is more manifest. That impotent to roll the gates shut again, he should still retain courage to fight against his terrible enemy, and face about and front him, is one of the strangest things in his spiritual history. If in men's battles, the victory is considered great in proportion to the prowess of the vanquished, the Christian militant raises the highest war-cry when he exclaims, "We wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers."

Boyle's life was thus pre-eminently what every man's life is, but especially every Christian's, a battle and a fight. Melancholy had marked him for her own before his minority was ended, and he returned to England a grave man at twenty. To serve God and to serve man was now his deliberate and great aim. He did not nurse in secret, and increase by nursing, his sadness, or excuse himself on the score of indifferent health, from the most laborious tasks. It is true that he kept constantly proclaiming himself a valetudinarian or an invalid, and selected the strangest places in his scientific papers for announcing to his readers that he had a distemper in his eyes, a threatening, or a fit of the stone, but all the while he was shaming the most healthy and vigorous of his contemporaries by the number and value of his labors. Time, which so many valetudinarians dawdle away in unnecessary restings and slumbers, Boyle rigidly economized. Tradition reports that in his latter days, when his residence in London, and the fame of his name exposed him to countless unprofitable intrusions, he used on occasion to hang out a board with the curt and peremptory announcement upon it, "Mr. Boyle cannot be spoken with to-day."

For a considerable period after his second return to England, Boyle resided chiefly at Stalbridge. In 1652, and again in 1653, he visited Ireland, and remained in it for a considerable period, chiefly engaged in business arrangements connected with the estates which his father had left him there. His time would have been spent but unpleasantly in that disturbed country, but for the attentions of Dr., afterwards Sir William Petty, celebrated as the founder of the modern science of statics. This accomplished man instructed Boyle in anatomy and physiology. In 1654 the latter returned to England, and took up his abode at Oxford, where, along with Dr. Wallis and others, he kept up the association of ingenious men which afterwards merged into the Royal So-

ciety. It was here, also, that the "great pneumatical engine" was constructed, as already mentioned, in 1658 or 1659.

After the accession of Charles II. he removed to London, and took up his residence with Lady Ranelagh. The king was very courteous to him, and Lord Clarendon urged him to enter into holy orders. Boyle, however, declined acceding to his request, partly because he thought he could serve religion more if it was out of men's power to say of him as they said of the clergy, "that it was their trade, and they were paid for it;" but especially, as Burnet tells us, because he had not felt within himself an inward motion to it by the Holy Ghost." "So solemnly," adds the Bishop of Sarum, "did he judge of sacred matters." In 1665 he was nominated, by the express desire of Charles II., to the provostship of Eton College, then considered a post of great honor and profit; but as it could only be filled by one in orders, he declined it. In 1666 he was brought into great public notice in connection with an Irish gentleman, referred to by Dr. Birch, as "the famous Mr. Valentine Greatraks, the Irish Stroker." He produced marvellous cures by a process of manipulation closely resembling that practised by the animal magnetists of the present day. Greatraks was an honest and honorable man, and Boyle came forward to attest the reality of his cures. The celebrated astronomer, Flamsteed, went to Ireland to be stroked by Greatraks, and was benefitted either by the stroking, or a subsequent attack of sea-sickness, or, as he thought, perhaps by both.

In 1680 the Royal Society elected Boyle its president, but "a great and perhaps peculiar tenderness in point of oaths," led him to scruple about coming under the obligations which, by its charter the president must incur, and he declined accepting an honor of which he was so worthy. He refused, indeed, every dignity that was offered him. Charles II., James II., and William III. enjoyed his society and frequently conversed with him, but he sought no favors from any of them. His brothers being all noblemen, he was several times offered a peerage, but he resolutely refused it, and his reputation has been all the more abiding. Even Lord Orrery, a man certainly worthy of remembrance, is not half so well known out of Great Britain, as his untitled youngest brother. In modest seclusion he carried on his labors, nor did any very remarkable events occur to diversify the proverbially

monotonous life of the philosopher and scholar, till on the 23rd of December, 1691, he lost his sister, Lady Ranelagh, whom for nearly fifty years he had loved with that intense affection which is often seen after the effervescence of youth is past, to unite brothers to their elder sisters. Boyle had but imperfectly realized the greatness of his loss, when it was more than compensated. Before a week was passed, he was restored to his sister. He died on the 30th of December, 1691, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

His character as a natural philosopher may be gathered from what has been stated. He practically ignored all speculation on physics which was of earlier date than Bacon's publications. Aristotle he utterly distrusted, and Des Cartes he would not so much as read. To open his eyes on the outer world, and to read what it taught, with as unbiassed and unfettered a judgment as he could secure, was his great aim. He was a very cautious observer, and was seldom misled when the whole facts came under his own notice, so that he was eye-witness as well as judge of the nature of the information which a phenomenon or experiment furnished. But he was often compelled to deal with other men's alleged facts and observations, and then he went occasionally astray. No later philosopher has described in clearer or more perspicuous language, than Boyle uses, the phenomena he witnessed, the experiments he performed, or the conclusions at which he arrived. Nevertheless, Boyle is intolerably tedious and prolix in all his writings, and often, likewise, very immethodical in his arrangement, and defective in logical precision. He excused himself from systematic discussion of the topics he considered, because the scholastic successors of Aristotle had retarded the progress of science by their refined subtleties and undeviating rigid adherence to false systems, as if the evil had lain, not in the system being baseless, but simply in its being a system. Hence even his "Usefulness of Philosophy," which peculiarly called for the most lucid arrangement and orderly discussion, is an undigested rambling discourse, which, instead of resembling the map which a military engineer or railway surveyor would lay down of a country, can be compared only to such a chart as a naturalist would produce if he marked his course by tracing all the divergings from the main route, into which he was tempted by the winged insects he chased, or the rare plants he turned aside to gather.

Like the naturalist, Boyle wanders aside to tell of spiders that sting through the soles of men's boots, or to enlist his reader's sympathies in the risk of destruction which a new suit of clothes ran from his spilling in the dark, some acid upon them, or to recount the vindication of the usefulness of philosophy which was furnished by his smelling out, still in the dark, a bottle of hartshorn, with which he effaced the stains which the oil of vitriol had produced. Boyle's prolixity has done his reputation great injury. It was quite incurable, for besides his avowed and systematic want of system, his early habits of desultory study had unfitted him for the use of a severe logic. No restraining editor, moreover, limited him to so many sheets or pages, nor did any judicious publisher counsel terseness and condensation. The printer could not frighten so wealthy an author by the vision of his bill, and Boyle, a very Marshal Blücher, with Forwards for his motto, was always in a hurry to be done with what he was at, and on to something else. He acted accordingly, like the Frenchman, who apologized for writing a long letter because he had not time to write a short one. Boyle wrote a long treatise, and then a long preface apologizing for the length of the treatise, which might have been judiciously shortened in the time spent in writing the apology for its want of brevity. Few of the busy moderns, accordingly, have read a tithe of Boyle's six folios; no one probably, within the last hundred and fifty years, but the corrector of the press, at which Birch's edition of his works was printed. His volumes have proved a mausoleum in which his name has been buried, not preserved; like those Egyptian Pyramids, which are so immense, and within so uninviting and inaccessible, that scarcely one man in a century penetrates into their interiors far enough to read the name and the character of the kings whose fame they were raised to commemorate.

Modern writers, however, if they have read little, have not hesitated in many cases to judge summarily, as if they had read all. A tendency has latterly appeared, especially in this country, to speak of Boyle as if he had been greatly overrated, had been too long remembered, had little intrinsic merit, and deserved now to be forgotten. This depreciation of the philosopher is in part the fruit of a reaction against the extravagant praises which his contemporaries and immediate successors bestowed upon him. Those praises, however, are more extravagant in appearance than in reality. A sceptical, critical, practi-

cal age like our own, uses fewer words and more subdued expressions, even when its praise is hearty and sincere, than it was the fashion of our forefathers to employ in paying ordinary compliments. If we make this allowance, we shall find little to deduct from the estimate which was formed from the first of Boyle's genius. The able author of the "Sketch of Boyle," in the "Penny Cyclopædia," has justly observed, that foreigners of the present day are not likely to be biased in favor of the philosopher by those considerations which may insensibly warp the judgment of his countrymen. The biographer in question, accordingly, refers to M. Libes, author of the *Hist. Phil. des Progrès de la Physique*, Paris, 1810; as devoting a chapter to the consideration of Boyle, in which he dwells on the greatness of his physical discoveries, and the genius which he showed in making them. We may add, that Cuvier has done the same thing in the *Biographie Universelle*. Hofer, in his *Histoire de la Chimie*, Paris, 1842, discusses in several chapters Boyle's chemical discoveries, and insists on their interest and importance. Professor Hermann Kopp, of Geissen, in his *Geschichte der Chemie*, Brunswick, 1843, gives an admirable abstract, of the same nature, but fuller than Hofer's, and writes in the most cordial and eulogistic terms of Boyle's merits. In truth, since Europe named the air-pump and its vacuum after Boyle, down to the present day, he has had a high place assigned to him by continental philosophers of every nation. Nor have all his countrymen in later times written disparagingly of him. One of the highest living authorities on the subject has pointed out a merit of Boyle's wholly overlooked both by his eulogists and detractors. Sir William Hamilton (of Edinburgh) has shown that Boyle was one of the first distinctly to indicate the great Catholic division of the properties of body or matter into "primary and secondary." Sir William refers to the "intrinsic importance of Boyle's classification of corporeal qualities, and adds that "they probably suggested to Locke the nomenclature which he has adopted, but, in adopting, has deformed." (Hamilton's edition of the work of Dr. Thomas Reid, note D, p. 833.) After such a testimony from so eminent a logician, metaphysician, and physicist as Sir William Hamilton, we need add nothing further to prove that we are not laboring under a delusion in claiming for Boyle a high and lasting place among men of science. Those who deny this, have not, we believe, read the works they criticise. The

"History of the air-pump," already discussed, warrants the charge. Boyle's prolixity may be an excuse for not reading his papers, but it should at the same time bar all criticism of them. They are dry enough reading at times, but they can be got through; nor need all his works be perused to enable us to perceive the amount of precious ore which lies in the midst of heaps, sometimes hills of dross.

We know no natural philosopher with whom in quality of intellect, and habits of working, Boyle can exactly be compared. We could compound him, however, pretty well out of Dr. Joseph Black and Dr. Priestley. He had the versatility, energy, and unsystematic mode of carrying on researches of the latter. Priestly and Boyle were constantly experimenting on all kinds of things, and made many trials without a definite object, or precise expectation as to the result. Both stood before the oracle, putting endless unconnected and isolated questions to the priestess, anxious for an answer, but without preconception what the answer would be. Boyle, however, paid much more attention to the reply than Priestley did, and understood its meaning a great deal better. Both were equally ingenious in devising experiments, and successful in performing them, but Priestley often totally misunderstood the phenomena he brought to light, and was led completely astray by his own experiments. Boyle resembled Black in the accuracy with which he observed results, in the caution with which he drew conclusions, and the skill with which he interpreted the phenomena he witnessed. He had the energy and versatility of Priestley, and the caution and logic of Black, but he was less versatile than Priestley, and more incautious and less logical than Black.

Boyle, however, was something more than a philosopher. He was a Christian philosopher. Foolish as this world is, it contains many philosophers; wicked as it is, it contains many Christians; but not many Christian philosophers. Boyle was one of the few who, from time to time, are granted to us by a kind Providence to make us wiser and better. He was not a Christian on the Sundays, and a philosopher on the week-days; a Christian over his prayer-book, and a philosopher over his air-pump; a Christian in church, and a philosopher in his laboratory; as too many good and wise men to appearance, altogether, and in reality, too much are. He studied Nature not as a veil hung between man and God, but as the works of Him, without whom "was not anything made that

was made." He worshipped God, not as an "unknown God," such as the Greek philosophers raised an altar to, but as the Living One, the impress of whose finger he had found on every material object he had examined, "whose ways" he better than most men knew "were past finding out," but whose works he had found "all to praise him."

Boyle's religious writings, nevertheless, are, not a few of them, altogether unsuited to the taste of the present day. We should be afraid to put into the hands of a lively youth his "Occasional Reflections," and few devout men of maturer years, at all conscious of the sense of the ludicrous, would venture, we think, to peruse them. Yet an Oxford publisher, as the reader may see from the heading of our article, has chosen those very Reflections, which Swift and Butler parodied, as worthy of republication. We neither wish nor expect for him, many purchasers.

The depth and sincerity of Boyle's piety must not be estimated by the want of good taste which appears in his strictly religious writings, considered as literary productions. His life and his deeds are the best testimonies to his Christianity. Setting his claims as a natural philosopher aside, he has always seemed to us to resemble in many respects a gifted man of our own day. Robert Boyle and William Wilberforce had much in common although a first glance might lead to a very different conclusion. It will be well at once to dispose of the differences between their characters, that the essential likeness in their dispositions and aims, as well as in the events of their history, may distinctly appear.

Wilberforce was a man of singularly sunny and genial temperament; with a temper so sweet that no provocation could ruffle it, and a fancy and eloquence so fascinating, that alike in the drawing-room and in the House of Commons he was listened to with delight by all. Boyle was a grave, melancholic, formal man, whom Cowley and Davenant indeed praise for his wit, but whom Burnet speaks of as having had a certain too precise stiffness of manner even to his friends. He had no gift of speech, but on the other hand was afflicted with a stammer, and by nature he was choleric, and subject, as we have seen, to great fits of depression.

Such differences, however, are but skin deep. The points of resemblance are much more striking than those of difference. Boyle and Wilberforce were alike as the children of wealthy men, not high in rank by hereditary nobility, but meeting on terms of equality with those who boasted most of

ancestral honors. Both were spoiled children, allowed in early life an unwise amount of freedom, and permitted to play with study in a way which they lamented in after life, and the evil effects of which they sought in vain in maturer years to remedy. Both set out on foreign travel, actuated chiefly by the wishes of relatives and the ardor of youthful curiosity. Both underwent, whilst abroad, a great spiritual transformation, which made "all things new" for them, and returned to their own country, still very young men, to devote every energy to the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth. They mingled freely in society, were welcome in every circle, were admired for their gifts and accomplishments, and early in life were famous over Europe, the one as a philosopher, the other as a statesman. Neither of them was what would be called a business man, and both constantly lamented that they had not been trained to habits of closer application, but each contrived, from a strong sense of the value of time, and a deep conviction of duty, to go through, in his own immethodical way, a greater amount of work, than many of the most formal disciples of the red-tape school succeed in accomplishing. Both were indifferent scholars, and had no taste for verbal or philological inquiries, but the belief that the study of the Bible in the original, was the duty of every Christian who could acquire the languages in which it was written, and a persuasion that such study would repay the student, induced each of them to become a proficient in Greek and Hebrew. In recognition of the importance of having the Scriptures translated into every living tongue, and in earnest advocacy of the claim upon the church of Christ to send missions to the heathen, both were alike, and before their age. Their tongues, their pens, their influence with the great, their fortunes and their sympathies, were all flung into the balance, to make the scale preponderate in favor of the claims of the destitute and benighted of mankind upon their brethren. They were alike also—Boyle, however, more than Wilberforce, in the catholicity of their religious opinions. Both were attached but unsectarian members of the church of England, counting it good, but not perfect. Many of their dearest friends, whose Christianity was most exemplary, were dissenters, and they did not confound dissent with schism. The one was the friend of Baxter and Penn, the other of Jay and Clarkson. May such men abound, and break down

"the middle wall of partition" which needlessly separates the true Christians of one denomination from another!

Our sketch is completed. In labors manifold, in the founding of a lecture which should vindicate the claims of Christianity upon mankind,* in liberal gifts to every

* We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure, and its author the justice, of adverting to one of the most recent works which has appeared in connection with the Boyle Lecture, "The Religions of the World," by the Rev. F. Maurice. This treatise is, perhaps, less known in the circles of non-conformity than it deserves to be. The few minds in England that are attentive to the development of our higher theological literature, know Mr. Maurice to be one of the most accomplished writers of the age, in all topics that respect the theory of religious belief, and the relations of Christianity to philosophical systems. The work to which we have referred, more than sustains its high reputation. A less speculative mind might perhaps object to it, too great a fondness for the discovery of system and order in the *disjecta membra* of non-Christian creeds and superstitions, and also a tendency shared by him with the whole school in the Church of England, to which he belongs, to shift the centre of Christianity from the atonement to the incarnation of the Redeemer; but every candid person will be pleased with the spirit of deep and liberal sympathy, in combination with extensive learning, with which he has divined, not less than investigated, the peculiarities of the religions which prevail in *partibus infidelium*, and every Christian will rejoice in his able development of the resources of the gospel as the religion of

benevolent undertaking, in large secret charities to poor scholars, and the destitute of every class, Boyle spent his fortune and his time. He looked forward to death with Christian composure and fortitude, but he trembled as a man. He had a very sensitive body, and was the victim of a cruel disorder, which he feared might rise to such an intensity in his last moments, as to overwhelm his courage and his faith. But it pleased God, as it has often pleased Him, to disappoint the fears of his doubting, yet faithful servant. He had scarcely taken to his bed, before the curtain fell. The agonies which should prove unendurable, were never felt. The bitterness of death was not tasted. The awful tempter who had poisoned the happiness of a long life, quailed before the benignant presence of him who is with his people, even unto the end. Life ebbed away, and its dying murmur uttered only the peaceful sound, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

humanity, which incorporates all that is natural, and sets aside all that is perverse, in other beliefs, and that not by a critical eclecticism, but by a creative inspiration. We willingly pay this tribute to an able scholar, a genial thinker, a liberal divine, who has not been spoiled by the philosophy and vain deceit in which he has been much conversant, and a simple and graceful writer, who amid the current sophistication of the philosophic style has not yet learned to be ashamed of the English language.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE PHANTOM HAND.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Sir Walter Long, of Draycot, was twice married. The first lady was a Pakington, of Worcestershire; the second a Thinne, of Longleat. The second wife persuaded the father to disinherit the son of the first marriage. The clerk of her brother, Sir Egrimond Thinne, sat up to engross the deed. As he wrote, he perceived the shadow of a hand on the parchment. He thought it might be only his fancy, and wrote on. By-and-bye a fine white hand interposed between the parchment and the candle, and he could discern it was a woman's. He refused to engross the deed. It is satisfactory to know that the heir was righted at last.

THE winds of drear December were howling near and far;
With snow the hills were whitened, there glimmer'd scarce a star;
The glad hearts of each household around the fire had drawn,
Where sparkled glowing childhood, th' Aurora of life's dawn:

A lonely clerk was writing, swift o'er a parchment scroll,
Till seemed the words before him in inky seas to roll;
Until the street was silent, and cold the hearth-stone grew,
And waved the long-wick'd candle in every wind that blew.

A valiant knight lay dying—a step-dame by his side
 Won him to wrong his first-born—the child of her who died.
 That scroll his goodly birthright gave to a younger son,
 And when 'twas written, signed, and sealed, the step-dame's work was done

Why paused that clerk?—a shadow upon his work was cast,
 A small hand o'er the parchment dimly and swiftly passed.
 He glanced around all doubting, the place was lone and still,
 "Tis weary work," he murmured, "gainst Death to drive the quill."

He wrote on; but the parchment with white light seemed to blaze,
 And lo! from out the centre there sprang a host of rays;
 A hand of wondrous beauty amid the brightness lay,
 The letters paled beneath it—the dark words passed away.

That hand! no pulse was beating beneath its dazzling hue—
 No life-blood's ebb or flowing thrilled in those veins of blue!
 That hand! oh nothing human was e'er so purely fair;
 Hast seen the wild rose blossom float on the summer air?

The light bright foam that rideth upon the billow's crown?
 Beneath the white swan's pinion, know'st thou the tender down?
 So fragile and so spotless, upon its argent bed,
 Unmoved it lay before him, the chill hand of the dead!

The clerk look'd up, beside him there smiled an angel's face,
 A form of human outline, bent with the willow's grace;
 Hast seen the young moon looming amid an earthborn mist?
 Or floating 'neath the waters—a flower the sun hath kissed?

The lustre of the night-queen streams softened thro' the cloud;
 And the bright blush of the flower glows 'neath its watery shroud,
 So vague was she, and shadowy, so dimly, strangely fair,
 A crown of silver lilies gleamed o'er her flowing hair.

Her voice—the young clerk heard it—and with his heart he heard,
 Those tones the founts of being in their deep centre stirred!
 "I am that young child's mother, whom thy swift pen would wrong,
 The angels took me early—earth did not own me long.

The love I bear my first-born was lulled by Death to sleep;
 The bud lies in the dark seed till summer dews shall weep.
 Till summer suns shall wake it clad in triumphant bloom,
 The light of God awaiting, my love slept in the tomb.

Lo! in the dim old chancel in holy trance I lie,
 The lights and shades flit o'er me as days—months—years, pass by—
 The first red glow of morning creeps up the long aisle's gloom,
 The moonbeams glance around me—meet haunters of the tomb!

And nothing warms or chills me—I know no joy or pain—
 'Tis well—full soon pass'd o'er me my lover's bridal-train.
 The young child's guardian angel stood in my grave to-night,
 'Come forth once more,' he whispered, 'to shield thy son's birthright.'

I felt the love within me kindle, and thrill, and glow,
 And through my soul's dim essence its subtle music flow!
 Though not of earth or heaven, poor disembodied wight!
 My love hath burst the barrier that shuts the dead from sight!

Put up thy pen, good writer, and pray on bended knee,
 For one hath stood beside thee, who 'mid the dead is free."
 She smiled, and smiling blended into dim air away—
 At dawn that clerk was praying like one in dire dismay.

And horsemen riding madly, came swearing to the door;
 "The parchments, clerk! ere noonday the knight will be no more."
 "Not all his golden acres where bend the nodding corn;
 Nor merry trout streams gliding from woods that meet the morn;

Not all his dewy pastures, nor goodly kine they feed,
 Should buy from my poor goose-quill that base, unrighteous deed.
 Go back and bid the step-dame and dying knight beware!
 For, lo! the blessed angels are sworn to right the heir."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE CLOSING YEARS OF DEAN SWIFT'S LIFE.

"*The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life* ; with an Appendix, containing several of his Poems hitherto unpublished, and some remarks on Stella." By W. R. Wilde, M.R.I.A., F.R.C.S. 8vo. Dublin : Hodges & Smith, Grafton-st. 1849.

THIS is a volume of no ordinary interest. To the medical inquirer it gives such details as can be now recovered of cerebral disease, extending over a period of fifty-five years—the particular symptoms described by the sufferer himself—for the most part in confidential letters to intimate friends—that sufferer the most accurate observer of whatever came within his reach, of any man gifted with the same degree of genius that has ever used the English language as a medium of communication, and the man of all others who has, on most subjects, expressed himself with such distinctness, that we do not remember, in any case, a doubt as to the precise meaning of a sentence in his works, although those works are on subjects which actuate and influence the passions, and although he has often written in a dictatorial tone of authority, which of itself provokes resistance, and therefore forces readers into something more than the unquestioning indolence in which we are satisfied to look over most books. Mr. Wilde has given us Swift's own account of Swift's distemper. But the interest of this volume is not to the medical inquirer alone. The relation of intimate friendship in which Swift and Stella lived for some five-and-twenty years, and the mystery thrown over it by a number of idle guesses which have found their way into the biographies of Swift, have led Mr. Wilde to other inquiries, in themselves not unamusing. He has brought together, from obscure and forgotten sources, some of the explanations which were given of parts of Swift's conduct, by persons who had peculiar means of information as to some of the circumstances of the case. Mr. Wilde has given us two portraits of Stella, neither of which had been before engraved ; and the volume is closed by a number of

poems, found in the handwriting of Swift, and some of which are probably of his composition, in an interleaved copy of an old almanac, lent to Mr. Wilde for the purposes of this essay

The history of this volume is this :—Dr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow, writes to Mr. Wilde to learn whether there is any record of Swift's disease known, either to Mr. Wilde or to the readers of the *Dublin Medical Journal*, a work edited by Mr. Wilde. It occurred to Mr. Mackenzie that there might be something preserved on the subject either in the deanery or in Trinity College. The first part of Mr. Wilde's book is a reply to this question, and was originally published in Mr. Wilde's journal.

Of the disease itself, Mr. Wilde gives us Swift's own description :

"Swift, writing to Mrs. Howard, in 1727, thus describes the commencement of his complaint : 'About two hours before you were born' consequently in 1690—'I got my giddiness by eating a hundred golden pippins at a time, at Richmond ; and when you were four years and a quarter old, bating two days, having made a fine seat, about twenty miles farther in Surrey, where I used to read—and, there I got my deafness ; and these two friends have visited me, one or other, every year since, and being old acquaintance, have now thought fit to come together.' Overloading the stomach in the manner described, and catching cold by sitting on a damp, exposed seat, were very apt to produce both these complaints—neither of which, when once established, was likely to be easily removed from a system so nervous, and with a temper so irritable, and a mind so excessively active, as that of Swift's. From this period a disease, which, in all its symptoms and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodic attacks which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration."—pp. 8, 9.

While living in the country, and with his mind comparatively at ease, he made but few complaints. It is probable that his disease gave him but little trouble while at Laracor; but whether it did or not, we have little opportunity of any knowledge, as few of his letters are dated from his parsonage. He had not formed at that time his acquaintanceships and friendships with the great persons, in passages of his letters to whom we find these occasional notices of his health; and Stella and Mrs. Dingley were living in his immediate vicinity, so that there are no letters to them of that date. Swift was a shrewd observer of human nature, and dwelling on his deafness and giddiness to those who suffered from similar ailments, seems to have been a piece of skillful flattery. We have not time to look over the correspondence for the purpose of proving this; but the reader, who turns to his letters to Mrs. Howard, will find instances illustrative of what we mean. In the journal to Stella, we find the following entry—"I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it, and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a deal worse. I dined to day at Lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we con ailments, *which makes us very fond of each other.*" In another note in the same journal, we find this—"Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? He always turns the right, and his servants whisper to him in that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, *for fear that he should think that I counterfeited to make my court.*" In one of Swift's letters to Archbishop King, we find him saying—"I have been so extremely ill with an old disorder in my head, that I was unable to write to your grace." And in a letter of King's to him, inadvertently quoted by Mr. Wilde as a letter from Swift to King, we find King complaining, in Swift's temper, of very much the same symptoms as Swift is perpetually describing. In the journal to Stella, we find Swift again recurring to the effect of cordiality being created by identity of suffering—"I was this morning with poor Lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same. Do you know that Madam Stell? Have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife and some others, sirrah?" Mr. Wilde must have looked back almost with envy on the golden harvest of blighted ears that presented itself to the physicians of that auspicious time.

"It is remarkable that several of Swift's friends suffered from symptoms somewhat similar to his own. Thus Harley, Gay, Mrs. Barber, Pope, Mrs. Howard, Lady Germain, Arbuthnot, and others, all suffered from what is popularly termed a "fullness of blood to the head."—p. 37.

Swift's deafness was of the left ear. Towards the close of life, at one time his left eye was fearfully affected. "About six weeks ago, in one night's time, his left eye swelled as large as an egg, and the left Mr. Nichols thought would mortify.

* * * Five persons could scarce hold him for a week from tearing out his eyes." This is Mrs. Whiteway's language, who adds—"He is now free from torture; his eye almost well," thus showing that but one eye suffered. In many passages, where he speaks of tottering, we find nothing to fix the fact of whether the one side was affected more than the other; but this, too, is established by a passage which Mr. Wilde quotes from the journal to Stella—"My left hand is *very weak and trembles*, but my right side has not been touched." It seems plain then that there was a paralysis of the left side.

It would seem, from several passages, that Swift took too much wine and that he poisoned himself with snuff—"By Docter Radcliffe's advice, he left off bohea tea, which he had observed to disagree with him frequently before." We suspect, therefore, that in this luxury he had indulged too much.

Mr. Wilde does not think there is any evidence of Swift's being subject to epileptic fits, as is stated by many of his biographers. The mistake, if it be such, he thinks, arises from the frequent recurrence in his letters of "fits of giddiness," &c. The language is equivocal, and we think there is something to be said for the interpretation put upon it by non-medical readers. Take this sentence, for instance—"I dined to-day with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little."

We wish we had room for extracts from this most interesting volume. It is really a wonderful thing to see, after an interval of a century, a scientific man inferring the true character of a disease, that baffled the eminent men of Swift's day:

"In answer to a recommendation of Mr. Pulteney's on the subject of physicians, the Dean in his answer of the 7th of March, 1737, writes: 'I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men; but I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions. And poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty

who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it. But to conquer five physicians,* all eminent in their way, was a victory that Alexander and Cæsar could never pretend to. I desire that my prescription of living may be published (which you design to follow,) for the benefit of mankind; which, however, I do not value a rush, nor the animal itself, as it now acts; neither will I ever value myself as a Philanthropus, because it is now a creature (taking a vast majority) that I hate more than a toad, a viper, a wasp, a stork, a fox, or any other that you will please to add."—p. 40.

Nothing can be more affecting than the exhibition of gradual decay and deterioration of the instruments by which the mind acts. Insanity, in the proper sense of the word, Mr. Wilde does not regard as having existed in Swift's case. There was the weakness of old age, and the childishness that accompanies it. He would, at times, utter incoherent words and syllables. "But," says Mr. Deane Swift, writing to Lord Orrery, "he never yet, as far as I could hear, talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing." There was a long period, we believe of more than a year, in which he was wholly silent, with but one or two recorded interruptions. A negligent servant girl blew out a candle in his chamber, and the smell offended him; she was told by him she was "*a nasty slut*." A servant man was breaking a large, stubborn coal, and he told him, "*That's a stone, you blackguard*." On another occasion, not finding words to express something he wished, he exhibited much uneasiness, and said, "*I am a fool*." When insanity is spoken of, it is not possible to be very accurate, and we suppose that in denying the existence of insanity in this case, Mr. Wilde does not, in reality mean very much more than Hawkesworth had long ago expressed. "Some intervals of sensibility and reason, after his madness, seemed to prove that his disorder, whatever it was, had not destroyed, but only suspended, the powers of his mind." The question is, after all, but one of language. Mr. Wilde has shown, almost to demonstration, that Swift's was organic disease of the brain; and many writers—we believe, among others, Dr. Conolly—would say that in this consisted *insanity*, calling mere functional disease "mental de-

range ment." In Swift's life and conduct—in his caprice—in his violent passions—in his oddities—even in his vindictive patriotism—in his misanthropy, whether it be regarded as a pretence or a reality—in the morbid delight with which he dwells on disgusting images, we see very distinct traces of incipient disease. We exclude from our consideration, in coming to this conclusion, the language of his epitaph in St. Patrick's Cathedral, breathing resentment—"Hic depositum est corpus Jonathan Swift, *ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*." We exclude the strange humor exhibited in the half-serious bequests in his will. We exclude a hundred well-authenticated extravagancies of conduct, some of them accompanied with circumstances which could not but be felt as intolerably insulting to his best friends, because all these things are consistent with states of mind, which no one calls by the name of insanity except in metaphorical language, but when conduct, unintelligible on any ordinary principle, exists, and when we have the additional fact of organic disease of the brain, we think it is hypercriticism in Mr. Wilde to fall out with the application of the term insanity, to a case so circumstanced.

An interesting part of Mr. Wilde's book is an account of the examination of the head of Swift, in 1835, by Surgeons Houston and Hamilton. About the middle of the last century, frequent floods of the Poddle river, and the insufficiency of sewers to carry off the superabundant water, occasioned much injury to St. Patrick's Cathedral.* One of the last acts of the Dean was an effort to remedy this; and when he directed that he should be buried in Ireland, he requested that his body should be deposited in any *dry* part of the cathedral. "It is remarkable," says Mr. Wilde, "that the continuance of damp and inundations, in the year 1835, was the cause of his remains being disturbed."

It would be altogether out of the province of this journal to follow Dr. Wilde in his account of the details of the examination. Dr. Houston, describing the head, says—"The bones cannot be regarded as free from indications of previous chronic disease. There are certainly no marks of caries or of fungous growth on any part of the head, but the condition of the cerebral surface of the whole frontal region, is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during lifetime, of diseased action in the adjacent membranes of the brain." Some doubt was for

* "We know of at least eight medical men who attended Swift at different times, viz. Sir Patrick Dun, Drs. Arbuthnot, Radcliffe, Cockburn, Helsham, and Gratten, and Surgeons Nichols and Whiteway." We doubt the fact of Swift's having been attended by Sir Patrick Dun; and do not know on what authority Mr. Wilde's statement of the fact rests.

* Mason's "History of St. Patrick's."

a while entertained of the remains examined by Dr. Houston being those of Swift at all. The phrenologists did not like the head; it did not accord with any of the then theories; but that the head was Swift's, there could be no doubt. Among other proofs is this, that it exhibited the marks of a *post mortem* examination made immediately after his death:

"What the exact recent appearances were we have not been enabled to discover. If they were known to, they have not been handed down by any of Swift's many biographers. We have made diligent search among the newspapers and periodicals of the day, but have not been able to discover anything further than that which is already known, viz., that his head was opened after death, when it was found that his brain was 'loaded with water.' To this may be added the traditions of old Brennan, his servant, who according to Dr. Houston, on the authority of Mr. Maguire, boasted, 'that he himself had been present at the operation, and that he even held the basin in which the brain was placed after its removal from the skull. He told, moreover, that there was brain mixed with water to such an amount as to fill the basin, and by their quantity to call forth expressions of astonishment from the medical gentlemen engaged in the examination.'" —pp. 60, 61.

Wilde gives a profile view of Swift's cranium from a drawing by Mr. Hamilton, and then tells us:

"In its great length, in the antero-posterior diameter, its low anterior development, prominent frontal sinuses, comparative lowness at the vertex, projecting nasal bones, and large posterior projection, it resembles, in a most extraordinary manner, those skulls of the so-called Celtic aborigines of Northern Europe, of which we have elsewhere given a description, and which are found in the early tumuli of this people throughout Ireland."—p. 62.

The way in which Mr. Wilde, from concurring pieces of evidence, has elicited some of the details of this remarkable case, can scarcely be exhibited without quoting his own language. The following passage remarkably exemplifies his sagacity:

"After the Dean's death, and subsequently to the *post mortem* examination, a plaster mask was taken from his face, and from this a bust was made, which is now in the museum of the University, and which, notwithstanding its possessing much of the cadaverous appearance, is, we are strongly inclined to believe, the best likeness of Swift—during, at least, the last few years of his life—now in existence. The annexed engraving accurately and faithfully represents a profile view

of the right side of this bust, the history of which it is here necessary to relate. This old bust, which has remained in the museum of Trinity College from a period beyond the memory of living man, has been generally believed to be the bust of Swift; but as there was no positive proof of its being so, it has been passed over by all his biographers, except Scott and Monck Mason, the former of whom thus describes it: 'In the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a dark plaster bust or cast of Dean Swift. It is an impression taken from the mask applied to the face after death. The expression of countenance is most unequivocally maniacal, and one side of the mouth (the left) horribly contorted downwards, as if convulsed by pain.' He further adds: 'It is engraved for Mr. Barrett's essay;' but if it was, it never appeared, and has never before been published either with or without Barrett's essay.* Sir Walter has greatly exaggerated the amount of contortion which the face exhibits; on the contrary, the expression is remarkably placid, but there is an evident drag in the left side of the mouth, exhibiting a paralysis of the facial muscles of the right side, which, we have reason to believe, existed for some years previous to his death, for we find the same appearance (though much glossed over by the artist,) together with a greater fullness, or plumpness, of the right cheek, shown in a very admirable marble bust of Swift, (probably the last ever taken,) in the possession of Mr. Watkins, the picture-dealer, of this city. Here, then, we have another and a very important and well-marked feature in this very interesting case, brought to light above a hundred years after death. But before we proceed with the evidence adduced by the bust, it becomes necessary to prove its identity, which, until now, could not be done satisfactorily. Upon the back of this cast, and running nearly from ear to ear, we find two lines of writing, greatly defaced, and a part of the upper and middle lines completely obliterated.† This much, however, can still be read:

"*Dean Swift, taken off his . . . the night of his burial, and the f . . . one side larger than the other in nature. . . . Opened before.*
. . . . The mould is in pieces.†

"Still this proof was inconclusive; but a deep indentation running nearly parallel with the brow,

* "In Nicholl's edition of Sheridan's Life and Writings of Swift, we find a full-face portrait of the Dean, said to have been taken the night after his death. It was this, perhaps, led Sir Walter into the error we have alluded to. Mr. M. Mason supposed, but without adducing any evidence to support his assertion, that the engraving in Sheridan's Life of Swift was taken from this bust. We are inclined to believe Mr. Nicholl's statement that the engraving was made from a picture taken after death."

† "We are indebted to Mr. Ball, the able director of the museum of the University, for permission to publish this drawing which was made by Mr. G. Du Noyer, and cut by Mr. Hanlon."

‡ "The original mask remained in the museum, T. C. D., till within a few years ago, when it was accidentally destroyed."

shows us where the calvarium had been sawn, and the pericranium drawn over it subsequently, and this indentation accurately corresponds with the division of the skull found in Swift's coffin, in 1835, thus proving incontestably the identity of both; they also correspond in the breadth, height, and general outline and measurements of the forehead, allowing about three-sixteenths of an inch for the thickness of the integuments. Posteriorly, however, the bust and skull do not correspond; nevertheless this fact does not in any way militate against our argument, but rather tends to strengthen it, for upon a careful examination of the bust, it is at once manifest that all the posterior part is fictitious, and evidently finished out, and modelled in clay, and afterwards the plaster rasped down according to the eye of the artist. It was made in two parts, and the difference in surface between the hinder part and the smooth, polished, anterior portion, at once stamps it as fictitious. There is no ear upon the left side, and that upon the right was evidently taken off the body separately, and afterwards fitted into the bust. That it was a cast from the ear of Swift, the reader has only to look at Lord Orrery's portrait, or any of the busts of the Dean, to be convinced, for Swift's ear was of a very peculiar formation.

"This bust, like the skull, is quite edentulous; the nose slightly turned to the left side, and the *left eye* much less full and prominent than the right; in fact, it is comparatively *sunken and collapsed* within the orbit. It is well known that Swift had remarkably large, full, and prominent blue eyes. We may, perhaps, account for the hinder portion of the bust being constructed in the manner I have described, by the fact of the Dean having a quantity of long, white hair on the back of his head, which his attendants would not permit to be either removed or injured by taking the mould."—pp. 63-67.

We find Mr. Wilde expressing surprise "that Swift did not become deranged years previously. . . . But that Swift was either mad in middle life, or mad or imbecile in late years, as tried and tested by the meaning and definition of these terms, as laid down by the most esteemed authors, has not been proved." In all this we differ from Mr. Wilde. We think it would be difficult to frame any definition of insanity which would exclude such a case as Swift's. The mere fact of the logical powers still existing in unimpaired vigor, is little to the purpose; for we are not quite sure that one of the characteristics of insanity is not the self-willed and disputative temper that disregards every consideration of time, and place, and circumstance. When there is conduct such as Swift's, and with it organic disease of the brain, we think it approaches to certainty that the two are connected; and from a very early period, we think Swift had

ground enough to predict, as he did predict, the melancholy termination of a disease which we cannot call by any other name than that of insanity. This is, however, after all, a mere question of words. We agree in Mr. Wilde's description of Swift's case, and if the existence of some morbid delusion, irresistibly overbearing reason, be necessary to constitute the notion of insanity, we do not think that any such delusion existed.

Mr. Wilde tells us that there is a general belief that Swift was the first patient in his own hospital, "although," as he adds, "it was not erected for several years after his death." Mr. Wilde refers this popular belief to a careless expression of Lord Orrery's. Speaking of Swift's state after 1742, he says: "His rage increased absolutely to a degree of madness; in this miserable state, he seemed to be appointed as the first proper inhabitant of his own hospital, especially as from an outrageous lunatic he sank afterwards into a quiet speechless idiot, and dragged out the remainder of his life in that helpless situation."

We think the fact of Swift's marriage with Stella has been too easily believed. It was first published by Lord Orrery, many years after Swift's death. The evidence on which the report rests has been examined by Mr. Mason in his "History of St. Patrick's," and we cannot but agree in his conclusion that the balance of probabilities is greatly against any ceremony of marriage having ever taken place. Mr. Wilde believes the fact of a marriage, and that on the day of its celebration it was communicated to Swift that both he and Stella were children of Sir William Temple. The circumstances of Swift's birth render the fact of his being Temple's son impossible;* and if there were any object in examining the evidence as to Stella, when the case as to Swift is disposed of, as to her too it is, above measure, unlikely. She and her mother were both brought from Lady Giffard's house to Temple's, and Stella was educated under Lady Temple's care; a fact in itself, perhaps, not inconsistent with the supposition which Mr. Wilde countenances; but assuredly her mother, were the story of her being Temple's mistress true, would not be allowed to reside in the same house with Lady Temple in any capacity whatever. We think if there was any deeper mystery

* "Swift's parents resided in Ireland from before 1665, until his birth in 1667; and Temple was residing as ambassador in Holland, from April, 1666, to January, 1668."—Scott.

in Swift's not marrying than the absorbing passion of saving money, and the fear of the expenses that marriage would bring with it, it most probably was his consciousness of lurking insanity, which he feared to transmit to children. His uncle, Godwin Swift, had died in a state not very different from that in which the last years of Swift's life were passed; and as Mr. Mason reasonably suggests, Swift might have known in his family other instances of the same malady, of which we have now no record.

An interesting document, for the first time published in Mr. Wilde's book, is Stella's will. It is in her maiden name—on our theory, she had no other—but this incident has been laid hold of by Swift's biographers as a proof that she felt impatiently towards him. So far from this, we agree with Mr. Wilde that the will must have been drawn up by Swift himself, or under his immediate directions. In both Swift's will and hers, certain of the bequests are given only during the continuance of the present Established Episcopal Church as the national religion of the kingdom. This alone would, as Mr. Wilde says, point to one author of both wills.

It is quite impossible in a notice of this kind to bring forward all that is new in Mr. Wilde's remarkable book. A very interesting part of it is his criticism on the portraits of Stella. The picture in Mr. Berwick's possession, which Scott believed to be genuine, is disproved by its having brown, not black hair. Mr. Wilde himself gives us two, which have not been before engraved; one a medallion painted on one of the walls at Delville—Delany's residence—which tradition calls a portrait of Stella; another—and this manifestly the picture of a very beautiful woman—engraved as the frontispiece to Mr. Wilde's book, answers every description of Stella, and is confirmed (as far as there can be confirmation of such a kind) by the skull of Stella, as exhibited in 1835. It was in the possession of the Fords of Woodpark, where Stella had been some months in 1723, "where," says Mr. Wilde, "it was probably painted."

"It remained, along with an original picture of Swift, at Woodpark for many years, with an un-

broken thread of tradition attached to it, till it came, with the property and effects of the Ford family, into possession of the Preston family. It now belongs to Mr. Preston of Bellinter, through whose kindness we have been permitted to engrave it. The hair is jet black, the eyes dark to match, the forehead high and expansive, the nose rather prominent, and the features generally regular and well-marked. Notwithstanding that it has not been highly worked by the artist, there is a 'pale cast of thought' and an indescribable expression about this picture, which heightens the interest its historic recollections awaken. She is attired in a plain white dress, with a blue scarf; and around her bust a blue ribbon, to which a locket appears to be attached; and she wears a white and red rose. It is a very good full-sized oil-painting, and matches one of the Dean, which is likewise preserved in the same family. It may have been painted by Jervas, who was a particular friend of Swift's."—p. 120.

Mr. Wilde's volume closes with a number of political poems, some of them very spirited, which have been found in Swift's handwriting; but as among them are some transcripts from well-known poems of others, it is impossible, from the single circumstance of their being in Swift's handwriting, to infer anything as to the authorship. Many of them are, however, very curious, and some of them may be, and probably are, Swift's.

To the future biographer of Swift this volume will be truly valuable. There is not a page of it that does not supply much that is new. Its great value is, no doubt, the accurate examination of a very singular case of disease, exhibited with such perspicuity of detail, as even to be interesting to readers who would, in ordinary circumstances, lay aside what would seem at first to be a mere professional essay. But in addition to this its great merit, there is the illustration which it throws on every part of Swift's life, and the refutation which it contains of many popular errors. Scott's life of Swift is an exceedingly amusing romance, weaving together whatever he found related of his hero by any one and every one. We, however, agree with Mr. Wilde in thinking Mr. Mason's "Life of Swift" the best that we have. Mr. Wilde's own volume in every point of view in which we can consider it, is a most valuable addition to the literature of his country.

From the North British Review.

CHAUCER.

The Poetical Works of Geoffrey Chaucer, with Memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas.
Pickering: London. 1845.

THE name of Geoffrey or Geffray Chaucer, has a grateful sound to English ears, and the image which it conjures up, purified by time from every taint of ignoble association, looms large to us through the mists of the five centuries which intervene. We regard it as the "sacra et major imago" of the founder of that goodly fellowship of the gifted, which, since the dawn of civilization, has been the salt and the savor of our English life, and we cherish it, as well we may, with a reverent and pious affection. But what the image of the poet thus gains in grandeur it loses in distinctness, and for our own interest, at all events, it may well be questioned whether this distant and misty reverence is exactly the species of incense which it becomes us to offer to one who, during more than half a century, within the range of our authentic history, was the greatest lay-intelligence in England, and whose life was perhaps as pregnant with consequences to our national development as that of any one man who ever existed in England at all. Would it not be more profitable to us, and perhaps not less acceptable to the shade of him, who was certainly no friend to unreasoning adoration, if we endeavored to form for ourselves something like a definite notion of his character both as a poet and as a man, and thus to place our respect (if such should still remain to us) on the firmer basis of individual knowledge? Is it wise to rest contented with mere hearsay and second-hand information, when the question regards the first in point of time, and, in one department at least, the second in point of excellence of our native poets; or is it meet that those who would blush to be found tripping in the minutest details of classical philology, or of the modern tongues, should unhesitatingly confess, as they but too often do, their ignorance of an author, an acquaintance with whom, apart altogether from his intrinsic merits, is indis-

pensable to a knowledge of the historical development of the language which they speak? Truly the object seems worthy of some slight effort.

In order to deal with the utilitarian spirit which perhaps not improperly influences the choice of the many, in literature as in more vulgar matters, and to fix, as it were, the marketable value of Chaucer, the first question, as it seems to us, which we are bound at once to ask and to answer, is—belongs he to the living or to the dead; does he or does he not speak words of living interest to living men; is he or is he not an integral part of our existing civilization?

The world is old enough to have seen many intellectual as well as political revolutions, and there are eras which boasted probably of no mean culture, irrevocably lost in the darkness of time. They are past, dead even in their effects—at least we can trace no influence which they exercise over our present life. Mediately they may work, as the civilization of Egypt through that of Greece, and it is nothing more than reasonable to suppose that by unseen links the earliest and the latest efforts of intelligence may be bound together; but the Pyramids teach no audible lesson except that of the mutability of human affairs, and the vast Sphinx is as silent as the sand at its base. These, for the present, we may not unfittingly hand over to the investigations of the curious; for although it were rashness to set limits to what learning and industry may yet effect in these darker regions, the popular reader may well be excused from intrusting himself to the labyrinth, till the clew has been found by more adventurous spirits.

But do the sayings and doings of Chaucer thus fall beyond the pale of general interest; does his image thus shrink into the shadowy past? Nothing can be more erroneous than such a supposition, and indeed, so far is his

story from being strange and distant to us, that we believe every one who investigates it for the first time will feel astonished that it should have been possible for any one, in the times of Cressy and of Poitiers, to lead a life in all respects so nearly resembling that of an accomplished and successful civilian at the present day. It may make us think better of the liberality of our ancestors also, when we find that among iron-coated warriors and hooded monks, there was one who was neither a soldier nor a priest who advanced himself to celebrity and fortune, and during a long life under three monarchs enjoyed both honor and wealth by dint of his intellectual gifts and graces alone.

It is an extremely common error, both with vulgar narrators and careless readers, to lay hold of the points of dissimilarity between distant ages and those in which they live, to the almost total exclusion of the often much more important features of resemblance, and this error it is which has so singularly estranged us from the early history of our country. We are told, for instance, that Chaucer lived before the invention of printing, in times of the darkest Popish superstition, when men believed in alchemy and astrology, wore armor, and fought for the most part with bows and arrows; and we immediately form to ourselves the picture of a barbarous and benighted age, and of a quaint and curious, but ignorant and bigoted old man, with whom we of this generation of light can have no species of sympathy or fellowship. We forget, however, that by drawing the picture a little nearer to us we should probably have discovered many objects of far more interesting contemplation in the features of resemblance which lie hidden behind the few fantastic forms of unlikeness which have attracted our eye in the foreground, and that, in short, our superficial glance has been resting upon the rude and barren crags which jut up prominently in the distance, instead of luxuriating in the fertile valleys and sunny fields, which a closer inspection would have revealed to our view. Now, if we would approach the father of our poetry in a spirit of erect and manly, but of respectful inquiry—if we would set about investigating his life and his writings, with the view of discovering not wherein he, in common with every man in Europe of his day, differed from the men of modern times, but wherein he resembled us, not in the unchangeable features of humanity alone, but in the peculiar characteristics of race and of nation—if we would compare with our own

the manners and feelings of our own ancestors, as they move before us in their domestic and familiar intercourse in his graphic delineations, we should not only become reconciled to the character of the poet himself, but we should discover that he lived among a people possessing in the highest degree those distinctive features, that sharp and prominent nationality which distinguishes the present inhabitants of England from every other people. We should discover that same joyous and exuberant reality, that hatred of "humbug" which distinguishes us now, existing alongside of those superstitious observances which we rightly attribute to that distant age, and exhibiting itself, as it has ever since done in England, in a tendency, on the part of all classes of the people, to attack falsehood by the arms of argument and ridicule, rather than by an ebullition of sudden violence, which should peril the advantages of their present position, to risk a positive good for a possible better. We should meet, in the morning of our English life, with that same spirit which now sneers in Punch and wrestles in the Times, awake and busy with Pardoner, and monk, and mendicant, and with all that then was vicious and absurd, and we should perceive, moreover, that then, as now, it was no spirit of indiscriminate destruction—that though it was revolutionary in appearance, it was conservative at heart, and that it consequently acted with perfect consistency in permitting to stand, as we know that it did for two centuries longer, a religious system of the imperfections of which it was perfectly conscious, but the uses of which it also recognized.

Much has been done in later times to approach us to our ancestors, and the gulf which threatened to separate us from them forever, has been bridged over by the adoption of a principle little regarded by the writers of history of the last age.* It has come to be perceived that the importance of an historical fact is often by no means in proportion to its apparent magnitude, and that the trivial occurrences of domestic life, and the usages of familiar intercourse, form very frequently a more accurate measure, both of the genius and culture of a people, than their great public events. It was long forgotten, that although trying situations may call forth striking manifestations of individual or of national peculiarities, it is in the peaceful and

* See remarks on Robertson's Charles V. in Maitland's "Dark Ages."

normal condition alone that we can hope to analyze that infinitely complex idea which corresponds to the character of a man or of an age; and that it is only when we behold it at rest and examine it in detail, that we can detect the individual colors which compose the variegated web of human life. In the hurry of a battle, or the confusion of a political revolution; in the panic of a pestilence, or the depression of a famine, men of all races, and in all ages, must manifest many features of resemblance, for this simple reason, that their actions are for the time under the dominion of necessity, or at all events of a few simple and overwhelming emotions; and to prove that their conduct had been similar in such circumstances, would be but to prove that they belonged to the common family of mankind. If their courage or their pusillanimity, their clemency or their cruelty, had been very remarkable, we should then indeed have the broad and general ideas that they were heroes or cowards, that they were men of mercy or men of blood; but as to their position on the intellectual or social scale, we should still be utterly at sea, since a barbarian may be generous, and poets and philosophers have been known who were no heroes. So long as the conduct of an individual is very powerfully influenced by the external circumstances which surround him at the time, it forms but a rude and general index to his character; and it is only when his actions proceed from the unfettered dictates of his reason or of his caprice, that its light becomes a clear and trusty guide. If we had heard the orders of Harold to his nobles, and known every circumstance of his conduct, and even every thought which passed through his mind during the battle of Hastings, we might have judged perhaps of the talents of the general, or even of the determination and energy of the man, but we should have known less of the civilization either of him or of his age, than if we had conversed with him, as he buckled on his spurs for the battle, or had played the eaves-dropper, when, in days of careless joy, he lingered by the side of the swan-necked Edith. Of all the days of Harold's life, perhaps the least instructive in this respect would have been that of the battle of Hastings.

Since the days of the learned and laborious Tyrwhitt, and the loving and enthusiastic but injudicious Godwin, numerous have been the attempts to bring us once again face to face with the father of our poetry. We have had "Chaucer Modernized," "Tales from Chau-

cer," "Riches of Chaucer," "Selections from Chaucer," with notes and illustrations and biographies without end, and to little good end or purpose either, so far as we can judge. They have failed one and all, for this good and simple reason, that they satisfied the requirements of no class of readers. Tiresome to the indolent, for whom they were intended, they in vain endeavored to rival with them the attractions of the slightest novel of the day; useless to the vain-glorious, for it was impossible to boast of such an acquaintance with the poet as they conveyed, and to the better class of readers, the learned and serious, not holding out even the promise of satisfaction, they fell, as might have been anticipated, nearly still-born from the press.* Possessing neither brilliancy nor depth, they came within the category of that species of easy writing which, according to Sheridan, is hard reading.

A work of far higher merit, though of far humbler pretension, is one which, under the title of "Pictures of English Life," with accompanying selections from the Canterbury Tales, appeared some time ago in that best of all popular series, "Knight's Weekly Volume." Its author, Mr. Saunders, is entitled to the praise of having succeeded, in one little book, in doing what Godwin attempted and failed to do in two large ones, viz: in transporting us from the England of the 19th back into the England of the 14th century; in forcing us not only to acknowledge, but to *feel* our kindred with our ancestors; that blood is indeed thicker than water, and that between the English then, and the English now, there is more real community than be-

* To "those ornaments of this civilized age, and patterns to the civilized world, the ingenuous, intelligent, well-informed, and artless young women of England," to whom it seems Mr. Cowden Clarke gallantly dedicates his labors, they may, and we hope have been useful, though from what we have ourselves occasionally observed in these same ingenuous and artless young ladies, we must beg leave to doubt whether such a profession was the most effectual means which might have been adopted to propitiate their favor. We believe that a professed ladies' writer, like a professed ladies' man, rarely meets with the gratitude to which he may naturally conceive himself entitled, and his productions, we fear, will run some small risk of being classed with that gratification to which a popular proverb has likened a saltless egg. That there are many passages in old Dan Chaucer unsuited for the eyes or ears of juvenile gentlewomen we most readily grant, and these we think Mr. Clarke ought quietly and unostentatiously to have omitted from a publication of the kind which he meditated.

tween the English and any other living people. He has succeeded, too, in preserving the vigorous and masculine, the honest and downright spirit of the great original, and the coarseness by which these marvellous tales are occasionally (and considering the time at which they were written, inevitably) disfigured, he has gently put aside, by passing over in silence the passages in which it occurs; he has taken, in short, the poet's own oft-repeated advice to "turne over the leef, and chese another tale," the only sensible course in such circumstances.

But of all the later Chaucerian labors, the most important unquestionably, though perhaps not the most attractive, is the Memoir by the late lamented Sir Harris Nicolas, appended to Pickering's edition of the poet. Sir Harris, who belonged, as is well known, to the incredulous, as Godwin did to the credulous school of antiquarians, proceeded by personal inspection of the sources, to verify, or to refute the mass of so-called facts out of which, with the frequent aid of his own too fertile imagination, that latter enthusiast had contrived to weave what he was pleased to denominate his "Life of Chaucer." Rejecting altogether the aid of conjecture, in which poor Godwin had so freely indulged, he determined to give us "a Life of the poet founded on documentary evidence instead of imagination;" and it will be gratifying to those who, in spite of the secret misgivings with which they must often have been visited, have striven to believe in the existence of the first of our hero-men-of-letters, as Godwin had depicted him, when they learn that from this dry and rigid detail of documentary evidence, this great spirit of the 14th century comes out more than ever in the light of a great and revered and even prosperous man.

For the benefit of those of our readers whose curiosity with regard to the poet may exceed their relish for documentary detail, and also in order that we may have an opportunity of commenting upon the errors into which that universal incredulity, which he very properly adopted as the rule of his conduct, seems occasionally to have led Sir Harris Nicolas, we shall recount, as briefly as we can, the substance of what may now be considered as finally *discovered* regarding the life and social position of Chaucer.

Over the birth and early life of our father poet, a cloud of mystery hangs, which, as yet, has defied the industry of his biographers. All that can be asserted with safety is, that he was born about the year 1328—that he

was of Norman descent—that his parents were persons in easy circumstances—and that his youth was spent in the city of London. In support of the assertion that he was of Norman race, besides the form of the name itself, which is decidedly Norman, we have the very important fact, which Sir Harris Nicolas has overlooked, of its occurring in two different copies of "Battel Abbey Roll," or list of persons of note who came over to England in the train of the Conqueror.* The name seems never to have become a common one, and it is therefore extremely probable that, by the father's side, the poet was descended from the person there mentioned. But the period of more than two centuries and a half, which had elapsed between the battle of Hastings and the birth of the poet, is far too extensive to warrant us in tracing any portion, either of his individual character,† or of his fortune, to the circumstance of his Norman origin. His ancestors had no doubt intermarried with the Saxon population among whom they lived, and it is highly probable that the blood which flowed in the veins of the poet, like that of the English people generally, was much more Saxon than Norman. At the period of Chaucer's birth, the prejudices of race had already in a great measure given way to the more generous feeling of national pride, and before his death, the work of amalgamation, which time and a community of interests had begun, was completed by the community of antipathies which sprung up as the only permanent good fruits of the French wars of Edward III. and of his son. The only benefit which Chaucer could have derived from the Norman origin of his family, must have been a certain odor of gentility, which we know then adhered to those who bore a Norman name, and this he was altogether too sensible a man to value highly. "Straw for your gentillesse," was probably his own sentiment as well as that of his host; he was a man and an Englishman, and that was quite sufficient for his purpose. It is not improbable that our ignorance with

* *Vide* Stow's Chron. in the last edition of Fuller's Church History, p. 105. The name also occurs in another mentioned by Fuller, as lately in the possession of Thomas Serwin, Esq.

† The personal appearance of the poet, in so far as it goes, is in favor of a Norman descent. His features, which, even in old age, would seem to have been remarkably handsome, are prominent, and the nose has that slightly aquiline form which we are accustomed to consider as the Norman type, probably for no better reason than because it belonged to the Conqueror.

regard to his origin arises in a great measure from the circumstance of his pedigree having occupied a very much smaller portion of his thoughts, than was usually the case with men of his time. It was neither a subject of self-gratulation nor of self-abasement; he was neither proud of it nor ashamed of it; and therefore it is, that although he is very open and communicative with regard to the circumstances of his life generally, it never once occurs to him to say anything of the manner in which he was ushered into the world.

That his parents were persons in easy, if not affluent circumstances, may be safely inferred from the fact, that he certainly received a most excellent education. There is no trace of his ever having been intended for the Church, and yet there is no department of knowledge which was then cultivated, with which he does not exhibit an intimate and apparently an old standing familiarity.

Whatever may have been the place of Chaucer's birth, whether it was the city of London, or the county of Kent, which we shall afterwards see that he represented in Parliament, and with which there are many reasons to suppose that he was connected, there seems little doubt that he received the early part of his education in London. The fact, however, is by no means undisputed. The chief argument in its favor is derived from a passage in "The Testament of Love," which is adduced by Godwin, and most of Chaucer's biographers, as completely establishing the point; whilst by Sir Harris Nicolas it is with equal confidence rejected, as proving nothing at all. The "Testament of Love" is an allegorical piece, composed in imitation of the celebrated work of Boethius, *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*; but in which the part of "*Philosophy*" is supplied by "*Love*," who, in a female form, appears to converse with and console her "*Norie*," or *alumnus*. The question in dispute among the biographers is, as to how far this "*Norie*," this terrestrial interlocutor, may with safety be regarded as the poet himself; and whether the circumstances mentioned must be held to form part of the allegory, or may be construed as having reference to actual occurrences? That Godwin, with his habitual rashness, has endeavored to make out a great deal too much, and that he has converted an imaginary island, in which the interlocutor is imprisoned by the allegorical personages, "*Luste*," "*Thought*," and "*Will*," into the Tower of London, in which he conceives the poet to be confined by the

opponents of John of Gaunt, is beyond dispute; still it by no means follows, that because Godwin has made an absurd blunder with regard to one passage, no part of the book shall be held to have a personal reference to the poet; or that, because Chaucer does *not mean* the "Tower of London," when he speaks of an "allegorical island," therefore he *does mean* an "allegorical island" when he speaks of the "city of London." The passage itself is so pointed, that we cannot think of torturing it into any other than its natural sense. "Also the Citye of London, that is to me so dere, and swete, in whiche I was forth growen, and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth, as every kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendure, and to wilne reste and pece in that stede to abide." The context is no doubt very obscure, but there is nothing in it, so far as we can see, which forbids the application of these words to the individual situation of Chaucer; and we are further confirmed in this opinion by the fact, that in the work of Boethius, the author continually speaks through the mouth of the terrestrial interlocutor. The probabilities, therefore, in our opinion, are in favor of the direct construction, and consequently of Chaucer's having been, if not born, at least "forth growen," in London, though we should scarcely have expected to find them giving rise to the chapter on his "Schoolboy Amusements," which we find in Godwin.

Each of the English universities lays claim to Chaucer as a pupil, with about equal success. That he must have studied at one of them is certain, for there then existed no other means of procuring the instruction which he possessed; and the method of solving the mystery, at which Sir H. Nicolas scouts, viz: by supposing that he was at both, seems to us by no means so absurd as he imagines. We know that it was then very common for celebrated teachers, both in England and on the Continent, to collect around them audiences drawn from every corner of Europe, and the students were a migratory population, who remained at any one university no longer than was requisite to attend on the instructions of him whose fame had brought them thither. Leland, the English antiquary of the sixteenth century, who asserts that Chaucer was at Oxford, was a member of both universities, and Chaucer seems to indicate a favor for the custom where he says, that "Sondry scoles maken subtil clerkes." The English uni-

versities had not then, and did not assume till long afterwards, that peculiar character which now belongs to them. They resembled the universities of Paris and Bologna then, and of Germany and Scotland now; and we know that the custom of residing at two, or even three universities, is very frequent at the present day, both on the Continent of Europe and in Scotland.

It is also asserted, on still more doubtful authority, that Chaucer studied the law; and an amusing anecdote is told by Spight, of his having been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street, whilst he was a member of the Inner Temple. We are further told that he travelled in France for his instruction. But with reference to all these assertions, the question will naturally arise, whether they were not brought forward by their authors, in order to account for the acquirements of which the poet was no doubt possessed when he first comes within the range of historical vision. If a man knows French well, as he seems to have done, it is no doubt highly probable that he may have been partially educated in France; but it is not a sufficient ground upon which to assert that such has actually been the case, since the fact would be equally well accounted for by his mother having been a French woman, or a hundred other accidental circumstances.

All that can be positively affirmed of Chaucer, up to the year 1359, when he was in the army which invaded France, and when, according to the date which is usually given to his birth, he must have been 31 years of age, is that he received the best education which could be obtained at the time, and that he probably was intended for a learned profession, since his studies would not otherwise have been carried so far at a time when learning was so rarely cultivated by laymen for its own sake.

The account which we possess of his first and only military service, is contained in a deposition which he himself gave on the 15th October 1387, as a witness for Sir Richard le Scrope, in defense of his right to the arms "azure a bend or" against the claim of Sir R. Grosvenor. Chaucer was then attending upon the Parliament, as knight of the shire for the county of Kent. His deposition, which is extremely curious, we shall insert for the amusement of our readers.

"Geffray Chaucere, Esquier, del age de xl. ans et plus, armez par xxvij. ans, produit par la partie de Mons. Richard Lescrope, jurrez et examinez :

"Demandez, si les armez dazure ove une bende dor appartaignent, ou deivent apperteigner, au dit Mons. Richard du droit et de heritage, dist,

"Que oil, qar il lez ad veu estre armez en Fraunce devant la ville de Retters, et Mons. Henry Lescrope armoz en mesmes les armez ove un label blanc et a baner, et le dit Mons. Richard armez en les entiers armez d'azure ove une bende dor, et issint il lez vist armer partout le dit viage, tanque le dit Geffrey estoit pris :

"Demandez, par quei il sciet que les ditz armez appartaignent au dit Mons. Richard, dist,

"Que par oy dire des veu Chivalers et Esquiers," &c. &c.

The following anecdote is curious :

"Qil estoit une foitz en Friday Strete en Londres, com il alast en la rewe il vist pendant hors un nouvell signe faitz dez diz armez, et demandast quele herbergerie ceo estoit qui avoit pendu hors certez armez du Scrop, et un autr luy respondist et dit, Neny, seigneur, ils ne sount myz penduz hors pour les armez de Scrope, ne depeynte la pour cez armez, mes ils sount depeynte et mys la por une Chivaleir del Counte de Chestre, que homme appell Mons. Robert Grovenor; et ceo fuist les primer faitz que oonges il oiaist parler de Mons. Robert Grovenor ou de cez auncestres, ou de ascun autre portant le nom de Grovenor."

It would be extremely interesting to know in what capacity Chaucer actually served in this memorable expedition. The term "armed" by no means sets the question at rest, for he says that he was armed for twenty-seven years, during which time we know that he filled a succession of civil offices, and never once acted in the capacity of a soldier. It applies also to the time of giving the deposition, when he was certainly altogether a civilian. Perhaps it referred merely to the rank of esquire, which he then possibly for the first time assumed, or obtained. Strongly confirmatory as it seems to us of the view that Chaucer was attached to the army of Edward in a civil capacity, is the circumstance that the next mention we have of him is in the situation of one of the "Valets of the King's Chamber," or "Valet of the King's Household," as the office is elsewhere called; and on 20th June 1367, the King grants him, by the designation of "dilectus Valettus noster," in consideration of his *former* and future services, an annual salary of twenty marks for life, or until he should be otherwise provided for. From 1360 to 1367 no entry of any payment to him appears on the Issue Roll of the Exchequer, so that he probably held during that time no recognized public office;

but the mention of his former services evidently implies a previous connection with the Court, and nothing is more likely than that they may have stretched back to the date of the expedition. His being taken prisoner, of course proves nothing, for this might have befallen a civil as well as a military servant of the king, though it is very possible that the captivity which he suffered may have been reckoned among his services; and that its duration may account for some portion of the time during which, after once appearing, he again escapes from our sight. His appearance at Court in a situation which, as Sir H. Nicolas says, "was always filled by gentlemen," at a time when the requisite of birth was more indispensable than even now to Court preferment, is also favorable to the opinion that he was from the first of gentle blood, and that, though he gave himself little trouble about the matter, there were others who read the "Battel Abbey Roll" in his behalf.

Chaucer's marriage is probably to be ascribed to the period at which we have now arrived. His wife was Philippa Roet, one of the "demoiselles," or ladies in attendance on the queen, and the eldest daughter of Sir Payne Roet, a native of Hainault, and king of arms of Guienne. She was also the sister of Katherine, the widow of Sir Hugh Swynford, who at one time was the mistress, and afterwards became the wife, of John of Gaunt. This, like most of the other facts of Chaucer's life, has been the subject of dispute, but we may now regard it as finally set at rest, by the investigations of Sir Harris Nicolas. The exact period of his marriage is not mentioned, but it must have taken place before the 12th of September, 1366, since on that day a pension of ten marks annually, for life, was granted to "*Philippa Chaucer una Domicellarum Camere Philippæ Reginae Angliæ.*" Chaucer's wife was, therefore, a *Domicella* before he was, or at least is known to have been, a *Valettus*, and it is not improbable that this connection with her may have led to his procuring that office. Philippa, after her marriage with the poet, continued in the service of the queen, and at Christmas, 1368, she is mentioned as one of the persons of the royal household to whom robes were ordered to be given. Her name occurs along with those of twelve other "demoiselles," eight "sous demoiselles," and several "veilleresses" of the queen's chamber, and among these latter is Philippa Pycard, the person whom several of the biographers suppose to have been the wife of Chaucer. There is reason to be-

lieve that Sir Payne Roet came to England in the retinue of Queen Philippa, in 1328, and it is therefore probable that his daughter entered the royal household at an early period of life. We have no means of ascertaining her age when she was united to the poet, but unless the marriage took place some time before the pension was assigned to her, her husband must then have been at least thirty-five, and as it is not likely that she was much older, we may conclude that she was born after her father's arrival in England.

After the queen's death, in 1369, Philippa Chaucer was attached to the person of Constance of Castile, Duchess of Lancaster, the second consort of John of Gaunt, to whose children, by his first alliance, her younger sister, Katherine, Lady Swynford, was then governess. Like her husband, she seems to have enjoyed the favor of "the great duke," for, before August, 1372, he had given her a pension of £10 per annum, which was commuted, in June, 1374, for an annuity of the same amount to her and her husband for life, "in consideration of the good services which they had rendered to the duke, to his duchess, and to the late queen, his mother." In 1382 the Duke of Lancaster presented her with a silver-gilt cup and cover, as a new-year's gift, and the record of this donation shows that she was then one of the three ladies in attendance on the duchess, the others being Lady Sanche Blount and Lady Blanche de Trumpington.

Such is pretty nearly all that has been discovered of her who shared the joys and the sorrows of Chaucer, and who, as we shall see, was the mother of his children. We would gladly know more, but on this, as on many other occasions, we must feel grateful for knowledge which, though meagre in itself, so considerably exceeds that which we possess of the private history of a greater poet than he, and one who lived so much nearer to our time. Of Shakspeare's wife, the name of "Anne Hathaway" is nearly all which his biographers are privileged to record.*

* As regards Chaucer's relation to the gentler sex in general, there is one passage in his writings which deserves to be noticed. In the Prologue to the "Rime of Sire Thopas," the host, when speaking of the poet, says:

"This were a popet in an arme to embrace
For any woman, small and faire of face."

And from this, which was the opinion of himself, by a man not remarkable for vanity, taken in conjunction with what we know of his marriage, it may be inferred with little danger of error, that fortune,

We have now to contemplate Chaucer in an altogether different capacity, and in one which has very generally, though not very reasonably, been supposed to be inconsistent with the character of a poet. We have seen him a student and a courtier. We are now to behold him immersed in affairs—a man of business. On the 20th June, 1370, he obtained the usual letters of protection, in order that he might go abroad in the service of the king. This, so far as we know, was the first of Chaucer's foreign missions: the object of it has not been ascertained; but he must have discharged his duties to the satisfaction of his sovereign, for his services were soon again called in requisition, and he was sent into foreign parts *at least seven times** in the public service. The second of these missions is the most celebrated, from his referring to an anecdote supposed to be connected with it in the *Canterbury Tales*. The commission for this embassy was dated on the 12th November, 1372, and Chaucer being then one of the king's esquires, was joined in it with James Pronam and John de Mari, citizens of Genoa, for the purpose of choosing some port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment. It seems that he went to Florence, as well as Genoa, for on his return, in February, 1374, he received a payment at the Exchequer for his expenses while on the king's service at these places. Godwin, and several of the other biographers assert, that on this occasion he visited Petrarch at Padua, and obtained from him, then and there, the pathetic tale of Griselda. The anecdote, which, if true, would be highly interesting, unfortunately rests upon no higher authority than the possibility that such a meeting may have taken place, and the supposed allusion to it in the following lines in the Prologue to the Clerk's Tale:

"I wol you tell a tale, which that I
 Learned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
 As preved by his wordes and his werk.
 He is now ded, and nailed in his cheste,
 I pray to God so yeve his soule rest.
 Fraunceis Petrark, the lauret poete,
 Highte this clerk, whos retorike swete
 Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie."

If Chaucer had not appeared in his own

along with her other favors, dealt to him no stinted share of womanly affection, and that, in common with most of those who have been greatly gifted, he had the still more enviable privilege of being greatly beloved.

* Some say nine times.

person as one of the characters in the *Pilgrimage*, and recited one of the tales, there would then have been very strong reasons for identifying his character with that of the clerk of Oxenford, and the internal evidence in favor of this interesting meeting might have sufficed to supply the deficiency of external proof. As it is, however, notwithstanding the fact of Chaucer's having actually been at Florence while Petrarch was at Arqua, (for the discovery of which we are indebted to Sir Harris Nicolas, and which, if it had been known to Godwin, would have been pounced upon as a positive windfall,) we cannot regard the story in a higher light than that in which Sir Harris puts it when he says, that "until accident brings some hitherto undiscovered document to light, it must remain among the many doubtful circumstances in the lives of eminent men which their admirers wish to believe true, but for which their biographers ought to require surer evidence than what Godwin calls 'coincidences which furnish a basis of historical probability.'"

Our space does not permit us to enumerate the subsequent diplomatic services of the poet. They were all of them, however, on affairs of importance, and frequently of secrecy, which renders it difficult to trace their object, or even to ascertain their number, as on these occasions neither commissions nor letters of protection were given, and the fact of their having taken place is only ascertained by payments to Chaucer from the Exchequer for services rendered "*in secretis negotiis domini regis*." One, however, is mentioned by Froissart, in which Chaucer was joined in February, 1377, with Sir Guichard d'Angle (afterwards Earl of Huntingdon) and Sir Richard Sturry, to negotiate a secret treaty for the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales, with Mary, daughter of the king of France. On most of these occasions, as on that to which we have just alluded, he was associated with persons of more exalted rank—a circumstance which has led Saunders to form the very natural conjecture that he was in truth the working man of the embassy, and acted in the capacity of what would now be called *charge d'affaires*.*

But another and much more prosaic occupation engaged the attention of the poet

* It is worthy of remark, that in 1378, when he was sent to Lombardy, Chaucer appointed his friend and brother poet Gower, along with a certain Richard Forrester, to represent him in any legal proceedings which might be instituted in his absence.

when in England. On the 8th June, 1374, shortly after his return from his first mission to Italy, he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs, and Subsidy of "Wools, Skins, and tanned Hides," in the port of London, and this office he continued to hold for twelve years, though he was bound to write the rolls of his office with his own hand, to be continually present, and to perform his duties personally and not by deputy, excepting of course the occasions on which he was sent abroad in the king's service. On the 8th of May, 1382, he was farther appointed Comptroller of the Petty Customs in the port of London, but the duties of this latter office he was permitted to discharge either in person or by sufficient deputy, and on the 17th of the following February he was accordingly permitted to appoint a permanent deputy. It is amusing to remark, in connection with Chaucer's first appointment to the Customs, that about the same time he received a grant of a pitcher of wine daily for life, to be received in the port of London by the hands of the king's butler. Perhaps his royal master may have been of opinion that after a day spent in those "reckenynges," of which he gently insinuates his aversion in his House of Fame, a "cup of sack" would be no unwelcome refreshment to a poet.

But though we may imagine that the kindness of his sovereign may have been called into exercise on this occasion, by a sense of the uninteresting nature of the poet's occupations, we can by no means join with Tyrwhitt in his lamentation for the genius of Chaucer, when struggling against the petrifying effect of these custom-house accounts. We believe, on the contrary, that much of that peculiarly healthy and normal character which belongs to Chaucer's mind, as exhibited in his poetry, is to be attributed to his having taken so large a share in the actual business of the world. To procure the means of living in ease and affluence by the exercise of moderate, though regular application, has seldom a deteriorating effect on the mind of any man, and the time which was engrossed by these occupations was probably saved from his passing amusements and his gossiping friends, rather than taken from that which would have been devoted to posterity. The Excise has been charged with more than its own share in the destruction of Robert Burns, and the India House may claim the merit of having saved Charles Lamb from the heaviest of human afflictions. We regard it as a proof at once of the

"manysidedness" of Chaucer's mental endowments, and of the thorough manliness of his character, that whilst he acted as the spiritual exponent of his age—whilst he felt and responded to the highest of earthly vocations—he was at the same time both able and willing to discharge, and did actually discharge, long and assiduously, the ordinary duties of an English citizen. Nor is the instance a solitary one among the greatest poets. Milton was Latin secretary to Cromwell, and took an active share in all the events of his time; Shakspeare realized a fortune by his "Globe Theatre;" Goethe was prime minister to the Duke of Weimar; and if Shelley, Byron, and Keats, and the rest of our morbid poets, had been forced to think a little more of other people and a little less of themselves, there would probably have been less of that fretful repining and subjective mewling by which they have disgraced both themselves and their calling.

Towards the end of 1386, Chaucer ceased to hold his offices in the Customs, and great has been the ingenuity which his biographers have exhibited in accounting for his supposed dismissal. Godwin, who never leaves anything unexplained, discovered, as he says, from passages in the "Testament of Love," or more properly speaking invented, a very ingenious and romantic story of his having taken part in the dispute between the Court and the citizens of London, respecting the election of a certain mayor of the name of John of Northampton; of his having fled to Zealand; of his there having acted with great liberality to his fellow-exiles; of the persons who had charge of his affairs in his absence having betrayed their trust and reduced him to poverty; of his having betrayed his confederates in return, in order to get out of the Tower of London, in which it seems he was imprisoned on his return, and a great many circumstances of a similar description, which, though highly creditable to the inventor, would not probably be greatly to the edification of our readers. The whole of this mass of "historical probabilities" is now blown in the air by the discovery, that, during the whole time of his supposed exile, Chaucer was quietly discharging his custom-house duties in London, and drawing his salaries; and that, at the very time when he is supposed to have been lying a prisoner in the Tower of London, he was sitting as knight of the shire for the county of Kent, in the Parliament at Westminster! The discovery is of course a notable one, and Sir Harris Nicolas glorifies himself accordingly. But

the odd part of the business is, that although he has thus pulled down the whole of the superincumbent mass of rubbish which Godwin had built upon the theory of the dismissal, he still continues to be haunted by the theory itself. Why does it never occur to him, that if Chaucer became a member of Parliament on the 1st October, and ceased to be Comptroller of the Customs on the 1st December, the two events may possibly have been connected, and that the resignation of the comptrollership may have been occasioned by its duties being incompatible with those of a member of Parliament? The explanation seems so natural, that one wonders why it should have failed to suggest itself. But what, then, became of the theory of the dismissal? It went by the board of course; and this Sir Harris would by no means permit, for he (in common with Godwin, strange to tell) was determined that Chaucer should be poor at one period of his life; and the present seemed a favorable opportunity for commencing his misfortunes. We are told, accordingly, that although the accession of Richard II. had been favorable to him at first, from the power which it placed in the hands of his patron, the Duke of Lancaster, the tide had now turned against him, and that he had become obnoxious to the Duke of Gloucester, who had then risen into power. For this there is just as little proof as for the exile to Zealand. It is very possible that a change of ministers may have led to the poet's retirement from his offices in the customs, and a similar circumstance may have induced him voluntarily to assign his pensions—a transaction which has been held as a sure indication of his being in pecuniary difficulties. In any view of this matter, the facts seem to us by no means necessarily to infer poverty; they are equally explicable on the supposition of his having attained to such affluence as to render it no longer indispensable that he should discharge the functions of laborious offices; and, however improbable it may be that a poet should be industrious, if we have the industry proved, as in the case before us, we think the supposition of its having been followed by its usual concomitant of easy circumstances, even in his case, ceases to be extravagant. The death of his wife, moreover, which seems to have taken place in 1387, by adding the element of domestic affliction to the other inducements to retirement which must always have weighed with a man of letters, renders the voluntary withdrawal of Chaucer from public affairs, at this period of his life,

still more intelligible. We are confirmed in our opinion, moreover, by the fact, that he never again held any public office the duties of which he was called to perform in person. In 1389, when the young king Richard II. assumed the reins of government, and the poet's patron, John of Gaunt, and his son, the Earl of Derby, (afterwards King Henry IV.) came into power, he was appointed to the valuable office of clerk of the king's works at the palace of Westminster and the other royal residences, but his duties he was permitted to discharge by deputy, and, even if he had not, they were probably more to his taste than those of comptroller of customs. This situation Chaucer held for two years; and the cause of his resignation, or dismissal, as in the former case, is unknown. For a short time he seems to have had no other pension than that which he derived from the Duke of Lancaster, and his wages as one of the king's esquires. But on the 28th February, 1394, he again obtained a grant from the king of £20 for life; and this fact, taken in connection with the powerful friendships which we know he possessed, and the very recent period at which, as clerk of the works, he must have been very well off, renders it, to our thinking, rather a hasty conclusion on the part of his biographers, that he must have been in great want of money, merely because he seems, once or twice, to have anticipated his pension at the exchequer. The truth of the matter probably is, that he made the exchequer serve him in some measure as a banker—that he treated the pension as an account-current, upon which he drew as he found occasion for his ordinary expenses; and this view we think is confirmed by the fact, that he allowed it to lie after the term of payment, nearly as often as he drew it in advance. On the whole, we conceive that the attempt to make Chaucer a martyr to the world's forgetfulness of men of genius, has not very well prospered in the hands of his biographers; and we think it not unlikely, that the phantom of poverty with which they have insisted on marring his fortunes, may have been conjured up by that which overshadowed their own. On this subject Sir Harris Nicolas is quite as pathetic as Godwin; and the similarity of his fate, which we have recently had occasion to deplore, with that which so long pressed upon the indiscreet but gifted author of *Caleb Williams*, may not improbably have brought about this solitary coincidence. Nor are we at all shaken in our opinion on this subject by Chaucer's address "to his Emptie Purse," which has been re-

lied on as an additional proof of his poverty. It is manifestly a sportive production, written for the purpose of bringing his claims for an increase to his pensions in a light and graceful manner before the young king, Henry IV., the son of his patron, John of Gaunt, and with whom, be it remembered, he was then nearly connected by marriage, and in these circumstances the expressions, "I am sorrie now that ye be light," "be heavy againe," &c., seem to us nothing more than what we daily hear from persons in very easy circumstances. They might be brought forward as a proof of his avarice, quite as well as of his poverty. But if he was needy, he seems not to have been an unsuccessful suitor, for we know that within four days after Henry came to the throne, and probably the very day that he received the verses in question, he doubled the poet's pension, and on the 15th of October of the preceding year, just at the time when his supposed penury must have been at its height, he obtained, in addition to his daily pitcher, another grant of a tun of wine every year during his life, "in the port of London, from the king's chief butler or his deputy."* If he had been so "rascally poor" as his biographers would make him, one would think that the *pitcher*† daily ought to have been sufficient for his consumption in the article of wine. That Chaucer was extravagant, or at least that he possessed those expensive tastes which so frequently accompany intellectual refinement, is extremely probable, and if such were the case, it is not unlikely that his purse was occasionally "lighter" than was consistent with his habits; but we rejoice to think that there is no reason for quarrelling with the buxom age in which he lived, on the score of his having been subjected to actual want, and so far are we from wishing to claim for him the glories of pecuniary martyrdom, that we confess to regarding with some degree of pleasure, the many indications of wealth and comfort with which at every stage of life we find him surrounded. We remember that Knox had "his pipe of Bordeaux in that old Edinburgh house of his," and we remember also the flagon of Einbecker beer, which the kind hands of Duke Erich proffered to Doctor Martin Luther, on his exit from the *Saale* at Worms, and the gratitude with which he drank it;

* It is instructive on this subject to remark that a few months subsequent to this grant, if not at the very time, the king's chief butler was none other than the poet's own son, Thomas Chaucer.

† A pitcher of wine is supposed to have amounted to four bottles.

and neither the one nor the other of these hero-priests is one whit the less heroic in our eyes from his hearty enjoyment of the good things which Providence sent him. We have every reason to believe that the father of our poets was considerably more fortunate in external circumstances than either of the Reformers, and we have no reason to doubt that his enjoyments were tempered with the same kindly and pious spirit.

But Chaucer was not destined long to enjoy the bounty of his new sovereign, for he died at the mature age of 72, on the 15th October, 1400, only one year subsequent to the grants which we have last mentioned. He died in the vicinity of Westminster, in a house which, on the Christmas Eve preceding, he had rented from a monk of the name of Robert Humodesworth. Whether London was then the place of his habitual residence, whether he possessed, as has been said, the castle and manor of Donington, in Berkshire, or passed the latter part of his life at a favorite retreat at Woodstock, cannot now be, or at all events has not yet been, ascertained with certainty, though considerably greater industry has been bestowed upon the inquiry than in the eyes of many it may seem to merit.

In his family Chaucer was not less fortunate than in the other circumstances of his life, and his name was preserved in honor among the living by his eldest son, Thomas Chaucer, who externally was a more important personage than even the poet himself. In the reign of Richard II., while his father yet lived, he had held the office of king's chief butler, and a grant of twenty marks a year had also been given to him. Under Henry IV. he held many lucrative and honorable appointments; he represented Oxfordshire in eight Parliaments, commencing with the year 1402, and coming down to 1429, and in 1414 he was chosen speaker of the Commons in the Parliament that met at Westminster, on Monday after the octaves of St. Martin. Thomas Chaucer married Matilda, the second daughter and co-heiress of Sir John Burghersh, with whom he acquired large estates in Oxfordshire, and in many other counties, and latterly he seems to have been very wealthy, since he is rated after his death, in the list which was prepared of those of whom it was proposed to borrow money for carrying on the French war, at a much larger sum than any other person except the Bishops of Exeter and Ely, the Dean of Lincoln, and Sir John Cornwall. He served with the king in France with a retinue of twelve

men-at-arms, and thirty-seven archers, and he was present at the battle of Agincourt. Like his father, he seems also to have had a talent for diplomacy, for he was frequently employed as an ambassador during the reigns of Henry IV., Henry V., and Henry VI.

Thomas Chaucer had only one child, Alice Chaucer, who married for the third time, in 1430, William de la Pole, Earl, and afterwards Duke of Suffolk, who was attainted and beheaded in 1450. By him she had three children, the eldest of whom, John de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, married the Princess Elizabeth Plantagenet, sister of King Edward IV., by whom he had a numerous family, the eldest of whom, John de la Pole, was declared by Richard III. heir-apparent to the throne, in the event of the Prince of Wales dying without issue; so that for some time, as Sir Harris Nicolas remarks, there was a great probability of the poet's great-grandson succeeding to the crown. But the Earl of Lincoln (for such he had been created in his father's lifetime) was killed in the not very glorious battle of Stoke, in 1487, and in his person the family of Chaucer was extinguished, thus suffering the fate which strangely enough seems to impend over the families of all our poets.

Besides his son Thomas, Chaucer probably had a daughter and also a sister of the name of Elizabeth, since two persons bearing the name of Elizabeth Chaucer became nuns, one in the Abbey of Berking in Essex, and the other in the priory of St. Helen's, London, in such circumstances as to lead to the supposition that they were connected with the poet.

But of all his children, the most interesting, because apparently the best beloved, is "lytel Lowys," for whose instruction he compiled, and to whom he dedicated his "conclusions of the Astrolabie" in a style so quaint, so tender, and withal so instructive with reference both to his own character and to the time, that though intended for no other purpose than to facilitate the studies of a child of ten years old, it has become to us one of the most interesting of his works.

The object of the treatise is to reduce to a simpler form the rules for the use of this instrument, which till the invention of the quadrant, was invariably used both in astronomy and navigation, and to present them in English to his son, instead of the Latin in which it was then the custom to teach them, "for latine ne canst thou nat yet but smale, my litel sonne." It is "compowned," as he tells us, "after the latitude of Oxenforde,"

where it is probable that "lytel Lowys" was then at school, and where his father had evidently perceived with delight the opening of powers which we have reason to believe were not destined to arrive at maturity. With a mixture of fondness and of pride which is touching, he says, "I perceive by certain evidences, thyne abylyte to lerne scyences, touching nombres, and proportions, and also well consider I thy besye prayer in especial to lerne the tretyse of the astrolabye." The conclusion of the dedication is also well worthy of note, both for the quaint modesty with which he lays aside all pretension to scientific originality, and for the patriotic enthusiasm with which he speaks of the English language:

"Now wol I pray mekely every person discrete, that redeth or heareth this litel treatise to have my rude entending excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The firste cause is, for that curious endityng and harde sentences is ful hevvy at once, for such a childe to lerne. And the seconde cause is this, that sothely me semeth better to writen unto a child twice a good sentence, than he foriete in ones. And Lowis, if it so be that I shewe the in my lith Englishe, as true conclusions touching this mater, and not only as trewe but as many and subtil conclusions, as bene yshewed in latin, in any comon treatise of the astrolabye, conne me the more thanke, and praye God save the kinge, that is lorde of this langage, and all that him faith beareth, and obeith everich in his degre, the more and the lasse. But consydre thwell, that I ne usurpe not to have founden this werke of my labor or of mine engin. I nam but a leude compilatour of the laboure of old astrologiens, and have it translated in myn Englishe onely for thy doctrine, and with this swerde shall I sleue envy."

This little tribute of paternal love on the part of our poet, is indeed remarkable in many ways, and if we consider the time at which it was written, when universality of knowledge was of much less easy attainment than in our day, and bear in mind further, that it was the fruit of the leisure hours of one, who besides his literary labors, which were neither few nor small, was as we have seen a courtier, a diplomatist, and a man of business, it will hold as such a prominent place among the curiosities of literature. Of its bearing in another point of view, we shall have to speak in a subsequent page.

We have now concluded what we conceived it needful to say of the external position of Chaucer, and of his varied career, and it will probably be admitted that we have in some measure fulfilled the promise with which we commenced the recital. We have

called from the fourteenth century as a witness to its manners, one who neither in his occupations, nor in his fortunes, differed greatly from hundreds of the best class of Englishmen of the present time, and whose story, in its external aspect, might be told of many under the reign of Queen Victoria, as well as under that of King Edward III. Are we to conclude from this, that Chaucer was a solitary and isolated character, plucked as it were by anticipation from the realm of the future, and sent as a spectator for our behoof into the halls of our ancestors? or are we to accept him as a specimen of the man of his time, at the expense of foregoing all our preconceived opinions with reference to the character of the fourteenth century? On either hypothesis we should be equally in error; solitary and isolated he certainly was not, for with all that was acted, and all that was thought, he was entwined; in his life and in his character he was the expression of his time; but neither was he an average specimen, for he was its highest expression; we do not say that he was before his time, for though the phrase is often used with reference to those whose development surpasses that of their contemporaries not in kind but in degree, we do not think that it is rightly so used, and if there was any one of that day to whom in its proper signification we might apply it, it would be to Wycliffe, and not to Chaucer. Chaucer did not anticipate the future, but he comprehended the present, he was a "seer" of what was, not of what was to be. He was the "clear and conscious" man of his time. In his opinions there was nothing which others did not feel, but what they felt unconsciously he thought and expressed, and what to them was a vapor, to him was a form. There was no antagonism between him and his age, and hence the popularity which we know that he enjoyed. In taking this view of the matter, it may be thought that we give up all pretension on the part of our poet, to the highest—the prophetic part of the poetic character. We answer that we are not here to discuss the question, as to whether the proper function of the poet is to express the age in which he lives, or to shadow forth an age which is to follow. We state the fact as we conceive it to be, and so important do we regard it in order to a just appreciation of the character and influence of Chaucer, that we shall take the liberty of illustrating it by tracing it out, as well as we may, first in his philosophy, and then in his religion.

For this purpose it is not necessary that

we should speak at length of his metaphysical creed, for the philosophy of Aristotle was still all-prevalent; and there is abundant proof in many parts of his writings, that Chaucer, like the rest of the learned of his day, was brought up at the feet of the Stagyrte, and that he read it with the light which the schoolmen afforded. It is probable also that the study was a very favorite one with him; that he "hadde unto logie long ygo," and that in this, as in many other respects, he painted his own character in that of the "Clerk of Oxenford," when he says, that

"him was liever han at his bed's head
A twenty bookes cloth'd in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than robès rich, or fiddle, or psaltry."

But there is no reason to think that in this department Chaucer ever assumed a higher position than that of a recipient. In none of his works that have come down to us does he deal with the pure intelligence; and, indeed, from his whole character, it is obvious that his interest in the concrete was so intense as scarcely to admit of his lingering long in the regions of metaphysical or logical abstraction. The part of our nature with which he was concerned, and upon which it was his vocation to act, was precisely that which the logician excludes from his view; as a poet, he had to deal with man not as he thinks merely, but as he feels and acts; with his passions and affections even more than with his intelligence; and hence his devotion to ethical studies.

Of the manner in which he studied, and endeavored to elaborate this latter department of mental philosophy, we are fortunately enabled to judge with considerable precision. In early life he translated the celebrated work of Boethius, "De Consolatione Philosophiæ;" a book more remarkable for its fortunes than even for its merits. Composed in prison, when accused of the crime of having "hoped for the restoration of Roman liberty," by him whom Gibbon has characterized as "the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countryman," it formed, as it were, the connecting link between the classical and the Christian world; and the labor of translation which Chaucer performed had already occupied the leisure of Alfred, and was yet to engage that of Elizabeth. Though Boethius was a Christian, and his quarrel with Theodoric is supposed to have arisen from a treatise which he published

during his consulship, in 522, in which he maintained the doctrine of the Unity of the Trinity, in opposition to the Arian tenets of his master, the arguments by which he seems to have consoled himself for the loss of his greatness, and to have prepared himself for the death which he soon after suffered, are deduced from the doctrines of Plato, of Aristotle, and, above all, of Zeno, rather than from those of Christ and his disciples; and if the book is to be regarded in a higher light than that of a philosophical pastime, by which he sought to relieve the tedium of captivity, it must be viewed as the production of one in whom the character of the heathen philosopher preponderated over that of the Christian martyr. It possesses, however, much of the calm and dignified beauty which the ancients shed over their natural religion. In many passages we feel as if we were reading a Latin translation of one of the Dialogues of Plato, or had stumbled, by accident, on an unknown passage of one of Cicero's philosophical treatises: but the freshness is gone; the clearness and precision is wanting; the style is verbose, and the argument inconsequent; and we arrive at last at the conclusion, that the author intended it as an imitation of those writings, with which we know, from his early studies, that he must have been conversant. Be this as it may, the work enjoyed a popularity, and exerted an influence over the better minds of the Middle Ages, beyond that of any other writing—a circumstance which will hardly astonish us if we remember that, to most of those by whom it was so eagerly read, the sources from which it was derived were unknown; and that it was consequently in its pages that they first became acquainted with the flattering doctrine, that man, by the exercise of reason, becomes superior to the dominion of fortune. The singular destiny which attended the philosophy of the Stoics is worthy of remark, as illustrating the influence which Boethius exerted on the Middle Age. Wherever their tenets appear, it is continually as a vain protest against existing corruption—feeble for present good, but full of power and of meaning for a time which is soon to follow. When Zeno first promulgated his doctrines, they were addressed to Greece, distracted by scepticism, and enervated by Epicureanism, and the apostle of virtue taught in vain. Greece was past recovery, but the rival which was to supplant her listened with eagerness to the lessons to which she was deaf; and the stern philosophy of the porch found an expression in the energy

and simplicity of Roman life. During the youth and vigor of the Republic, Stoicism was peculiarly the philosophy of Rome, recognized in theory and illustrated in practice; and it was not till virtue herself had departed, under the relaxing and deadening influence of the Empire, that it ceased to be regarded. But here, as in Greece, when corruption and effeminacy had reached their culminating point, it reappeared in the shape of a warning spirit; and though the words of Boethius, like those of Zeno, fell unheeded on the ears of his countrymen, they found, like his, an audience among a people who flourished on the ruins of those to whom they were originally addressed. It has been said that Zeno had a presentiment of the stern simplicity of Rome, and with equal truth it might be said, that Boethius had a presentiment of the romantic and truth-loving devotion of the Middle Ages.

But though Chaucer inherited the ethical code of Boethius, he was not contented with the character of a simple inheritor. He endeavored to adapt what he found in a Roman dress, or in Roman tatters, to the uses and modes of thinking of his countrymen; and hence, in the curious treatise which is called his "Testament of Love," we have a complete embodiment of the practical philosophy of the chivalrous ages. The book is obscure and perplexing, in the highest degree; full of quaint allegory, digressions, and repetitions; totally devoid of system; distressingly verbose, and still more distressingly long, so as almost to set at defiance the puny efforts of modern perseverance; still it evidently contains much that is important, and, if thoroughly read, we are satisfied, would reveal in its details many very interesting views, hitherto overlooked, of the habits of thinking which then prevailed. The main features which distinguish it from the work of Boethius, and which stamp it as a production of the Middle Age, are easily seized. The place of philosophy, the celestial consoler, is supplied by "*Love*," a being whom we must in nowise confound either with the heathen goddess or, as some have done, with the divine love of the Christian religion. She is neither more nor less than the embodiment of an abstract idea, which formed the central point of the whole system of chivalry; and her substitution for the philosophy or reason of Boethius is very characteristic of a state of society in which the affections and passions, rather than the intelligence, were the motive principles. The "*Love*" of Chaucer is a complete generalization, altogether indepen-

dent of individual object, and the consolation which she proffers to her votary is that of enlisting in his favor the special guardian, the "Margarite" who is supposed to watch over his individual fortunes. The "Margarite" seems to correspond to the chivalrous idea of the "Lady love," in its purest sense, when its reference to an individual was by no means indispensable, but when it signified rather the "love of woman," the highest object of the knight's ambition. Under the protection of this guardian spirit, the lover is represented as altogether sheltered from the caprices of Fortune; and in her name he has a dose of rather frigid comfort administered to him, greatly resembling that which Boethius receives at the hand of Philosophy. Such is the general idea of the book, and it is a noble idea, embracing the very essence of society as it existed then, and presenting a much deeper view of that singular institution of chivalry than is usually to be met with in the writers either of that or of later times. Of the imperfections of its execution we have already spoken, perhaps more strongly than we ought, but when placed side by side with the treatise of Boethius, from which it is professedly imitated, its inferiority as a work of art is very apparent. The one may very aptly be compared to a bright, sunny day, in the end of October, when much of the richness of vegetation still lingers, though its vitality be gone; whilst the other resembles an arid day in March, when, through the biting east winds of our northern spring, we with difficulty distinguish the germs of life which are soon to burst forth into luxuriant summer.

We have said that in his religion, as well as in his philosophy, Chaucer was the expression of his time. Though it is well known that, both by his interests and his sympathies, he was all along united with the reforming party in the Church, we fear that we cannot claim for him the epithet of a reformer, in the sense in which it unquestionably belongs to Wycliffe. From his early translation of the "Roman de la Rose," up to the crowning efforts of his genius, in the Canterbury Tales, the corruptions of the clergy were, no doubt, the unceasing objects of his satire; and the baneful influence which their vices exercised, on the civil as well as the religious society of the time, called forth continually his pathetic and, we doubt not, his sincere lamentations. The biographer of Wycliffe has well remarked, that "few are the evils, either in Church or in the state of society, to which the censure of Wycliffe was applied, which may not be found as the subject

of satire or complaint in the poems of Chaucer." Still, we must repeat, he was no "thorough-going" reformer. Perhaps he was not bold enough; perhaps, with Erasmus, whose conduct in this respect was open to the same reproach, he would have said, "*non omnes ad martyriam satis habent roboris; vereor autem, ne, si quid inciderit tumultus, Petrum sim imitaturus.*" We incline, however, to the opinion, that the position which Chaucer held with reference to the Reformers was consistent with the honest sentiments of his heart, notwithstanding the suspicion of interestedness to which it is manifestly exposed, from its coincidence with that of his great friend and patron, John of Gaunt. He felt, as England and Europe felt at the time, that the hour for the downfall of the priesthood had not yet arrived; that they still had a part to play, and functions to discharge in the history of the world, which, in spite of their corruptions, they would discharge, better or worse, and which could not with safety be intrusted to any other body of men which then existed. They were still the custodiers of nearly all the learning of the age, and it was in their community alone that civilization, as yet, had found a secure and permanent resting-place; for the class of non-clerical men of letters to which he himself belonged was far too insignificant to undertake the task of preserving even secular knowledge. Though the clergy were indolent, their efforts, when they did exert themselves, were so much more in accordance with his own views of what was worthy of rational endeavor, than those of the fighting and gasconading laymen of his day, that Chaucer, along with the scorn which he so unhesitatingly expressed for individual members of the body, had probably anything but a hostile feeling towards them as a class. Above all, Chaucer was a cheerful, hopeful man. Some one has said that he was the "gayest and most cheerful writer of our language," and certain it is that the natural bent of his mind led him to view the sunny rather than the shady side of human affairs. He had nothing of the stern and uncompromising genius of a true reformer; humor and sarcasm are the characteristics of his satire; and for the scorching indignation of Juvenal, or the still more lofty reproof of Tacitus, we should search in vain in his pages. His temper was too gentle for condemnation, too hopeful for despair. Such shameless charlatans as the "Pardoner" he no doubt exposes most unmercifully.

"His wallet lay before him in his lappe,
Bret ful of pardon come from Rome, al hote."

And again—

"He had a crois of laton full of stones,
 And in a glass he hadde pigges bones."

But even here his love for the ludicrous continually breaks forth, and the description excites our laughter where it ought to excite our indignation.

"A vois he hadde, as small as hath a gote,
 No berde hadde he, ne never non should have,
 As smothe it was as it was newe shave."

This is not the manner in which Wycliffe spoke of such men as the Pardoner. Still we by no means admit that Chaucer was either a dishonest or a frivolous man. He used against corruption such weapons as he possessed, and such as, viewing the matter through the medium of his own hopeful and sanguine temper, he conceived to be needful; for there is every reason to suppose that he did not regard the amendment of the existing ecclesiastical system as hopeless, and consequently that he scarcely approved in his heart of the extreme measures which Wycliffe recommended.

In judging of the conduct of persons in the situation which Chaucer stood with reference to the Reformers, we are often guilty of injustice by taking it for granted that the question presented itself to them in the same pure and simple form in which it comes before us. We bring together the arguments which we imagine must have been used, which to our minds are so convincing, and which we know ultimately prevailed, and we wonder that a person of common honesty, or common understanding, could have resisted their force. But whilst we thus marshal the victorious arguments which now alone have possession of the field, we forget that the question must then have been complicated by a thousand considerations and sympathies, the strength of which we are now incapable of measuring. To England at the time, the proposed reformation was indeed a vexed question, nor did the views of the Reformers possess, as is frequently supposed, the force which novelty gives to startling revelations. For more than a century before Chaucer's time, the opposition to the corruptions of the Church had been the cause of much bloodshed in the neighboring nations, and in his own land they had already been attacked by writers of every class. The satirical ballads which go under the name of Walter Mapes,

and the so-called "political songs" of England, in Latin, Anglo-Norman, and English, were in everybody's mouth; the "Malverne hilles" had already been the scene of the "ploughman's vision," and we have mentioned Chaucer's own early translation of the "Roman de la Rose." All of these works, and others which could be mentioned, and many which are forgotten, derived their point from the state of feeling which then existed with reference to the clergy, including of course the monastic orders. As a question simply, it cannot be doubted that the subject was very familiar to Chaucer's mind; and it is perhaps in its very familiarity, *as a question*, that we are to look for the cause of its never having assumed a more definite form.

In this respect, the poet occupies unquestionably a much less lofty position than the heroic and devoted Rector of Lutterworth, but his conduct is still altogether consistent with the character which we have assigned him as the man of the present. The indecision under which he labored was the characteristic of the time; and two centuries more were required before words were finally ripened into deeds, and the dreams of Wycliffe obtained their fulfilment.

It has been conjectured, on very probable grounds, that Chaucer enjoyed the personal friendship of the Reformer, and the Lutterworth rector is by many supposed to have been the original of "the poure persone of a toun." To us it seems that this character of pure and simple piety is intended rather as an embodiment of Wycliffe's favorite idea of "a good preaching priest," than as a sketch of the stalwart proportions of the Reformer himself. We doubt not that among his flock at Lutterworth, Wycliffe was in his own person the brightest example of the character which Chaucer has so beautifully touched when he says—

"Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
 In sickness and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught."

But the father of the Reformation was something more than "a good preaching priest," and in the "poor parson" we find nothing of the grandeur of him who stood alone before the Oxford Convocation, like Luther at Worms; or who, when the six-

teen doctors from the four orders of friars came to console him on what they thought and hoped was his death-bed, and to exhort him to renounce his errors, greeted him after a fashion which still more forcibly reminds us of the sturdy German. The anecdote is so characteristic, that we shall give it in the words of his biographer. The Reformer, reduced to the last stage of weakness, listened, we are told, silent and motionless to the address which the doctors delivered—"he then beckoned his servants to raise him in his bed; and, fixing his eyes on the persons assembled, summoned all his remaining strength, as he exclaimed aloud—'*I shall not die, but live; and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars.*'"

Though the fact has never been positively ascertained, the mutual connection of Chaucer and of Wycliffe with the Duke of Lancaster renders it highly probable that they were personal friends; and if such was the case, it is pleasing to reflect that the gentle piety of the country rector was even more highly appreciated by the poet, than the grander qualities of the intrepid Reformer; and if they met at all, there can be little doubt that their friendship must have been cemented by their thus coming together on the common ground of religious feeling.

There is yet one other point of view in which Chaucer was peculiarly the expression of his time—we mean as an Englishman. During the century which preceded his birth, the English character and language had been steadily evolving themselves from those antagonistic elements which, since the battle of Hastings, had divided men scarcely differing in race—the great original Saxon had now at length absorbed the Norman element which, till then, had floated on its surface, and the English nationality and English tongue had assumed the character of complete and finished existences. But we should greatly deceive ourselves if we regarded either the one or the other as entirely the product of the thirteenth century, for though then, and not till then, they assumed that modified and complex form in which we possess them now, they had never at any period of our history ceased from the land, in so far as the language is concerned, the error of the writers of Tyrwhitt's school, who spoke of it as a new compound substance, formed as it were by pouring the two simple elements of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman into the same vessel, and stirring them together, has been entirely refuted by modern scholars. The English language is now ad-

mitted, on all hands, to have developed itself spontaneously out of the Anglo-Saxon which preceded it; and though we cannot go so far with the reactionary party as to say that it would probably have been in all respects such as we find it, if the Norman Conquest had never taken place,* we conceive it to be established beyond the reach of farther controversy, that very few grammatical changes are to be attributed to that event. These we believe to have been the result of that tendency towards simplification which has been pointed out as forming the law of development of all human speech,† and which may be observed in the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian, as compared with the old Norse, or in the French, Italian, and Spanish, as compared with the Latin, quite as well as in the English as compared with the Anglo-Saxon. The rule that as languages become modern they substitute prepositions and auxiliary verbs for cases and tenses, is now admitted to be nearly universal, and the flec-tional changes which the English tongue has undergone, are sufficiently accounted for on this general principle, and would have taken place independently of foreign admixture.

But it is for flec-tional changes alone that this principle will account, and when we come to the introduction of foreign roots we are driven to seek for causes from without. Now that we have in the English a Roman element, forming, after the Saxon substratum, by far the most important portion of the language, and that we have this element in so much greater degree than the other Gothic languages, German, Danish, Swedish, &c., as to render its introduction from direct contact with the Latin either of the first, or Roman, or of the second, or scholastic period, impossible, we hold to be clear, and it is equally clear that we have the phenomenon exhibiting itself shortly after an historical event which must have brought us in contact with a people who spoke a Romanized language, and such being the case, we confess, for our own part, that we are totally unable to separate the two facts, or to consider the one in any other light than as the cause of the other. The English language unfettered, and very probably (in its structure at all events) unaffected by the Norman, developed itself forth, but it did so in a proximity so close, and in the midst of a contact so continual, as to render it impossible that it should have borrowed nothing from so inti-

* Hallam, Middle Ages.

† Latham's English Language.

mate a fellowship. There was no amalgamation, properly so called; there was not even, except to a very limited extent, (in words, for example, in *tion*,) a direct adoption; the Saxon element asserted its privileges everywhere, and even on what it borrowed from the Norman it immediately stamped its characteristic forms. The manner in which this adaptation took place is well pointed out by Mr. Tyrwhitt, though he has failed to recognize its philological importance. "Accorder, souffrir, recevoir, descendre," he says, "were regularly changed into accorden, suffren, receiven, descenden." Everywhere we see the impress of the Saxon mint on the Norman ore.

But in proof of the direct influence of the Conquest upon the language to this limited extent, it is also important to remark that subsequent to the age of Chaucer, and what has been called the period of the middle English, when the process of absorption may be considered as completed, we have no further addition of foreign words, except such as can be directly traced to accidental sources. We had no more Conquests, and consequently our language underwent no further change, except that of the natural development of a Gothic tongue. That the original process was one of absorption, and not of amalgamation, in the sense in which we have used the terms, is also clearly established by the fact that the further development had been entirely in the Gothic direction, whereas if the two elements of Saxon and Norman had been in anything like equal power, we might have looked for a development now in the one direction and now in the other.

Such being the view which we take of the formation of the English language, it will not be difficult to characterize the speech which Chaucer employed. In its form it was the Saxon of Edward the Confessor, with such flecational modifications as three centuries of further development had effected; and in its substance it had superadded to the great Saxon substratum, such Norman words as the contact of three centuries had gradually introduced.

Chaucer's language was therefore the language of his time. Of all the errors into which Godwin and his school have fallen, the most absurd is that of asserting that Chaucer at the age of eighteen, when a student at Cambridge, having maturely considered the prospect of his own future celebrity, coolly set himself down to compose his "Court of Love" in English, as the language which was most likely in future to be that of

his country, and in order to the proper accomplishment of his task, that he vigorously applied himself to purify and refine that hitherto barbarous tongue. However it may tell for the glory of Chaucer, the truth of the matter unquestionably is, that he took the language as he found it, in its most modern form of course; for he was in this as in other respects of the progressive party of his day, and insensibly he contributed what one mind might do in one generation towards its development. As to his merit in preferring it to the Norman French, all that we have to say is, that though it is highly probable that he knew that language sufficiently to have used it for the purpose of poetical composition if he had chosen, that fact is by no means certain, and that he regarded it at all events in the light of a foreign tongue is clear on his own showing. "Let then clerkes enditen in Latin, for they have the propertie of science, and the knowing of that facultie; and lette Frenchmen in their French also enditen their queint termes, for it is kindly to their mouthes, and let us shewe our fantasies in such wordes as we learneden of our dames tongue."

It were needless to occupy the small space which remains to us by insisting further on this point. The theory of that sorrowful interregnum between Anglo-Saxon and English, when our ancestors are said to have spoken a chaotic and Babylonish jargon, incapable of being turned to intellectual uses, is now happily abandoned by all our scholars, and we have the Anglo-Saxon, the semi-Saxon, the old, the middle, and the modern English, each shading gradually and naturally into the other. From the reign of Henry III. up to Chaucer's time, we have a series of political and satirical songs and poems in the vernacular tongue;* and so far from the native language having been prohibited by the earlier Norman kings, we know that from the Conquest till the reign of Henry II., it was invariably employed by them in their charters, when it made way, not for French,

* The first verse of the song against the King of Alemaigne, temp. Henry III., does not differ much from the language of Chaucer.

"Sitteth alle stille ant herkneþ to me;
The Kyn of Alemaigne, bi mi leauté (by my loyalty)
Thritti thousand pound askede he
For te make the pees in the countré."

Political Songs of England, from the reign of John to that of Edward II., edited for the Camden Society, by Thomas Wright, Esq.

but for Latin.* We have thus at last recovered the missing link, and we have now to thank modern industry for the unbroken chain which binds together our speech and that of our ancestors.

Our space does not permit us to dwell at any length on the poetical merits of Chaucer, and, indeed, our intention from the first has been to supply our readers with such information as might induce them to peruse his works, rather than to save them the trouble of perusal, by furnishing them with opinions ready made. But a few observations before parting, for the purpose of fixing, in some measure, the rank that he is entitled to hold among our poets, we cannot deny ourselves. We do not venture to equal him to the two greatest of them. With Milton, indeed, he can in nowise be compared, for the difference in kind is so absolute as to render it impossible to measure the degree; and by Shakspeare he is unquestionably surpassed in his own walk. The divine instinct of the Swan of Avon he did not possess, and hence his characterization is broad and common as compared with his. But here our admission of inferiority must end. As a poet of character—and as such chiefly he must be viewed—we believe him to come nearer to Shakspeare than any other writer in our language. There is the same vigor in all that he portrays, the same tone of health belongs to it. When Carlyle said that Sir Walter Scott was the healthiest man that ever was, he ought to have added, “after Chaucer.” We believe that no writer ever was so healthy as Chaucer; and we dwell on this characteristic with the greater pleasure, that it seems to us proof of the thoroughly good constitution with which our English life began. Even where he comes in contact with grossness and immorality, they never seem to taint him, or to jaundice his vision. They are ludicrous or hateful, and as such he represents them freely and unshrinkingly; but there is no morbid gloating over impurity, or lingering around vice. There is nothing French about him, neither has he any kindred with such writers as those of Charles the Second’s time, or with the Swifts, and Sternes, and Byrons of later days. He is not very scrupulous about words, but there is no mistaking his opinion; and the question as to whether his weight is to be thrown into the balance in behalf of virtue or of vice is never doubtful. “If he is a coarse moralist,” said Mr. Wordsworth, “he is still a great one.”

* Codex Diplomaticus.

Chaucer is essentially the poet of man. Brought from the first among his fellows, and discharging to the last the duties of a citizen, he wandered not—nor wished to wander in solitary places. His poetry is that of reality, and an elysium which he sought not in the clouds, he found abundantly in human sympathies. We have spoken of his cheerfulness, and the best description which we can give of him, as he appears in his works, is, that in all respects he is a cheerful, gregarious being, not ashamed to confess himself satisfied with the world in which God has placed him, and with those with whom he has seen fit to people it. There is no affectation of *tedium vitæ* about him; he does not think himself too good for the world, nor the world too bad for him. Though there is much that he fain would mend, he is still by no means disgusted with matters as they stand, and gladly and thankfully extracts the sweets of a present existence.

The masculine air of his delineations is what strikes us most. His characters are large and strong, and stand out with an almost superfluous fullness of form, which often reminds us of Rubens’ pictures; but he is more tender, he has more feeling, and his gentler characters are touched with exquisite delicacy. The “Chapeau de Paille” will bear no comparison with the tender Prioress that “was cleped Madame Eglantine,” of whose womanly heart we have the following picture:

“She was so charitable and so pitous
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.”

The Prioress’s Tale is one of the happiest examples of the pathetic, in which Chaucer was so great a master, and there is a depth and earnestness of feeling about it, and others of the class to which it belongs, which we should scarcely expect in the writings of one usually so gay as Chaucer. There is so much gentle grief which pervades every part of it, that the reader is insensibly led into the feelings of the poor widow who

“Waileth al that night
After hire litel childe, and he came nought;”

and if we compare it with the common version of the story which appears in the Percy Reliques, under the title of the “Jew’s Daughter,” we shall see to how great an extent it is indebted for its beauty to Chaucer’s genius. If any one should doubt the versa-

tility of Chaucer, and should be tempted to regard him in the light of a mere humorist, let him peruse the Prioress's Tale, and consider her character along with those of Constance, the patient Grisilde, and others of the same class in the serious tales. In these touching delineations, the poet whom we had known, the man of mirth, vanishes from our sight, and in his place we have a character made up of the finest sympathies, and regulated by sincere and humble piety.

Another characteristic of Chaucer as a poet, is his love for external nature. His poems seem everywhere strewed with flowers, and wherever we go we encounter the breezes of spring. The image of "Freshe May" is continually recurring, the very word has a charm for him, and in the Shipman's Tale we find it used as a woman's name. The description of Emilie in the garden, in the commencement of the Knight's Tale, though probably familiar to many of our readers, is so beautiful in itself, and so completely illustrates Chaucer's best style as a poet, that we shall insert it at length, slightly modernizing the spelling. Palamon and Arcite are looking down upon her from the prison.

"Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell once in a morrow of May,
That Emilie, that fairer was to seen,
Than is the lilly upon his stalké green,
And fresher than the May with flowerés new,
(For with the rosé colour strove her hew,
I n'ote which was the finer of them two.)
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight,
For May will have no sluggardy a-night.
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And sayth, 'Arise and do thine observance.'
This maketh Emilie have rémembrance

To do honour to May, and for to rise
Yclothéd was she freshe for to devise.
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress
Behind her back, a yardé long I guess.
And in the garden at the sun uprist,
She walketh up and down where as her list.
She gathereth flowers, partly white and red,
To make a subtle garland for her head;
And as an angel heavenly she sung."

In many respects it seems to us that Chaucer resembles Göthe more than any of the poets of our own country. He has the same mental completeness and consequent versatility which distinguish the German; the same love of reality; the same clearness and cheerfulness; and, in seeming contradiction to this latter characteristic, the same preference for grief over the other passions, in his poetical delineations. In minor respects, he also resembles him; and in one, not unimportant, as marking a similarity of mental organization, that, namely, of betaking himself at the close of a long life spent in literature and affairs, to the study of the physical sciences, as if here alone the mental craving for the positive could find satisfaction. We would willingly follow the comparison farther, but we must at length reluctantly bid adieu to what has indeed been to us a labor of love; and we do so in the hope that we may not be the only gainers from our communings with the poet; that, notwithstanding the imperfections of our work, the double blessing of charity may be extended to it, in consideration of the object with which it was undertaken, and that it may be the means of introducing some of our readers to the more intimate fellowship of him whom Dr. Johnson refused to recognize as a poet; but in the "footing of whose feet" Edmund Spenser was not ashamed to tread as an humble disciple.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

HER Majesty is, undoubtedly, among the most accomplished ladies in her dominions. She is mistress of the modern languages, in which she expresses herself with grace and fluency. Her love of music developed itself at a very early age; she plays with taste and expression on several instruments, and has inherited her royal grandfather's (George the Third) predilection for the organ. She is said to evince a decided preference for Italian music, and takes delight in the compositions of Beethoven and Mozart. Her voice is *mezzo*

soprano. The Queen's talents for drawing are so remarkable, that one of her masters, before her accession to the throne, when speaking of his royal pupil, said: "The Princess Victoria would have made the best female artist of the age if she had not been born to wear a crown." She writes a very fair hand, free, bold and legible. She is also an excellent arithmetician, and examines accounts with the ease of a financier. In her private expenditure, Her Majesty is both economical and generous.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

SAYING AND DOING.

THE post-house at Oberhausberg had just been thrown into confusion by the arrival of a travelling carriage on its way from Saverna to Strasburg. Master Töpfer, the innkeeper, was running hither and thither, giving orders to his servants and postilions, whilst the carriage, which stood before the door of the courtyard, was surrounded by a group of children and idlers, who amused themselves by passing their remarks on the new-comer and his handsome equipage. Amongst the lookers-on might have been especially remarked one man with a keen, quick eye and sunburnt countenance, whose Provençal accent contrasted strongly with the language of the other spectators. M. Bardanou was, in fact, a native of the south. Chance alone had led him to Oberhausberg, where he had set up, exactly opposite the inn, a hair-dresser's shop, on the blue window-shutters of which were inscribed, in words which we may translate, "Hair-cutting and shaving done here at *all* prices;" and "Shaving performed after the fashion of Marseilles."

Mingling among the inquisitive group of idlers who had gathered around the door of the inn, the hair-dresser bore his part in the general conversation, in a species of German which we can best describe by saying that it was the Alsatian dialect spoken with a strong Provençal accent.

"Have *you* seen the traveller, Monsieur Bardanou?" inquired an old woman, whose basket, laden with thread, needles, and laces, designated her trade as pedler.

"Of course I have, Mother Hartmann," replied the hair-dresser; "he is a very grand-looking man, but I have some doubts as to his brains—more money than wit, I suspect."

Now Bardanou was critic-general of the neighborhood, and had a fancy for saying ill-natured things, merely to show his cleverness; for it always looks clever to find fault.

"Hold your tongue, Bardanou; he is a baron!" interrupted a merry laughing voice.

Bardanou looked around, and perceived the goddaughter of Master Töpfer, who had just made her appearance at the door of the inn. "A baron!" he repeated; "who told you that, Nicette?"

"The tall footman who accompanies him," replied the young girl. "He declared that Morsieur le Baron could not dine in the common eating-room, and that he must have everything carried up to the large balconied sitting-room."

The gossips raised their heads: the room of which Nicette spoke was directly above them, and the window was open, but the closed curtains prevented the indulgence of idle curiosity.

"So it is in that room you have laid the cover for him?" inquired Mother Hartmann, pointing to the balconied apartment.

"No, *I* did not lay it," replied the young girl. "Monsieur le Baron did not choose to have anything to say either to our porcelain ware or our crystal glasses. He always carries about with him a service of plate; and I have just seen his valet taking it out of an ebony chest."

A murmur of surprise and admiration arose amongst the crowd; the Provençal alone shrugged his shoulders. "That is to say that Monsieur le Baron cannot either eat or drink like other Christians," he ironically rejoined: "he must have a room to himself and a service of plate! The great King Solomon might well say, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'"

"Come now, Bardanou, you are again going to speak ill of your neighbor," interrupted Nicette with a smile.

"Of my neighbor!" repeated the hair-dresser. "And do you call this baron, then, my neighbor? I know him well enough already: your great man! he is like all the nobles whom we see passing this way. Did you hear how he called to his valet, who had stayed behind to speak to Master Töpfer? Depend upon it that baron is a regular tyrant."

"Ah! what makes you say that, Bardanou?" exclaimed Nicette. "I hope you may be mistaken! Do you know what is bringing him into the Duchy of Baden?"

"Not at all."

"His servant told me," replied Nicette, lowering her voice: "he is going to be married."

"To be married!"

"Yes; to the richest heiress in the country, a widow"—

"With whom doubtless he is not acquainted."

"I know nothing about that."

"You may be sure he is not acquainted with her. Those kind of people marry, as one carries on commerce, by a correspondence: they only think of satisfying their avarice."

"Hold your tongue, Bardanou," exclaimed Nicette, impatiently; "you are always ready to think evil of others without knowing them."

"And I generally think worse of them when I do know them," added the southern.

"You know, however, very well, that *all* the world do not marry for the sake of enriching themselves," replied the young girl, slightly coloring and turning away: "there are yet some to be found who only consult their feelings."

"Like me, for instance," added Bardanou gaily, as he took her hand and drew her towards him.

"That has nothing to say to it," hastily replied the young maiden.

"Pardon me, though, but it has," exclaimed the Provençal. "You know very well, Nicette, that *I* am no seeker after wealth, and that I do not admire you one whit the less because Master Töpfer has declared that he cannot give you any portion. But then I am an original, my dear; as your godfather says, a philosopher. I have ideas upon all these matters which are quite different from those of other people. And so surely my blood boils when I see men like your fine baron there, in whose hands fortune is only an instrument of vanity, tyranny, and avarice, and I cannot help thinking that if I were in their place, I should do more credit to the arrangements of Providence."

"That remains to be proved, Monsieur Bardanou," observed the old pedler woman; "fortune alters characters strangely sometimes."

"When one has no solid principles," exclaimed the Provençal; "when one allows one's self to be driven about like a shuttlecock by every passing wind. But I know my own mind, and how things ought to be, Mother Hartmann: I have a philosophy of my own. If I were to become rich in a single moment now, you see I should no more be changed by it than the church clock. You would always see me as just, as disinterested, and as friendly as I am now."

Bardanou was interrupted in this imaginary catalogue of his own virtues, by the

appearance at the door of the hotel of the identical traveller who had given rise to the above conversation. He was a man of about forty years of age, stout, somewhat bald, and whose heavy features would have revealed his German descent, even if his strong accent had allowed of the slightest doubt remaining on the subject. But notwithstanding this, his clear blue eye burned with intelligence; and prejudice alone could have prompted the judgment which the hair-dresser had so hastily passed upon him. The baron bowed in a courteous manner to the group assembled around the door, and said with a cheerful smile—"A pretty spot, gentlemen; a pretty spot, and a fine day too!" Those whom he addressed contented themselves with returning his salutation, but made no reply. The German appeared, however, to be in nowise disconcerted by this silence. "I hope," he continued, still smiling, "that the country here is fruitful, and the people happy?"

"When contentment dwells within, one can be happy anywhere," sententiously replied Bardanou.

The baron nodded assent. "The sentiment, sir, which you have now expressed, is one of deep import," he replied, in a tone of deference; "and I trust that this remark is the fruit of your own experience: he who understands so well the secret of happiness, ought himself to possess it."

"I make the best of my position," said Bardanou. "I never complain, Monsieur le Baron, seeing that when one sows complaints, one seldom reaps anything but discouragements. I cut hair, shave beards, and dress fronts, and live in hopes of some lucky chance turning up."

"And so it will," said the baron; "be sure it will come: fate has not imitated the example of your government; it has not abolished its lottery, and a good number is always to be hoped for."

"*Apropos* to lottery tickets; we have two of them," exclaimed Nicette. "What if we were to gain the château?"

"A château!" exclaimed the stranger, becoming suddenly attentive.

"Yes; with lands and forests," added Bardanou. "There was a travelling clerk who came here about three months ago from Frankfort to sell the lottery tickets, and Nicette persuaded me to take one."

"Do you mean by any chance the domain of Rovembourg?"

"Indeed I cannot tell, for I know nothing about it. I neither looked at the name nor

the number ; but doubtless I have it all written down here."

The hair-dresser took out an old pocket-book, and drew from it a prospectus and a lottery ticket. "That is the very name," he said, when he had glanced at the paper. "Domain of Rovembourg, situated about two miles from Badenwiller, at the entrance of the Black Forest. The prize was to be drawn on the 20th July."

"And it *has* been drawn," the stranger quietly replied.

"And do you know which it is?"

"Yes; 66."

Bardanou looked at his ticket, and became deadly pale. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and repeated in an anxious tone, "66! Did you say 66?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then the domain of Rovembourg is mine!" cried the hair-dresser, almost beside himself with delight.

"Yours!" repeated the baron with surprise.

"Look, only look! I have No. 66!"

He held up his ticket triumphantly, showing it to all the neighbors. The stranger's countenance changed, and he approached hastily; but when he had looked at the number, he seemed again at ease, and was evidently on the point of speaking, when suddenly he stopped, as if a thought had flashed across his mind, and looking at Bardanou with that air of good-natured archness which seemed habitual to him, he bowed in token of congratulation.

The news of Bardanou's good fortune spread quickly through the village, and he was quickly followed to his shop by a host of neighbors, who almost overwhelmed him with their congratulations. The Provençal bore this marvellous change at first pretty well; the only difference at all perceptible was, that his voice was somewhat louder than ordinary, and his affability was more dignified. The *hair-dresser* was evidently becoming transformed into the *grand seigneur*. His first step in his new character was to send for the village notary, who strongly recommended him to proceed immediately to Rovembourg. Bardanou readily assented to this proposal, and requested Master Töpfer to prepare his best post-chaise and finest horses for the journey, at the same time inviting him and Nicette to accompany him, as well as the notary, whose services would be required on the occasion. As the carriage rolled on towards its destination, Bardanou felt more and more the certainty of his bliss,

and his mind began gradually to lose its equilibrium. At the last inn at which the party stopped on the road he complained of everything: the linen was coarse, the dishes chipped, the knives and forks not fit for a gentleman to use.

At length the dark avenue of pines leading to the château of Rovembourg appeared above the horizon, and towering amidst them arose the pointed turrets of the château itself. Nicette uttered cries of admiration at the sight of the meadows, so richly spangled with flowers; the notary seemed occupied in calculating, half aloud, the income which the woods and fields would bring in; and Master Töpfer was in ecstasies at seeing the fine horses which were galloping about in the pasturages: Bardanou alone was silent. When the turrets of Rovembourg first met his eyes, a new anxiety took possession of his mind. The acquisition of a title now seemed to him a necessary appendage to his new possessions; without it, Monsieur Bardanou would never be anything more than a wealthy plebeian. The reflections of the hair-dresser had reached their culminating point when his equipage drew up at the gate of the château. Nicette proposed that they should get out; but Bardanou was resolved to enter his new dwelling in style. They must wait till the porter, who was absent, should return to open the gate for the post-chaise to enter the court-yard amidst the cracking of whips and the tingling of the bells. Bardanou had learned from the porter that the family man-of-business was not expected from Frankfort for a couple of days, but that Madame de Randoux, niece of the former proprietor, was in the château. This lady soon made her appearance on the steps, where she received the Provençal with all the ready grace of an accomplished woman of the world, and at the same time with all the simple friendliness of a *bourgeoise*. Madame de Randoux was a widow of about twenty-five years of age, with a pleasing rather than handsome countenance, with elegant manners, and her conversation full of interest. She was equally courteous to the companions of Bardanou as to himself, and led the whole party into a rich saloon adorned in the style of Louis XIV. Here the hair-dresser found the baron, who had preceded them by some hours, and whom the widow presented to him as an old friend. Refreshments were served, and Bardanou did full justice to them, with a certain ease of manner which showed that he felt he was only partaking of his own. Madame de Ran-

doux afterwards proposed that they should visit the demesne, and ordered horses to her carriage, inviting Nicette and the baron to accompany them. Her offer was joyfully accepted; and Bardanou expressed himself tolerably well satisfied with the property, talked of improvements, embellishments, &c.; and ended by declaring that he wished to make Rovembourg a truly princely residence.

As they drove round the place, Madame de Randoux gaily expressed her approbation of his plans; the baron gave his assent in a more reserved manner. Bardanou began to suspect that he was jealous of him, and made up his mind that he would by no means spare so unworthy a feeling. Consequently he continued to affect the airs of a grand seigneur, complained of the roads, the bad state of the fences, and the negligence of the foresters. Nicette continually interrupted him by pleading some excuse for those concerned; but Bardanou, who thought that a systematic course of complaint gave a certain air of dignity, stopped her mouth by an injunction not to interfere about matters which were above her comprehension, and the frightened girl dared not say another word upon the subject. On their return to the castle things were still worse. The *cidévant* hair-dresser found the furniture poor, the attendance inefficient. When the hour of repose drew on, he was conducted to the finest apartment of the castle, where an alcoved bed had been prepared for him. The walls were hung with portraits representing the successive lords of the castle. Bardanou saluted them with a respect amounting almost to veneration, such as he would have felt for his ancestors. In fact he was almost beginning to feel himself the legitimate descendant of the House of Rovembourg. It was late in the night before he fell asleep; and then in dreams he saw himself at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden, his breast covered with crosses and ribbons. When he awoke, the day was already far advanced. He was about to rise in haste, when he suddenly remembered that it was not suitable for a man of his quality to dress himself without assistance. He rung for the valet-de-chambre, who immediately appeared, and began to perform all the duties of the toilet, according to the established rules of etiquette. Bardanou, who was not willing to appear ignorant of the habits of a seigneur, bore the whole operation patiently; only, when it came to the hair-dressing part of the arrangement, the remembrance of his former trade overcame his sense of dignity, and snatching

the comb out of the hands of his German valet, he gave him a practical lesson on the *coiffure* of a gentleman. At length, his toilet being completed, he went down to the garden, where he perceived Madame de Randoux, who was returning from a morning walk. The young widow was dressed in an elegant *négligée*, and wore on her head one of the Black Forest hats, whose wide brim reached to her shoulders. She advanced, holding in her hand a little bouquet of wild flowers, and singing, half aloud an old Swabian melody. Bardanou hastened forward to salute her, and kissed her hands, as he had seen it done at the theatre. The pretty widow received him very graciously, and gave him an account of her ramble through the adjoining copse. In the course of her conversation Madame de Randoux gave him to understand that she was deeply grieved at her uncle having consented before his death to dispose by lottery of Rovembourg, which had hitherto been an heir-loom in their family. The 200,000 florins which this speculation added to her dowry was far from appearing to her a sufficient recompense for her loss. She would infinitely rather *sacrifice* 20,000 florins out of her *own* fortune to enter again into the possession of Rovembourg and its dependencies.

Bardanou understood that this statement of her wishes was meant as an indirect hint to himself; but he had already acquired too great a taste for playing the part of lord of the manor, to be willing to exchange his newly-acquired privilege for a sum of money.

He replied to Madame de Randoux with a smile, that although Rovembourg had changed proprietors, it was not the less entirely at her service, and that he hoped she would continue to dispose of it as freely as she had hitherto done. The widow bowed with a graceful but impatient air.

"I see you do not choose to understand me," she said with a smile: "you wish *me* to be your guest at Rovembourg, whilst I rather desire you to be mine."

"Of what consequence is it which is the host," gallantly observed the Provençal, "provided only you feel yourself at home?"

"At home!" gaily replied Madame de Randoux: "you would be well punished if I were to take you at your word."

"How so, madame?"

"Because a stranger is always in the way with a newly-married couple."

Bardanou made a movement of surprise.

"Pardon me," she added; "perhaps, it is

a secret ; but Mademoiselle Nicette has been the first to betray it."

"Why, really," exclaimed the hair-dresser, somewhat embarrassed, "it was as yet only a project"—

"Which there is now nothing to prevent you from putting in execution?"

"That is true."

"And I think that Mademoiselle Nicette would remind you, if it were necessary, of your engagement ; for she would find it difficult to replace you, Monsieur *de* Bardanou?"

The hair-dresser bowed, coloring with joy. It was the first time that this glorious little word (which designated him as noble) had been added to his name. At this moment Madame de Randoux appeared to him radiant with beauty.

"The end of the whole matter is," continued she, "that I must abandon all hope of ever again returning to my beloved Rovembourg ; and yet Heaven knows how much I would have sacrificed to retain it. What would you say, Monsieur Bardanou, if I were to own to you that I was on the point of sacrificing the whole happiness of my future life to this one object?"

The Provençal felt almost bewildered, and could only stammer out a few disjointed sentences.

"Yes," resumed the widow, as if she were replying to his unuttered thoughts, "the happiness of my whole life. You have seen the Baron de Robach—the gentleman whose arrival here preceded yours by a few hours?"

Bardanou replied in the affirmative.

"Well, he is an old family friend, who has always been much attached to me, and who even seemed somewhat annoyed at my union with Monsieur Randoux. Since my widowhood, he has rendered me many services, and has repeatedly made me an offer of his hand ; but liberty was sweet to me ; I shrunk from the thought of a second marriage, and constantly refused him. At length, however, when Rovembourg was put up to lottery, he perceived my distress at the prospect of leaving it, and playfully urged me to marry him if he won the château. I consented to do so ; and he consequently took tickets to the amount of 50,000 florins. Until the day of drawing I feared his being the winner ; but now I am foolish enough to regret its having passed into other hands, and feel as if I should hardly have purchased it too dearly, even at the price of my hand."

A sudden thought flashed across Bardanou's mind : he saw his fortune tripled, his position in life established—it was a second

prize in the lottery—it would be madness not to take advantage of such an opportunity. He ventured, at first tremblingly, then with more confidence, to hint his wishes to the widow. She listened to him with hesitation, but apparently not altogether with indifference. Intoxicated by the visions of greatness which floated before his mind, he forgot the attachment of the innkeeper's daughter, and the ties which bound them together. He hastened into the château, and sought Nicette ; but he did not seem to consider himself called upon even to offer any justification of his conduct.

Forgetting all that had passed between them, he spoke to Nicette as to a protégée whose happiness he would gladly insure. He had no desire to be the only one to profit by the happy chance which had enriched him ; he was resolved to give her a liberal portion, and to provide for the happy man whom she might select as her partner for life. The poor young girl listened at first with perplexity ; but by degrees, as Bardanou continued speaking, light broke in upon her mind, and with it came a grief so poignant, that she was totally unprepared for it. Still she was silent. With quivering lips and tearful eyes she listened patiently to all the fine promises of the Provençal ; and when he had finished, she calmly rose and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going, Nicette?" inquired Bardanou, startled by her silence.

"I am going to return home with my godfather," was her only reply.

"And why must you go so soon?" continued the hair-dresser.

Nicette made no reply, but she left the room. Bardanou felt heavy at heart. However he might seek to blind himself, the silent reproaches of conscience made themselves heard within, and his *feelings* protested against the casuistry of his reasoning. He rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty strides, vainly striving to recover his wonted calmness. Each moment he grew sadder and more discontented. It seemed a relief to him when he remembered, all on a sudden, that he had not yet tasted any food. He rung the bell ; but when the footman appeared, he informed him that every one in the house had already breakfasted. Bardanou, who only wanted some pretext to vent his ill-humor, expressed his displeasure at not having been duly summoned to the morning repast. The footman replied that Monsieur le Baron had given him no orders on the subject. This was the signal for an explo-

sion of anger on the part of our Provençal friend.

"The baron!" he exclaimed. "And since when, may I ask, sir, have you learnt that you must await the commands of the baron to attend on me? Which is master here—he or I? To whom does Rovembourg belong?"

"I know nothing about it as yet," the footman brusquely replied.

"Ah, so you know nothing about it!" repeated Bardanou exasperated. "Well, then, I will soon teach you to know, you blackguard. Leave this place; leave it directly, and never venture to let me set eyes on you again."

The footman was about to make some reply, but the baron, who entered at that moment, made a sign to him, and he retired.

"You treat this poor fellow very roughly, Monsieur Bardanou," said he, closing the door behind him.

"I shall treat him in whatever way I choose," proudly replied the Provençal; "and I think I have some ground for astonishment that any one should venture to give orders here besides myself."

"In the first place," politely replied the baron, "I would beg of you to observe that, as executor of the former proprietor of Rovembourg, the administration of the affairs of the château was placed in my hands until the arrival of the new possessor."

"And I would beg of *you* to observe," remarked the hair-dresser, "that the new possessor is here."

"And from thence you come to the conclusion"—

"That every one should be master in his own house."

The baron bowed. "Incontestably so," he replied. "It only remains to be seen in *whose* house we are."

"In whose house?" repeated the astonished Bardanou. "Surely, Monsieur de Robach cannot pretend ignorance on that head, since it was he who first informed me what number drew the prize?"

"I remember it perfectly."

"And most probably you have not forgotten either that this number was 66; and that here it is, Monsieur le Baron, in my possession."

The latter bent forward to look at the ticket which the hair-dresser presented for his inspection. "Pardon me," said he, "but I think Monsieur Bardanou has made a slight mistake."

"How so?"

"I fancy that he has not noticed that on his ticket the dots precede the ciphers instead of following them."

"Well, and what of that?"

"Only that Monsieur Bardanou has unfortunately read his number upside down, and that this number is 99!"

"99!" repeated the terrified hair-dresser. "What are you saying? But then what of 66?"

"Here it is," replied the baron, showing another ticket.

"What! yours?"

"Yes; the authenticity of the ticket has been recognized by the administration at Frankfort itself; all the formalities have been gone through; here is the deed which places me in full possession of the demesne of Rovembourg."

He handed to the Provençal a paper covered with stamps, seals, and signatures. Bardanou tried to peruse it, but a cloud obscured his sight; his whole frame trembled with emotion; he was obliged to sit down. The fall had been as sudden as the previous elevation, and he felt his strength failing him. However, when the first moment of bewilderment had passed away, he started up; his depression was succeeded by anger and doubt. He looked the baron full in the face. "Then you deceived me at Oberhausberg?" he exclaimed.

"Say rather that I left you undisturbed in your error," replied M. de Robach.

"It was treacherous and cruel," interrupted Bardanou.

"No," interposed the baron, quietly; "only a chastisement and a lesson. Seated in the balcony of the hotel, behind a curtain which concealed me, I heard you pronouncing judgment on me without knowing me, and accusing the rich in general of vanity, tyranny, ingratitude, and cupidity, and boasting that you would not yourself fall into these errors if fortune were to favor you in your turn. A curious chance led you to suppose that your desire was actually accomplished. I wished to see whether your principles were as strong as you believed them to be, and therefore suffered the illusion to continue."

"And so, then, it *was* a delusion after all?" repeated Bardanou, in a tone of despair, whilst he kept his eyes fixed upon the ticket.

"Yes," replied M. de Robach, more seriously; "but what is *not* an illusion, is the line of conduct you have pursued from the moment in which you imagined yourself to

be the proprietor of Rovembourg. Since yesterday, tell me, I pray you, which of us has shown himself the most full of pride? Which has been most imperious and hard towards his inferiors? In which of us did Madame de Randoux's position awaken feelings of cupidity? And by whom has Nicette been cast off with cold ingratitude because she was poor?" The hair-dresser hung down his head, overwhelmed with shame. "You now see," continued the baron, "that one must learn to be more indulgent towards others, and more distrustful of one's self. All men bear within themselves the germs of the same weaknesses, but different positions may develop them under different forms. You must learn to excuse the rich man when he forgets himself so far as to become hardened by prosperity; and he must forgive his poorer brother if adversity sometimes sours his temper, and excites in him feelings of envy or ill-will. The best means of improving the different classes of society is, not by opposing them to each other, but by seeking to enlighten each according to its respective needs."

"And it was to convey to me this lesson that Monsieur le Baron has exposed me to this reverse of fortune?" bitterly exclaimed Bardonau. "He has been pleased to make me a subject for his observations; he desired to perform an experiment upon living flesh and blood, without disturbing himself about the results to which such an essay might lead."

"Pardon me, Monsieur Bardonau," said M. de Robach; "Madame de Randoux, who bore a part in this mystification, has already

repaired the misery you might have brought upon yourself; and the best proof of her success is, that here she is, bringing you back Nicette."

The god-daughter of old Töpfer made her appearance at this moment with the widow. The latter had found no difficulty in consoling the simple girl by persuading her that Bardonau's rupture with her was only a trial of her love, that the demesne of Rovembourg did not belong to him, and that he loved her better than ever. Nicette believed everything that was told her; and the Provençal, ashamed of his conduct, received her with a tenderness so full of humility, that it affected her even to tears. Whilst this explanation was taking place, the baron was speaking to Master Töpfer, and inducing him to consent to the marriage of Nicette, whom he expressed his intention to portion with a dowry of 8000 florins.

The newly betrothed couple set off the same evening on their return to Oberhausberg, where their marriage was duly celebrated about a month later. The lesson he had received, proved of essential service to Bardonau, without, however, altogether curing him of his disposition to criticise. He was still at times disposed to give way to violent declamation against the rich and the powerful; but at such moments the thought of Rovembourg would suddenly flash across his mind, and at the remembrance of his own weakness, he became more lenient in his judgment of others, and would cheerfully return to the duties of his appointed station.

TAXATION.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR has addressed the following letter on this subject to the London *Examiner*:—"It is not only in war there are panics; there are panics in peaceful fields. A rumor is now abroad that our taxes are to be increased; and men begin to ask, *in what direction? and who are to be the sufferers?* If there are to be new taxes, they will press in all directions, and there are few who will not be sufferers; but the fear of such an event is idle and ungrounded. Even those who benefit by the taxes would draw back from such an apparition. They would see the insecurity of all their property, whatever form it might take,

and to whatever quarter it might seem to tend. Agriculture bears at present the greater part of the burden, and is resolved to bear no more. Commerce is crippled and impotent. To enforce more taxes, even supposing the Parliament so corrupt or so shortsighted as to vote them, would require an accession to our military establishment. Napoleon in Russia employed the greater part of his cavalry in collecting provisions for his army. They did collect a small quantity of provisions, just enough for themselves and their horses; but they were cut to pieces in their retreat. Will history give lessons to children, and never to men?"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

THE most interesting epoch in Lord Nelson's life was undoubtedly, both in its duration and details, his connection with the court of Naples. Bastia, St. Vincent's, Copenhagen, the Nile, and a host of other names stand out with a meteoric light, only eclipsed by the ever-memorable Trafalgar. But the friendly support given by the British Admiral to an imbecile and corrupt monarchy, the inglorious attempt on the part of the boastful Neapolitans—of all nations the least warlike—to throw off the yoke of the French, the evasions and restorations of the royal family, the gradual subjugation of England's bravest officer to the wiles and enchantments of the climate and society, and the influence of the attachment there formed upon his subsequent acts and whole career, impart an interest to this portion of his life, that is, in certain points of view, unequalled by any other.

The whole of these transactions stand forth now in their true light as a wasteful expenditure of treasure, talent, courage, and blood, and as especially in every one respect unworthy of a great nation. "No circumstances," says Southey, "could be more unfavorable to the best interests of Europe, than those which placed England in strict alliance with the superannuated and abominable governments of the continent. The subjects of those governments who wished for freedom thus became enemies to England, and dupes and agents of France. They looked to their own grinding grievances, and did not see the danger with which the liberties of the world were threatened. England, on the other hand, saw the danger in its true magnitude, but was blind to these grievances, and found herself compelled to support systems which had formerly been equally the object of her abhorrence and contempt."

The consequence was inevitable failure, yet persistence on our part in a false step once taken. When Jerome Buonaparte was King of Naples, £300,000 sterling was paid to the Sicilian court in yearly subsidy, until the character of the English nation suffered

from so enormous an expenditure upon Neapolitan spies and Calabrian homicides, and a catastrophe was brought about, by the forcible removal from Sicily, by her long-tried friends—the British—of Queen Maria Caroline, daughter of Maria Theresa, and with Lady Hamilton, head of the whole offending. Strangely similar was the fate of two of the handsomest and most intriguing women of the day. An obscure death to the one, a friendless and penniless death-bed to the other!

Lord Nelson first visited Naples in 1793, when he was despatched thither by Lord Hood. Mr. Pettigrew speaks in the following terms of the gallant admiral's first acquaintanceship with the king and court, and with Sir William Hamilton, the British minister.

"The king and the court were lavish in their praises of the English—the saviours of Italy,' as they were called. The king paid Nelson the most marked attention, and intrusted to him 'the handsomest letter that can be penned, in his own hand,' to Lord Hood, and offered 6000 troops to assist in the preservation of Toulon. Here, too, Nelson first saw Lady Hamilton, who afterwards exercised such remarkable influence over him, and which extended to the last moments of his existence. As the principal part of the correspondence from 1798 to that lamented time will form the chief portion of novelty offered by these volumes, and to which the present pages may be considered as preparatory and essential to complete the series of events which distinguished the career of this illustrious hero, it will not be out of place, nor uninteresting, to insert the account (which, however, it must be recollected, was written under the eye of Lady Hamilton) of the manner and the circumstances under which he was introduced to her:—"Sir William, on returning home, after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man, who could not boast of being very handsome, but who would become the greatest man that England ever produced. I know it from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in

the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Nelson is stated to have been equally impressed with Sir William Hamilton's merits: "You are," he said, "a man after my own heart; you do business in my own way; I am now only captain, but if I live, I will be at the top of the tree." To Mrs. Nelson he thus simply notices Lady H.: "Lady Hamilton has been wonderfully kind and good to Josiah. She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honor to the station to which she is raised."

"Thus began," says Southey, who relates the same anecdote, "that acquaintance which ended in the destruction of Nelson's happiness."

Nelson did not return to Naples till after the battle of the Nile, and never was any hero, on his return from victory, welcomed with more heartfelt joy. It is only by extracts from the correspondence of the time, that any idea can be formed of the enthusiasm excited in the breasts both of the queen and of Lady Hamilton, in favor of the hero.

On the 22nd of September, Nelson arrived at Naples. The king came out three leagues to meet him, and was preceded by Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Nelson has himself recorded the circumstances of this remarkable interview in a letter to lady Nelson. He says:

"I must endeavor to convey to you something of what passed; but if it were so affecting to those who were only united to me by bonds of friendship, what must it be to my dearest wife, my friend, my everything which is most dear to me in this world? Sir William and Lady Hamilton came out to sea, attended by numerous boats with emblems, &c. They, my most respectable friends, had nearly been laid up and seriously ill; first from anxiety, and then from joy. It was imprudently told Lady Hamilton in a moment, and the effect was like a shot; she fell apparently dead, and is not yet perfectly recovered from severe bruises. Alongside came my honored friends; the scene in the boat was terribly affecting; up flew her ladyship, and exclaiming, "Oh God! is it possible?" she fell into my arm more dead than alive. Tears, however, soon set matters to rights; when alongside came the king. The scene was, in its way, as interesting; he took me by the hand, calling me his "deliverer and preserver," with every other expression of kindness. In short, all Naples calls me "Nostro Liberatore;" my greeting from the lower classes was truly affecting. I hope some day to have the pleasure of introducing you to Lady Hamilton; she is one of the very best women in this world; she is an honor to her sex. Her kindness, with Sir William's, to me, is more than I can express: I am in their house, and I may now tell you, it required all the kindness of my friends to set me up. Lady Hamilton intends writing to you.

May God Almighty bless you, and give us, in due time, a happy meeting."

Human nature is of a compound, not of simple character. Even love is mostly commingled with other feelings. Respect, friendship, affections, and sympathies founded upon a variety of incidental circumstances play their part in the great passion of life. It is even well-known that piety can be accessory to love. Lady Hamilton's first feelings towards Nelson were evidently those of regard for him as a brave and clever man, and those feelings were enhanced by a great enthusiasm in the cause of the Queen of Naples, and no small amount of true patriotism. The most beautiful woman of her time, she was also gifted with remarkable talent, quick apprehension, and exceedingly warm and ardent feelings. Her anxiety in the cause had already manifested itself in the most unmistakable manner, in obtaining from the Queen of Naples an order for the fleet to victual and water, which at the very moment had been publicly refused to the minister for fear of breaking with France. Mr. Pettigrew enters at length into this question in his appendix, as one of the undoubted claims which Lady Hamilton perished without ever seeing acknowledged, by a little grateful government. There is no doubt that Nelson always avowed that but for that assistance he could not have gone in pursuit of the French fleet, nor would the battle of the Nile ever have been fought.

The feeling experienced by Lady Hamilton, on hearing of the victory gained by a friend for whom she had exerted herself, even to bending on her knees—suppliant before the queen—and the emotions experienced on beholding the wounded and suffering hero, were of too strong a nature to be trimmed to the formality ordained by a strict social etiquette. The previous career of this remarkable woman was no less opposed to such subjugation of the inclinations. Lady Hamilton became Lord Nelson's nurse; admiration of the hero, the most friendly anxiety for his welfare, and a tender solicitude for his recovery, were hence all commingled to produce an affection of a warmer kind.

On the other hand Lord Nelson's fine principles and manly intellect abhorred the profligacy and corruption of the court of Naples. His designation of the country in a letter to Earl St. Vincent dated the 30th of September, 1798, has been handed down to posterity in every life written of the hero. The devotedness, however, of Sir William

and Lady Hamilton reconciled him to his detention there.

Mr. Pettigrew is at some pains to show that that unfortunate passion which was destined to have so much influence upon Nelson's subsequent conduct, had no existence till this period. If so, it certainly gained rapidly in strength upon the excitement of success; or how can we explain the conduct of Captain Josiah Nisbett, his step-son, at the *fête* given by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, on the birth-day of Nelson, September 29, 1798, seven days after Nelson's arrival at Naples, and in which Captain Nisbett appears to have been goaded to such an extreme indignation, and to have conducted himself with so much violence, that Captain Troubridge and another officer were under the necessity of removing him from the room. It remained for Lady Hamilton to effect a reconciliation, under the plea of accidental inebriety.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the charms both of person and intellect that belonged to this most fascinating woman. One portion of her very remarkable life had been devoted to exhibiting herself as perfect model of health and beauty. Romney, the Royal Academician, equally fascinated by the powers of her mind and the symmetry of her form, selected her as the subject of many of his most esteemed paintings.

No regular attempt, however, at the cultivation of Emma's powers was made till she was already somewhat advanced in life, when, under the tuition of proper instructors, she rapidly attained great perfection. Under the guidance of Sir William Hamilton—a man of taste and learning—and residing in a land so favored as Italy, she had many further opportunities of improving herself, and she not only maintained the most confidential intercourse with the Queen of Naples, but the friendship that existed between the queen and the minister's wife was of the most ardent character.

"Young and beautiful," says Mr. Pettigrew, "with a knowledge of the world derived under circumstances, and attended by consequences anything but agreeable to reflect upon, or calculated to excite satisfaction—versed in its most seductive fascinations, and intellectually gifted with taste for the fine arts, and with powers for the most effectual display of grace and beauty—enthusiastic in her devotion to noble and generous acts, and sensibly alive to the honor and glory of her country, it is not surprising that Nelson should have felt the power of her influence. Simple in his manners, and pure in his nature—warm and generous in his feelings—unskilled in

the arts of the world—and, by his professional engagements, unaccustomed to any but the most limited society, it is not extraordinary that he should have fallen under the blandishments of a syren."

The French ambassador having urged strongly upon the Neapolitan court their breach of faith in supplying the British fleet at Syracuse, contrary to treaty, Lady Hamilton availed herself at this juncture, whilst the court was flushed with joy at the victory of the Nile, to exercise her influence still further on the queen, and to urge upon her the rash scheme of breaking altogether with the French. The queen, who had been obliged to cede to the necessity of receiving an envoy from that nation which was tinged with the blood of her sister, her brother-in-law, and her nephew, tailed not to enter, in the most lively manner, into these proposals, and communicated them to the king. Nelson himself must, however, take his share of blame (if it can be so called where all the blame attaches itself to the cowardice and incapability of the Neapolitans) in these untoward transactions; for it appears that there was much hesitation on the occasion, as, on the 14th of November, Nelson writes to Earl Spencer that he had been present at the deliberations with the king, General Mack, and Sir John Acton, and that a disposition appeared to exist, in consequence of want of assurance of support from the Emperor of Austria, to wait until the French had made further aggressions. Nelson boldly told the king, "either to advance, trusting to God for his blessing on a just cause, to die with *l'épée à la main*, or remain quiet and be kicked out of *your* kingdoms."

An army of 35,000 men was raised and marched from St. Germain under the command of General Mack, the king himself accompanying it. Nelson always entertained an unfavorable opinion of this General Mack. "General Mack," he says, "cannot move without five carriages. I have formed an opinion. I heartily pray I may be mistaken."—*Letter to Earl Spencer*. At a Neapolitan review, the general manœuvred his troops so cleverly, that in directing the operations of a feigned fight, his own troops became surrounded by those of the enemy. Nelson, who observed this, immediately exclaimed, "This fellow does not understand his business."

Nelson effected an important diversion by sea at the same time that General Mack advanced to the encounter by land. He sailed on the 22d of November, with a small

squadron, in company with the Portuguese squadron, having 5123 Neapolitan troops on board. On this day, the 22d of November, he addressed one of his characteristic laconic notes to Lady Hamilton.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"Not being able to get our anchor out of the ground, allow me to say on paper that I am your and Sir William's affectionate friend. May God Almighty bless and protect you both, is the fervent prayer of your

NELSON.

"Thursday, noon."

In connection with the Neapolitan general, Nelson summoned the town of Leghorn, and it surrendered. Possession of it was immediately taken, and also of the fortress.

Nelson left Leghorn on the 30th, and returned to Naples on the 5th of December. It is almost needless to add, that once the gallant admiral away, and the Neapolitans left to themselves, they were ignominiously defeated. The position of the country from that moment became critical. The news of the defeat of the royal army produced riotous proceedings at Naples, and some murders were the consequence. The royal family took alarm, and it became necessary to concert measures for their safety. Nelson's feelings at the time exhibited a curious jumble of indignation at the cowardly and treacherous conduct of the Neapolitans, of personal resolution and defiance, and yet of secret pleasure at being able to relieve and to protect those already so dear to him. On the 17th of December, he wrote to his Excellency, Spencer Smith, at Constantinople:

"I have had the charge of the Two Sicilies entrusted to me, and things are come to that pitch that I do not know that the whole royal family, with 3000 Neapolitan *émigrés*, will not be under the protection of the king's flag this night."

On the following day he wrote to Earl Spencer:

"There is an old saying, that 'when things are at the worst they must mend.' Now, the mind of man cannot fancy things worse than they are here; but, thank God, my health is better, my mind never firmer, and my heart in the right trim to comfort, relieve, and protect those who it is my duty to afford assistance to."

It is unquestionable, however, that the very person whom Nelson most longed to protect, was also the chief agent through whose instrumentality the measures devised for the safety of the royal family were carried into

effect, and that at much peril and great sacrifices. A hurried letter of Lady Hamilton to Lord Nelson, says Mr. Pettigrew, is now before me. It runs thus:

"MY DEAR LORD,

"I have this moment received a letter from my adorable queen. She is arrived with the king. She has much to do to persuade him, but he approves of all *our projects*. She is worn out with fatigue. To-morrow I will send you her letter. God bless you!

Yours, sincerely."

No signature, but in Lady Hamilton's handwriting.

In a letter addressed to the Earl St. Vincent, the original of which is in the Admiralty, Nelson gives several particulars relating to the escape of the royal family:

The embarkation of the royal family, &c., was safely effected, he says, chiefly by the correspondence carried on between the queen and Lady Hamilton—a correspondence which caused no suspicion, as letters had been daily passing between them for a considerable time. Neither Lord Nelson nor Sir William Hamilton appeared at court, as their movements were minutely watched by the Jacobins. By night Lady Hamilton received the jewels and property of the queen and royal family, in value, it is said, amounting to full £2,500,000 sterling. Southey says: "Lady Hamilton, like a heroine of romance, explored, with no little danger, a subterraneous passage leading from the palace to the sea-side: through this passage the royal treasures, the choicest pieces of painting and sculpture, and other property to the amount of two millions and a half, were conveyed to the shore, and stowed safely on board the English ships."

To effect, however, the safe departure of the royal family, together with the property which had thus been conveyed on board the ships, it is obvious, as before said, many sacrifices must have been necessarily made. The ambassador was obliged to abandon his house, together with all the valuables it contained, nor was he able to convey away a single article. The private property of Sir William and Lady Hamilton was voluntarily left to prevent discovery of the proceeding, and this, Lady Hamilton estimated at £9000 on her own account, and not less than £30,000 on that of Sir William. To show the caution and secrecy required in thus getting away, Lady Hamilton says:

"I had, on the night of our embarkation, to attend the party given by Kelim Effendi, who was

sent by the Grand Signior to Naples, to present Nelson with the Chelongh, or Plume of Triumph. I had to steal from the party, leaving our carriages and equipage waiting at his house, and in about fifteen minutes to be at my post, where it was my task to conduct the royal family through the subterraneous passage, to Nelson's boats, by that moment waiting for us on the shore. The season for this voyage was extremely hazardous, and our miraculous preservation is recorded by the admiral upon our arrival at Palermo."

The *Vanguard* sailed on the 24th of December with their Sicilian majesties and family, the ambassadors and suite, and many of the Neapolitan nobility on board, followed by the *Archimedes*, a Neapolitan 74, the *Sannite* corvette, and about twenty sail of merchantmen, laden with fugitives and their effects. The next day, one of the royal children, the Prince Albert, was taken ill, in the morning, and died in Lady Hamilton's arms.

The *Vanguard* arrived at Palermo on the 26th, and at 5 o'clock, A. M., Lord Nelson attended the queen and princesses on shore. Earl St. Vincent addressed Lady Hamilton upon this occasion as follows:

"Rosia House, Gibraltar,
"17th January, 1799.

"MY DEAR LADY HAMILTON,

"I shall never cease to admire the magnanimous conduct of your royal friend and self during the late severe trials at Naples, and during your short voyage to Palermo. The page of history will be greatly enriched by the introduction of this scene in it; for the greatness of both your minds, and the firmness and ability shown in the most critical situation that ever two human beings were placed in, surpasses all that we read of. May Heaven have in store blessings for you both! Base, indeed, must be the Briton who will not sacrifice the last drop of his blood for the preservation of two such exalted characters.

"God bless you, my dear madam, and enable you to persevere in the comfort and support of the great and amiable queen, your friend, to whom I beg you will pay my most dutiful and respectful homage, and rest assured of the most lasting regard and esteem of your ladyship's

"Truly affectionate
"ST. VINCENT."

Lord Nelson wrote also upon the occasion of losing his *protegé*, but in a different tone:

"To tell you how dreary and uncomfortable the *Vanguard* appears, is only telling you what it is to go from the pleasantest society to a solitary cell; or, from the dearest friends to no friends. I am now perfectly the *great man*—not a creature near me. From my heart I wish myself the little man again!"

Nelson, shortly after this, transferred his flag to the *Bellerophon*; next, on his promotion to rear-admiral of the red, to the *Culloden*, and then to the *Foudroyant*. It was in this last ship that he sailed with the hereditary prince and Sir William and Lady Hamilton back from Palermo to Naples. It was also on this occasion that occurred the execution of Francisco Caracciolo, concerning which a great deal more has been said than the case deserves. The man was a traitor to his king and to his country, and he died the death of a traitor.

Sir William Hamilton having been superseded and succeeded in his post as minister at Naples, early in 1800, Sir William and Lady Hamilton accompanied Lord Nelson in the *Foudroyant* from Palermo to Syracuse, and thence to Naples. This was in the latter end of April and beginning of May. The voyage was passed with great festivity, and Lady Hamilton's birth-day, April 26th, was celebrated by music and singing. Sir Edward Berry and Miss Knight, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir Joseph Knight, were the poet laureates of the occasion; but, according to Mr. Pettigrew, the gallant Nelson could also make sacrifices to the muses.

It is to this period that Mr. Pettigrew traces, with considerable *vraisemblance*, the intimacy from which sprang Horatio, born between the 29th and 31st of January, 1801, in Piccadilly. Sir William and Lady Hamilton not only accompanied Lord Nelson to Malta, but, as is well known, they all returned to England together, by Vienna and Hamburgh to Yarmouth. Lady Nelson, who had been informed by her son, Captain Nisbett, of the progress of events in the Mediterranean, did not go to Yarmouth to meet her husband—a reception which Mr. Pettigrew contrasts forcibly with that given by Lady Hamilton to Nelson on his return from the Nile; and he thinks that Lady Nelson acted unadvisedly. It is difficult, however, to imagine how she could have acted otherwise, so long as Lady Hamilton was in company with her husband.

The results of this connection were, however, as is generally the case, lamentable to all parties concerned. A separation between Lord and Lady Nelson soon became inevitable, although decided by the pet of a moment. The feigned name of Thomson, under which Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton corresponded at the period of the birth of Horatio, and which has given rise to so many misapprehensions, is well explained away by Mr. Pettigrew. Sir William Hamil-

ton died two years afterwards; and we are enabled, through the kindness of Dr. G. F. Collier, to quote from his collection an unpublished note, formerly in the possession of the Chevalier Wolf, Esq., Consul for Denmark in this country, and addressed to George Matcham, Esq., of Ashford Lodge, who married Nelson's youngest sister, his "dear Kate," as he always called her, and which shows that the victor's conscience was sharply aroused by the circumstance.

"April 6th, 1803.

"MY DEAR MR. MATCHAM,

"Our dear Sir William left this world this morning, at ten minutes past ten, in Lady Hamilton's arms, without a struggle, without a sigh. Dear Lady Hamilton is suffering very much on the occasion, and I certainly have a *twist*. War or peace seems as undecided as ever. Kind love to my sister, and

"Believe me, affectionately yours,

"NELSON and BRONTE."

Lord Nelson made his connection with Lady Hamilton a subject of history, by naming her, and his child Horatio; in a codicil to his will on the day of his death, and leaving them as a testamentary bequest to his country; but Lady Hamilton was deprived of the advantages of this codicil in her favor, by Lord Nelson's brother holding it back until a public grant had been made solely in favor of his surviving legitimate relatives; and the unfortunate lady was equally unlucky in her public claims upon the country and government, yet which claims were of the most undeniable character, and most ungratefully neglected. This once beautiful and intellectual woman, who had been the charm of every one she came in contact with, ultimately died at Calais, on the 15th of January, 1815, in great distress, and without a friend to soothe the anguish of her last moments. Mr. Pettigrew gives the following sad account of her decease, as related to him by Mrs. Hunter, of Brighton:

This excellent lady tells me, that at the time Lady Hamilton was at Calais, she was also there superintending the education of her son at the academy of Mr. Mills. She resided in the "Grande Place," and became acquainted with Monsieur de Rheims, the English interpreter, who persuaded Mrs. Hunter to take up her residence with him in his château, which was visited by many English. When Lady Hamilton fled to Calais, Monsieur de Rheims gave to her one of his small houses to live in. It was very badly furnished. Mrs. Hunter was in the habit of or-

dering meat daily at a butcher's for a favorite little dog, and on one of these occasions was met by Monsieur de Rheims, who followed her, exclaiming, "Ah! Madame, ah! Madame! I know you to be good to the English; there is a lady here would be glad of the worst bit of meat you provide for your dog." When questioned as to who the lady was, and promising that she should not want for anything, he declined telling, saying that she was too proud to see any one; besides, he had promised her secrecy. Mrs. Hunter begged him to provide her with everything she required, wine, &c., as if coming from himself, and she would pay for it. This he did for some time, until she became very ill, when he pressed her to see the lady that had been so kind to her; and upon hearing that her benefactress was not a person of title, she consented, saw her, thanked her, and blessed her. A few days after she ceased to live. This lady, describes her to me as exceedingly beautiful even in death. She was anxious to have her interred according to English custom, for which, however, she was only laughed at, and poor Emma was put into a deal box without any inscription. All that this good lady states she was permitted to do was, to make a kind of pall out of her black silk petticoat, stitched on a white curtain. Not an English Protestant clergyman was to be found in all Calais, or its vicinity; and so distressed was this lady to find some one to read the burial service over her remains, that she went to an Irish half-pay officer in the Rue du Havre, whose wife was a well-informed Irish lady. He was absent at the time, but, being sent for, most kindly went and read the service over the body. Lady Hamilton, according to the register of deaths preserved in the Town Hall, died in a house situate in the Rue Française, and was buried in a piece of ground in a spot just outside the town, formerly called the Gardens of the Duchess of Kingston, which had been consecrated, and was used as a public cemetery till 1816. This ground, which had neither wall nor fence to protect it, was some years since converted into a timber-yard, and no traces of the graves now remain. Mrs. Hunter wished to have placed a head or footstone, but was refused. She, therefore, placed a piece of wood in the shape, as she describes it to me, of a battledore, handle downwards, on which was inscribed, "Emma Hamilton, England's Friend." This was speedily removed—another placed, and also removed; and the good lady was at length threatened to be shot by the sentinel if she persisted in those offices of charity. A small tombstone was, however, afterwards placed there and was existing in 1833. Upon it, according to a little "Guide to Calais," compiled by an Englishman, was inscribed:—

. QUÆ
. CALESLE
VIA IN GALLICA VOCATA
ET IN DOMO. C. VI. OBIT
DIE XV MENSIS JANUARIII A.D. MDCCCXV.
ÆTATIS SUÆ LI.

From Fraser's Magazine.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

VERY few books have been published in France since the late revolution. Newspapers and pamphlets, in which the questions of the day are angrily debated, have been the only intellectual food of our neighbors, and the republic of letters seems to have been completely awed into silence by the unexpected appearance of her stern political sister with the Phrygian cap and uncompromising level. Pamphlets, bought for a few pence, and read in as many minutes, are as much as the Republic of 1848 can afford; her citizens have neither time nor money for the more substantial productions of literature. Only four works of any importance have made their appearance within the last few months, though it must be allowed that these form complete exceptions to the remark we have just made. Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*, St. Beuve's continuation of the *History of Port-Royal*, Lamartine's *Raphael*, and the Duc de Noailles' *Life of Madame de Maintenon*, have no connection whatever with the feelings which at present agitate French society, and throw no light on the questions, upon the solution of which its very existence seems to depend. They must appear to France like vestiges of a by-gone literary world, relics of the days before the revolutionary flood, when men and books lived longer, and authors had time to be painstaking, and readers had leisure to be patient. Monsieur de Noailles' book, especially, is a literary anachronism. There is something anti-republican in the very appearance of the work. Its lordly and marvellously well-printed volumes are just such as one would expect to see figuring in a catalogue of "royal and noble authors," or issuing from the amateur press of a Walpole. Surely this panegyric of Louis XIV., of the sovereign whom Goethe designates as "the Man-Monarch," and who is styled by Leibnitz, "the most kingly of all kings," was not written since the last members of his family became exiles from Republican France; M. de Noailles did not take his pen

off the page where he had been transcribing Bossuet's opinion on the divine right of kings, to write a vote for the Constituent Assembly; and his proof-sheets were not corrected with the roar of the cannon of June in his ears. No! these sober, well-written pages, full of patient research and careful analysis, were the offspring of more peaceful times, and were to have made their appearance under the monarchy; not, indeed, such a monarchy as M. de Noailles has taken delight in painting, but at any rate a *régime* under which his skillful, and at times eloquent, defense of Madame de Maintenon would have been appreciated. As it is, this picture of a society so firmly established presented to the view of France in the present day is curious enough. This description of the power of Louis XIV., venerated almost to adoration, forms a strange contrast with the precarious authorities of the scarce recognized Republic. The Duc de Noailles was, perhaps, the person of all others best fitted for the task he has undertaken. He was one of the most distinguished orators of the late Chamber of Peers, where he was ever a firm, though moderate, supporter of monarchical principles; descended from a niece of Madame de Maintenon, he has inherited the Château de Maintenon, and possesses, in the archives of his family, many valuable documents relative to his fair grand-aunt, of whom he is the chivalrous champion. His is a labor of love, ably and reverently accomplished. The following lines may serve as a specimen of his mode of treating the most delicate part of his subject:

"The virtue of a woman is never a seemly subject of discussion. Even those women who have been most calumniated, if properly alive to the conscious dignity of their sex, will, on so delicate a subject, think silence preferable to controversy, though this latter should furnish proofs in their favor. Praise, even, is an offense. Madame de Maintenon herself would certainly have forbidden me to reply to the outrageous libels by which she has been attacked."

This is, perhaps, more chivalrous than satisfactory; but M. de Noailles is not always so reserved, and his volumes throw light on many obscure points of his heroine's life and character. Strange to say, Madame de Maintenon is still to many persons a mysterious personage, an historical enigma. Was she a saint or a hypocrite? the last favorite of the Versailles harem, or the lawful, though unrecognized, wife of the most powerful monarch in Europe? Her letters, from which the most accurate estimate of her character might have been formed, have been given to the world in the mutilated edition published by La Beaumelle; and the general opinion of her has been derived chiefly from Protestant writers, who erroneously attributed to her influence the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, or from the *Memoirs* of the too caustic St. Simon. Even La Beaumelle's *Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon*, which sent their author to the Bastille, can scarcely be depended on, so much of romance is there mixed up with truth.

The world, too, is never indulgent towards those whose tardy elevation has only brought them into notice when the charm of youth is past. Madame de Maintenon has never been young in the eyes of posterity. The lovely Françoise d'Aubigné, the witty wife of the poet Scarron, is merged in the austere founder of St. Cyr, the imposing devotee presiding over the gloomy court of Louis XIV. in his latter years. In our injustice we are even inclined to attribute to her influence the alteration which took place in the monarch himself, and which increasing years and declining glory might sufficiently explain. We unconsciously visit on Madame de Maintenon the change which transformed the chivalrous and ardent lover of Mademoiselle de Lavallière into a cold and selfish bigot, as though his old age had been but a reflexion of that of his staid mistress; a contagion which he might have escaped in more cheerful company. But we will let Madame de Maintenon's historian speak for himself:

"We have never known Madame de Maintenon otherwise than old, in her sad-colored gown and coif; rigid and austere, domineering over a court which had become as serious as herself, and bearing, not only the weight of years, but that of the king's and her own *ennui*. Her best-known portrait by Mignard, which represents her at the age of sixty, in the character of Saint Frances the Roman, bears an expression which, though noble and dignified, is saddened and morose, and

has tended to impress her in that light on our imagination. No reflex of her youth softens to our eyes the furrows of her more advanced age; for that to be the case one should have known her young. Fortunate, indeed, are those whose image is handed down to posterity in the garb of youth and beauty. Posterity is ever disposed to judge them leniently."

M. de Noailles has adopted the best method of counteracting this unfavorable impression, by affixing to his work a portrait of Madame de Maintenon (we should say Madame Scarron) at the age of twenty-four. No arguments could have made half so many converts to the cause he defends, as this charming portrait, exquisitely engraved by Mercurj, from a miniature by Petitot. The rounded shoulder, upon which the gown is lightly clasped, is not that of a prude; the sparkling eye, full of feeling and vivacity, is not that of the narrow-minded bigot that some historians have painted. From the very first sight of that portrait we became the declared partisans of Madame de Maintenon. The testimony of her contemporaries is unanimous as to her easy wit, clear judgment, and the irresistible charm of her conversation. Madame de Sevigné, a good judge in these matters, describes her as "good, handsome, and unaffected;" and adds, "One can talk and laugh pleasantly with her." Mademoiselle de Scudéry, who would have scorned to write, save under the veil of allegory, describing her as the fair Lyriamne, says, "Her wit seemed exactly fitted to her beauty." Louis XIV. never wearied of her conversation, though accustomed to the wit and lively intercourse of the brilliant Montespan; and this latter, her rival, in spite of the promptings of jealousy, found an almost unaccountable pleasure in her society. Ninon de l'Enclos, who was no friend to pedantry or affectation, bears testimony to her great powers of pleasing. When we consider this concert of praise from the best judges of the day, it seems difficult to account for the prejudice which posterity has conceived against her, and in order to do so, we are obliged to keep in mind that such a position as hers creates for a favorite innumerable enemies. We must remember the enmity of the Duke of Orleans, (afterwards Regent,) who attributed his disgrace to her influence; the hatred of the Protestants, whom she had renounced; of the Jansenists and Quietists, whom she had equally offended; the jealousy of the princes, and still more of the princesses of the blood, who smarted under her rather sharp rebukes,

and reluctantly submitted to her severe authority. All these enmities, and the calumnies to which they gave rise, have been chronicled in the writings of La Fare, St. Simon, and of the Bavarian princess who married the Dauphin, and too readily believed. We are apt to suppose that the king must have been circumvented, and his natural judgment warped by religious scruples, before he could decide on marrying, at the age of forty-seven, a woman three years older than himself. But Time deals not with an equal hand to all. Madame de Maintenon was still handsome, and, as we have said, possessed intellectual charms, against which even half a century is powerless.

Tradition relates that Charlemagne had a beloved mistress so dear to him, that when she died no power could separate him from her dead body. Bishops and archbishops assembled to discover what potent spell had thus bewitched the powerful emperor, and lo! beneath the tongue of the deceased beauty was found a small pearl—and there lay the charm! We have always considered this legend as typical of that persuasive eloquence by which many enchantresses have ruled since the days of Charlemagne. May not the pearl which enslaves even kings have descended to Madame de Maintenon, as the throne of Charlemagne did to Louis XIV.?

The book before us is as much a history of the reign of Louis XIV. as the life of Madame de Maintenon. The author has evidently been drawn on by his subject, and although Madame de Maintenon is the principal personage, around her are grouped her most illustrious contemporaries, and the chief events of the reign in which she figured so prominently are somewhat partially, perhaps, but always ably related.

The Dutch war, the state of the literary world, the quarrels of the rival religious sects, the legitimation of the king's children, and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are all cleverly treated. On this latter question, we must be allowed to differ in some degree from the author. We are willing to admit, that at the period of the Revocation both Protestants and Catholics in other countries were equally intolerant; that liberty of conscience was not recognized generally in principle; that the laws passed in England, even at a later period, against Catholics, were quite as stringent as any of those of Louis XIV. against the Protestants; but this was no excuse for a Prince who was retracing the steps which his predecessors had taken towards religious liberty. He was

revoking a liberal concession, for which France had been ripe nearly ninety years before. He had the example of Henri IV. before his eyes; and his minister, Louvois, needed only to imitate the chancellor L'Hospital, who had preceded him by a century. We therefore think that M. de Noailles has not blamed with sufficient severity the religious persecutions, both avowed and covert, which disgraced the latter years of this reign; nor can we admit that they were as generally approved by the country at large as he would wish us to believe. Many Catholics protested against the violent means resorted to in order to obtain conversions; nor were the clergy themselves unanimous in their approbation. Be that as it may, we have in these volumes an able and concise history of the Protestant political party in France, as impartial as an enlightened but zealous Catholic can write it. In these matters, it is difficult to steer clear of both indifference and intolerance, and it is sad to think that there is much truth in the following remarks—

“It is a fact that men's ideas of toleration have ever depended, to a certain extent, on the place that religion occupies in their minds. Perfect Christianity, as well as civilization, make it incumbent on all men; but toleration is far easier to unbelievers, and they can bear with any religion, who are pretty nearly indifferent to all. We cannot boast with reason of the tolerant spirit of the present day as of a moral progress, unless it be united with the fervent faith of our forefathers. It should be remarked, that the tolerance which Rousseau and Voltaire taught, and for which they and the other Deists of the last century have been so much extolled, was in fact merely indifference to religious matters, taking its rise in incredulity.”

That the Duc de Noailles is disposed to render justice to individual Protestants, as well as Catholics, is sufficiently proved by the many pages he devotes to the life of Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's grandfather. This staunch old Huguenot is a good type of the men of his day, and although most of the particulars recorded of him are taken from his curious autobiography, the compilation is well and pleasantly made.

His adventurous life while in the service of Henri IV., to whom he was recommended as “a man who found nothing too hot, or too cold;” his duels, his narrow escapes, his religious controversies, his poetry, his pious and resigned death-bed, form a strange picture. We find him at one time disputing

against the Bishop of Evreux, at a public conference held in 1600, in presence of Henri IV. and his court; and he boasts that his arguments so perplexed the prelate "that large drops fell from his forehead on the manuscript of St. Chrysostom which he held." The subject of the controversy was the authority of the Popes; and D'Aubigné, not satisfied with his triumph, composed a Latin treatise, *De Dissidiis Patrum*, in support of his opinion. In the midst of a court, he never swerved from the rigid inflexibility of his religious tenets, and did not even spare his royal master when he thought that a statement of the truth might recall him to a sense of his duty. Soon after the abjuration of Henri, an attempt to assassinate him was made by Jean Chatel, and the knife having slightly wounded him on the lip, the uncompromising Huguenot, D'Aubigné, seized the opportunity of apostrophizing him in these words—"Sire, as yet you have renounced God only with your lips, and he is content to pierce them; should you one day renounce Him with your heart, He will surely pierce the heart." Another anecdote will show that, if D'Aubigné had the merit of frankness, his royal master possessed the far rarer quality of listening good-naturedly to the most unpleasant truths. The poor King of Navarre, who writes to Sully "that his shirts are all torn, his doublet out at elbow, and that he is glad to dine and sup with his friends right and left," could not afford to be very generous to his followers, and in consequence we find D'Aubigné often complaining of his master's parsimony. On one occasion, when he slept with his friend Laforce, in a closet adjoining the king's bed-room, he gave vent to his usual grumblings, and among other things said—"Laforce, our master is a niggardly hunk, (*un iadre vert*), and the most ungrateful mortal on earth." "What do you say?" inquired Laforce, who was getting drowsy. Upon which the king, who had overheard the conversation from his bed, called out, "He says I am a niggardly hunk, and the most ungrateful mortal on earth." Henry was not a whit less friendly to his squire on the morrow, but truth compels us to add that he gave him not one stiver the more after this lesson. From these anecdotes, the reader will see that the author is justified in writing of D'Aubigné—

"No character can give a better idea of the superabundant life and energy which animated the whole sixteenth century. He was, in turn, warrior, historian, poet, theologian, a controversialist,

even when required, ever ready to lay down the sword for the pen. He was, likewise, a true type of those rough Huguenot nobles, who, with their helmets on and sword in hand, remained in their proud independence, unflinching in their faith, and inflexible in their hatred of Popery. Even towards Henri IV. he continued to act the part of those great malecontents, the Frondeurs of the Valois court, who censured everything, would always speak their mind, or withdraw suddenly from court to have recourse to arms. Under the firm hand of Cardinal Richelieu this description of character was gradually moderated, and finally, in the submissive court of Louis XIV., became extinct in the person of the secret and mute Frondeur St. Simon, whose dissembled spleen was vented in his voluminous and long unknown memoirs."

Strictly speaking, neither the life of D'Aubigné, nor that of his scapegrace son, are necessary introductions to a history of Madame de Maintenon. They had no direct influence over her destiny; she neither inherited the virtues of her grandfather nor the vices of her father; and we suspect that M. de Noailles has been glad to use them as vehicles for exhibiting royalty in one of its most popular personifications, Henri IV. His sentiments, for which there is no name even in the French language, are those which we term "loyalty;" and he dwells with pleasure on the contrast between the two kings, Henri IV. and Louis XIV., each being in his way the glory of the French monarchy. The king-errant, winning his kingdom at the sword's point, excites the admiration of the author as much as the "Grand Monarque," raising his country to its highest pitch of glory and power.

But to return to the D'Aubignés. The severest trial of the old Huguenot, harder to bear than prison or exile, was the conduct of his only son, whom he consigns to rebuke in his memoirs by the following sentence of condemnation—"As God does not entail his grace on flesh and blood, so my eldest son, Constant D'Aubigné, in no way resembled his father, although I had taken all possible pains with his education." And, in truth, this Constant D'Aubigné was a sad character. We find him in England, thanks to his name, admitted to the secret councils of the Protestant party there, and revealing to the French government the projected expedition for the relief of La Rochelle. This conduct, which drew upon him his father's malediction, procured him favor at court, an advantageous marriage with a Catholic, and the restitution of certain confiscated lands which had formerly belonged to his family. But

Constant D'Aubigné was a man who could not be reclaimed even by prosperity. The ill-gotten fortune was soon squandered, and about five years after his first act of treachery he was once more busily employed in treasonable intrigues. This time his negotiations were with the English government, and were, in consequence, viewed far differently by the French court. D'Aubigné was first imprisoned at Bordeaux, then transferred to Niort; and it was in the *conciergerie*, or gaol of that town, that little Françoise, his daughter, the future Madame de Maintenon, was born, in 1635. Six years' confinement having been considered a sufficient expiation of his misdeeds, Constant D'Aubigné was released by the intercession and through the interest of his wife; and wisely judging that he was most likely to prosper where he was least known, he set sail for Martinique with his family. A fortune was soon made, and as quickly lost at the gambling-table; and D'Aubigné was but too happy to obtain an inferior military post to keep his family from starvation. In this humble situation, at the very moment when he appeared likely to reform, death closed his troubled career, and his widow returned to France, in the faint hope of saving a pittance out of the wreck of their shattered fortunes. The trials of Madame D'Aubigné had not been of the kind that soften the heart, and under the ungentle hand of misfortune she had grown rigid and austere. Little Françoise was brought up carefully, but somewhat sternly; and we are told that some of her first reading lessons were taken in Plutarch! How far these early studies influenced her future conduct it would be difficult to say, but it may be, that in reading of the illustrious dead, she first imbibed that ardent desire for public esteem which was the great spring of all her actions. To be well thought of, well spoken of, and well written of, was the object of her whole life. For the good opinion of men, she would cheerfully have sacrificed happiness as well as pleasure.

We are involuntarily reminded, that in the following century another young girl, who was one day to be known as Madame Roland, also made Plutarch her favorite study; and in her, too, we discover the same intense love of applause. At first sight the parallel seems strange; the two destinies were so diverse, that we can scarcely trace the analogy that existed in many points of character between them; yet the ardent Girondist and the calm believer in divine right, were both under the dominion of the same ruling

passion. Madame de Maintenon's first object was public esteem; Madame Roland, in more troublous times, aspired higher, and sought admiration. Both trampled love under foot, and retained in the midst of corruption their unspotted reputation. In periods of unrivalled intellectual splendor they were each surrounded by the most distinguished men of their day, who sought inspiration from their counsels. Virtue, differently understood, was the aim of both; but with both it was likewise the means by which fame was to be won.

Madame D'Aubigné, we have said, was a Catholic; but on several occasions, when she was obliged to leave Paris, her little daughter had been confided to the care of Madame de Villette, her aunt, who had instructed her in the Reformed faith, of which her grandfather had been so zealous a champion. The child, who for the first time in her life saw herself kindly treated, was well disposed to receive the lessons of an affectionate teacher; and even in after days, when the religious tenets thus tenderly inculcated were gradually giving way under other influences, she never forgot the gentle teaching of her early creed; and, when pressed to abjure, would often say, "I will believe what you wish, provided that you do not require me to believe that my aunt De Villette will be damned." Little Françoise was soon to be transferred to a rougher school. Conversions were already the order of the day; and a more distant relation, but a strict Catholic, Madame de Neuillant, obtained an order from the court to take charge of the young heretic. She was one of those who think that people should be thrust into the right way, and not allured to it; and whatever care she may have taken of the soul of her young charge, she appears to have treated the body rather roughly. The future wife of Louis XIV. was subjected to every humiliation, and employed in the most degrading offices. In one of her letters we read, in allusion to this period of her life, "I governed the poultry-yard, and it was there my reign commenced." As might have been expected, her childish faith grew strong under persecution; and neither her mother's entreaties nor Madame de Neuillant's threats could obtain her abjuration. All violent means proving ineffectual, she was placed in the convent of the Ursulines in Paris, where gentler methods were resorted to. No outward conformity was required of her; on Fridays and Saturdays she was even allowed meat, and no apparent efforts were made to

obtain her abjuration; but none of the milder arts of persuasion and kindness were omitted, and in a few months Mademoiselle D'Aubigné was once more, and for ever, a Catholic.

Her first appearance in Parisian society was very transient, and only admitted of her being introduced with her mother into a few circles, and amongst others at Scarron's. In all minds she left a remembrance of her youth, beauty, and modesty; but on none did she make so strong an impression as on the poor poet whose wife she was destined to be. When on the death of her mother, which occurred soon after at Niort, their native town, Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was left to poverty and loneliness, Scarron recollected and wrote to the little girl, whom he remembered to have seen enter his drawing-room six months before in a scanty provincial dress, with her gown much too short, and who, on that occasion, he adds, "began to cry, I know not why." Scarron must have been little skilled in the mysteries of a heart of fifteen not to know that no better reason than that said scanty and short gown need be found to account for tears in those dark eyes, which would have sparkled with delight at their own beauty if the odious provincial dress had not obscured it. But this was not the only mark of interest that Scarron showed the "fair Indian," as she was called by the fanciful and ungeographical wits of the day, in consequence of her residence in Martinique during her childhood. When she once more returned to Paris under the humiliating protection of Madame de Neuillant, Scarron, from his slender means, offered her the sum required to enable her to escape from the thralldom by entering a convent. It was only on her refusal that he presumed to propose marriage with himself as an alternative, though this, he says, "was a great poetical license on his part." Mademoiselle d'Aubigné's choice was not long doubtful, and, as she herself said afterwards, "she much preferred marrying him to a convent."

We have always thought that biographers have considered too exclusively the burlesque side of Scarron's character, and have scarcely done justice to the strength of mind which must have been required to bear sickness and poverty with unalterable cheerfulness. That man must have been more than a mere grotesque buffoon, who could not only preserve the free use of all his faculties of mind during intense bodily suffering, but could even make those very sufferings a theme for his talents and a stepping-stone to fame. His contemporary Balzac was, perhaps, justi-

fied in writing, in one of those innumerable letters that earned for him the title of the "Grand Epistolier," that Scarron was a living protest against the weakness of human nature, and that he surpassed Hercules or Prometheus of fable, or even Job of patient memory; for "these said, it is true, very fine things in their torments, but were never facetious. Antiquity shows, and I have read of examples, where *Pain* spoke wisely, or even eloquently, but never joyously as in this case; and there had never been seen till now a mind that could dance a saraband in a paralytic body."

M. de Noailles has almost imparted dignity to the character of Scarron, and well explained his situation in the world. We are apt to suppose that the wife of a poor, crippled, burlesque poet, could play but an obscure part in the brilliant society of that day, especially when we remember that the only income of the pair was derived from an irregularly paid pension and Scarron's literary labors, which he facetiously termed his "marquise of *Quinet*," from the name of his publisher. But Scarron was not a man of low birth; he was descended from a family of honorable magistrates; and even had not this been the case, his talents, which were well suited to the taste of his day, would have brought his wife into notice. At that time men of letters were beginning to shake off the patronage of the great, which had so long debased, while it appeared to foster their genius, and to acquire that social influence which, once founded, was destined steadily to increase, until at the latter end of the eighteenth century it extended to an almost absolute sway. Then, indeed, not only French society, but all the nations of Europe were to be convulsed by theories, traced by pens scarcely more intellectually powerful, and certainly not more independent by nature, than those which under Louis XIV. gloried in writing the eulogies of princes, or in rhyming petitions for pensions. Some fifty years before Mademoiselle d'Aubigné became the wife of Scarron, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the foundation (if we may use the word) of polite society in France had been laid at the Hôtel Rambouillet. In that society a double tendency might be distinctly traced; there was among a select few a reform in manners, and in general an extraordinary movement in men's minds, with a gradual spread of literary taste. Madame de Rambouillet was the first *grande dame* of the *ancien régime*, and her drawing-room the first of those all-

powerful *salons* of Paris, which have reigned from thenceforward in uninterrupted succession to the present day. The history of these *salons*, if some hand could be found delicate enough to write it, would be the history of the most real though occult influences which have regulated the destinies of France.

But the course of reform never yet ran smooth; and the early part of the seventeenth century offered strange contrasts. There was a struggle between the license of the preceding age, and the general tendency which we have just pointed out; indeed, a hidden under-current of corruption may be said to have run through even the comparatively decorous reign of Louis XIV., to reappear under the Regency; as some diseases which seem to be extinct during a period of public health are, nevertheless, obscurely perpetuated in our hospitals, to burst forth with renewed virulence when circumstances favor their spread. Still the influence of improved taste was sure though slow, and when Mademoiselle d'Aubigné married about 1652—the century of corruption, of which Brantôme and Tallemant des Réaux have left the records, from Francis I. and his profligate successors, down to Louis XIII., had passed away—the ladies who wrote the six thousand love-letters that Bassompierre boasts of having burned on the eve of entering the Bastille, had grown old and steady; the novel of D'Urfé, *L'Astrée*, had introduced a new and sentimental passion in love; in a word, the reign of decorum, if not of virtue, had been inaugurated.

Any sketch, however slight, of the society which met at the Hôtel Rambouillet, or of the coterie of the *Précieuses*, to which it gave birth, would draw us far beyond our limits. This is too attractive ground, and as we glance at the thick volumes lying on our table, we are reminded of the danger which attends such excursions. We will only say, that the Hôtel Rambouillet, linked with, though independent of, the court, was the first neutral ground where courtiers and authors met on equal terms. There might be seen all that was most illustrious in France, by birth, situation, or mind; the Princess of Condé and the Duchess of Longueville, the Duke of Enghien and the Prince de Conti, mingling familiarly with the wits of the day. During a period of about half a century, all the literary men of France, (those whose fame is now forgotten, as well as those whose fame will be immortal,) had figured there in turn, from old Malherbe, down to

young Bossuet, who preached at the age of twelve. Some of these, not indeed the most illustrious, seemed to have used their newly acquired equality rather freely; and the Duke of Enghien is reported to have said of Voiture, the great favorite of this distinguished circle, and proportionably familiar and easy—"Indeed, if Voiture were of our condition he would be unbearable!"

We have said, that it would be difficult within the limits of this article to follow M. de Noailles through all the subjects that he treats; and we should not even allude to his chapter on the Fronde, if it did not contain some of the best pages of his book. He traces a most able parallel between the aristocracy of France and that of England. The latter he represents as continually allied with the people against the encroachments of royalty; while the former, far more powerful at the outset, had to struggle against the continual though unavowed league of the sovereign and the nation, who considered the independent and oppressive nobles as a common adversary. Successive monarchs had prepared the subjugation of the French nobility which Louis XIV. accomplished. From thenceforward the aristocracy was definitively conquered, and politically annulled, for the benefit of all-powerful royalty. But if the French nobles failed in the political object which those of England attained, they, at least, cast by arms an immortal splendor on the history of their country, and, devoting themselves to war, undertook to die when required, for the defense or aggrandizement of France.

"This military spirit was perpetuated in the French aristocracy, and became its distinctive feature. Ever ready to obey the first summons to arms; to leave all else for glory; and to ruin themselves for the service of the state, the French nobles have been the same even to the end—whether we see them by their intrepidity driving back the English at Fontenoy, or retiring, proud and contented, to their manors, with the cross of St. Louis and a threadbare doublet. But the sovereign and independent existence of the French aristocracy at its origin, gave it a position and importance which that of England had not. The Duc de Rohan, in his travels, was quite surprised at the inferior situation of the English nobles. 'They pay taxes,' he exclaims with surprise, 'and are not masters of their vassals as we are at home!' In France the aristocracy had a feeling of proud independence; a habit of patronage and clientship; a consciousness of superiority and privileges; and, above all, a certain grandeur of manners and a taste for perilous adventure, which make it stand out in bold relief on our annals, and whose last tumultuous effort expired at

the Fronde. The two countries we have compared had then both reached a critical period, and were both attaining almost at the same time the result of the long labor which had taken place in each in a contrary direction. But in the midst of the comedy which was going on here, we scarcely noticed the terrible tragedy which, under Charles I., was enacted at our very gates; and while England passed on to liberty with an austere brow, France threw herself smiling into the arms of despotism. The Fronde was, in fact, merely a last day granted to the ambition of the great nobles; from thenceforward all movement stops, all ambition becomes mute, all pretensions are relinquished; and, at a given signal, every one in silence takes his place behind the great king, to march in order in the stately procession, at whose head the imposing and magnificent monarch progresses through the age, to the admiration of his contemporaries and of posterity."

Madame Scarron was not for some time to play any part in this sumptuous pageantry. When Scarron died, she was once more left to struggle with poverty, and would have been reduced to entire destitution, had not the interest of her friends obtained for her the continuation of her husband's pension on the queen-mother's private purse. She spent the first years of her widowhood in that same Ursuline convent in which she had been brought up; and on her slender income she always managed, says Mademoiselle d'Aumale, (who was the constant companion of her latter years,) "to live respectably, to be neatly shod, and to burn wax lights." She led a simple but not a retired life, and mixed much in company. We find her at the Hôtel d'Albret and the Hôtel Richelieu, two of the most important houses of the day, and much sought after in both. It appears to be at this time that she first began gradually to discard the mixed society (Ninon and others) that she had frequented as the wife of Scarron.

But Fortune seemed determined to do her best to break down that proud spirit, or to ruffle the serenity of that self-possessed mind. The death of the queen-mother deprived Madame Scarron of all resources, and reduced her to the humiliating necessity of applying to friends. After many disappointments, she had at last made up her mind to accompany the Princess of Nemours, who was going to Portugal to marry Alphonso VI., king of that country. Strange to say, it was Madame de Montespan who interfered to prevent her departure, little dreaming that she was detaining her future rival. She herself undertook to present the widow Scarron's petition to the king; and

whether it was that the hand that presented it made it more acceptable, or from respect to the queen-mother's memory, it is certain that it was immediately acceded to, and the pension continued by the king. From that time Madame de Montespan never entirely lost sight of the widow; and when, a few years later, a confidential person was required to educate the king's and her own illegitimate children, her choice fell on Madame Scarron. This latter only accepted the charge as concerning the king's children, and on condition that the offer should proceed from him, and not from Madame de Montespan. A singular scruple, which gives a good idea of the partial laws of morality then existing! Louis XIV. had not at that time lost all shame; Monsieur de Montespan was troublesome, and during three years Madame Scarron and her young charges lived mysteriously concealed in a magnificent house in one of the most retired quarters of Paris. The king often visited his children in secret; and the attractive conversation of their governess soon conquered the prejudice that he had at first conceived against her, and which made him ironically speak of her to Madame de Montespan as "your *bel-esprit*." It was only at the latter end of 1673, that the three children of Madame de Montespan were legitimized, presented to the queen, and definitely installed at court with their governess. Madame Scarron was then nearly forty. The courtiers, by an instinct of flattery, felt that the memory of Scarron should now be kept in the background; and when on one occasion the king styled her Madame de Maintenon, from the name of an estate which his bounty had enabled her to purchase, the fashion was immediately adopted; and the name of the poor poet ceased to startle the echoes of Versailles. It seemed as though the wish expressed in his epitaph had been fulfilled, and that he had been left to his first long night of repose.*

From that time Madame de Maintenon's history is the history of the court, with all its intrigues and all its jealousies! She had taken on a chain which she was not to lay down until the death of Louis XIV. delivered her from her grandeur; she was to expiate the pride which had been the mainspring

* Scarron wrote the following epitaph for himself:

Passants, ne faites pas de bruit,
De crainte que je ne m'éveille;
Car voilà la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

of all her actions by *ennui* such as has rarely fallen to the lot of any human being. We shall not dwell on this part of her life; contemporary memoirs have made the jealous *hauteur* of Madame de Montespan, the transient reign of the fair Fontanges, and the steadily increasing favor of Madame de Maintenon, familiar as the gossip of the present day. We all fancy that we have seen the wilful and capricious Montespan driving her little filigree-coach round her splendid apartments of Versailles, and letting the six white mice which were harnessed to it nibble her fair hands. We do not think, besides, that M. de Noailles has well treated this part of his subject. A lighter hand than his—a feminine pen we should say—would be required to trace those courtly quarrels which gave the *Grand Monarque* more trouble to appease than the government of all his dominions.

The king's marriage with Madame de Maintenon is no longer a subject of doubt in most minds, although no proofs of it are extant. We had hoped that M. de Noailles might have furnished us with new documents, but beyond giving some plausible reasons for fixing the date at 1685, instead of 1683, according to St. Simon, he has added nothing to our stock of information.

It is at this crowning point, at this very summit of her elevation, that the author leaves his heroine, giving us the promise of another volume shortly. This, we suppose, will contain the history of the foundation of St. Cyr, and of the latter years of the remarkable woman whose life we have just sketched.

As we take our leave of the age of Louis XIV. and write the word St. Cyr, we are reminded of the wish expressed by its charitable foundress, when, in remembrance of her own neglected childhood, she established that asylum for the indigent daughters of the nobility: "I wish," she said, "that St. Cyr may last as long as France, and France as long as the world!" The world is there, and France, too, full of life, notwithstanding her revolutions; but St. Cyr is gone, and with it the monarchy of Louis XIV.! When in 1793, all religious communities were dissolved, and the pupils and teachers of St. Cyr dispersed, there was one person there, and one only, who had known Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. Her name was Madame de la Bastide. Among the pupils, too, there was a young girl named Marianne

Buonaparte, who had been admitted by an ordonnance of Louis XVI. after satisfactorily proving one hundred and forty years of *noblesse*. In the archives of the department of Seine-et-Oise at Versailles, may still be seen a letter full of bad spelling, signed "Buonaparte." In this letter the future emperor not only claims his sister, but also applies for the allowance of twenty sous per league, which was granted by the revolutionary government to all the pupils to allow them to regain their home. Mdlle. Buonaparte's home being far distant, at Ajaccio, entitled her to a sum of three hundred and fifty francs, which she accordingly received.

Few persons will lay down these volumes without having conceived a more favorable opinion of Madame de Maintenon than any of her other historians had succeeded in creating; but we do not think that M. de Noailles has been equally successful in his apology of Louis XIV. His egotism, his self-adoration, stand out on every page; nor do we think that the *Memoirs*,* of which M. de Noailles has very satisfactorily proved the authenticity, are likely to give us a more favorable view of his character. Certain passages are quoted that seem to have been written expressly to render us more lenient to the follies and delusions of our own time. For instance:

"All that lies within the limits of our kingdom, of whatsoever nature it may be, belongs to us in the same degree, and should be equally valuable in our eyes. The monies in our private purse, the sums in the hands of our treasurers, and those we leave in circulation among our people, should all be husbanded with equal care."

On another occasion he says to his son:

"You must, first of all, be convinced, my son, that kings are absolute lords, and have naturally the free disposal of all the goods possessed by the clergy as well as by the laity, to use them at all times with economy; that is to say, for the general wants of the State."

When we reflect that this same royal Communist was the man who said that he was the State—*l'Etat, c'est moi!*—we can form a fair estimate of those good old times. Ah, Monsieur le Duc! maxims such as these would almost reconcile one to MM. Proudhon and Pierre Leroux!

* Œuvres de Louis XIV. Paris, 1806.

From the Quarterly Review.

LAYARD'S DISCOVERIES IN NINEVEH.

Nineveh, and its Remains. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D.C.L. 2 vols. London. 1848.

WE opened Mr. Layard's volumes, eager to resume our researches into the antiquities of those almost pre-historic cities, Nineveh and her vassals, which seem to have surrounded her on nearly every side; to assist in the disinterment of the palaces of the mythic Nimrod, Ninus, and Semiramis, which had perished from the face of the earth before the days of the later Hebrew prophets, and which, after a slumber of between two and three thousand years, are for the first time brought again to light in the nineteenth century. Our interest had been deepened by the sight of the few specimens of Mr. Layard's treasures which had then been placed in the British Museum; still more by the Khorsabad sculptures sent to Paris by Monsieur Botta. Till within the last two months only the smaller bas-reliefs from Nimroud had reached England. Since that time a second portion has arrived, including the black marble obelisk. These articles, by the negligence or unwarrantable curiosity (we are unwilling to use stronger terms) of persons at Bombay, have suffered considerable damage, though by no means to the extent represented in the public journals. Some of the smaller ones, particularly those of glass, having been carelessly repacked, were found broken to atoms; some, "including the most valuable specimens," (these are Mr. Layard's words,) were missing, it is to be hoped not purloined by some over-tempted collector. Meantime the larger and more massive pieces are still reposing on the mud-beach of Bassora. We trust that, even in these economic days, means will be found to transport them immediately to England, with positive orders to treat them with greater respect at Bombay. These (the huge lion and bull) we expect to turn out by far the most remarkable and characteristic specimens of Assyrian art. We judge by those at Paris, where there are some, especially one colossal figure, which,

though temporarily stowed away in a small room on the ground-floor in the Louvre, impressed us with a strange gigantic majesty, a daringness of conception, which was in no way debased by the barbaric rudeness of the execution, and on the other hand enhanced by its singular symbolic attributes. It is that kind of statue which it takes away one's breath to gaze on.

We found, therefore, not without some slight feeling of disappointment, or rather of impatience, that although we were speedily to commence our operations in disinterring these mysterious palaces, we were to be interrupted by the negotiations, and intrigues, and difficulties, which embarrassed all Mr. Layard's proceedings; and then, before much had been accomplished, carried away to accompany Mr. Layard in excursions in the neighborhood, and indeed to some distance from the scene of his labors; we were to wander among the wild tribes of various manners, and still more various creeds, which people the districts to the west and north-west of the Tigris. But our impatience rapidly disappeared in such stirring and amusing companionship. We found in Mr. Layard not merely an industrious and persevering discoverer in this new field of antiquities, but an eastern traveller, distinguished we may say beyond almost all others, by the freshness, vigor, and simplicity of his narrative; by an extraordinary familiarity with the habits and manners of these wild tribes, which might seem almost intuitive, but is, we soon perceive, the result of long and intimate acquaintance, and perfect command of the language. No one has shown in an equal degree the power of adapting himself at once and completely, without surrendering the acknowledged superiority of the Frank, to the ordinary life of the Asiatic. Mr. Layard, without effort, teaches us more, and in a more light and picturesque manner, even than D'Arvieux; he seems as

trustworthy, though far more lively and dramatic than Burckhardt. It is hardly too much to say that the history of the excavations and revelations, of his management of the Turkish rulers, of the wild chiefs whom the intelligence of his strange proceedings brought around him, of the laboring Arabs and Chaldeans whom he employed in his works, and the removal of the sculptures, with their embarkation on the Tigris, is as interesting as the discoveries themselves; while during the necessary suspension of his toil among the ruins, we are content to follow him into the villages of Mohammedans, Nestorian Christians, and Devil-worshippers, as if these were the sole or primary objects of his travels.

Mr. Layard must excuse us if we acknowledge that he has irresistibly awakened our curiosity as to his own early history. How is it that a young Englishman has gained this peculiar power of ruling and wielding for his own purposes the intractable Asiatic mind; how has he learned to be firm and resolute, yielding and conciliatory, always at the right time; to be liberal where he should be, and to withhold his bounty when demanded by a powerful marauder under the civil name of a gift; to resist the temptation of courting mistimed or misplaced popularity, yet to attach to himself all whose attachment could be valuable or useful; to parry deceit by courteous phrases, to out-hyperbolize oriental flattery—without any of the meanness of falsehood; to show that he fully understood these trickeries of oriental adulation—without giving offense; quietly to maintain and to enforce respect for European, for English truth, honesty, and justice; to be the friend of the oppressed without being the declared enemy of the oppressor? All this implies a large experience, as well as a happy aptitude for assuming foreign habits; long usage as well as intuitive sagacity. We are inclined therefore to think that if Mr. Layard had chosen to begin the history of his adventures some time before the first notion of making researches on the Assyrian plains had dawned upon his mind (in 1839–40), at all events before he commenced his actual operations in 1845, he might have given us some features of Asiatic life in other quarters not less curious, original, and instructive than those which transpire in the course of his present proceedings. His papers on the sites of certain ancient cities in the *Journal of the Geographical Society*, show that he has travelled far and seen much beyond the course the Tigris; and

passages in the present work occasionally betray that the wandering tribes now introduced to our knowledge are not the first with whom Mr. Layard has lived on intimate terms, with whom he has thrown off all but the open and honorable character of the Frank, and kept up that acknowledged intellectual superiority, which, when not insolently or arbitrarily proclaimed, is sure to meet with its proper homage. We read, for instance, (p. 89,) after the description of a large tribe breaking up when migrating to new pastures: "The scene caused in me feelings of melancholy, for it recalled many hours, perhaps unprofitably, though certainly happily spent; and many friends, some who now sighed in captivity for the joyous freedom which those wandering hordes enjoyed; others who had perished in its defense." In another place (p. 168) we find old habits, either of throwing the jerid, or of mingling in more serious frays, "making him forget his dignity, and join in this mimic war with his own attendants and some Kurdish horsemen." We notice these things as explaining as well as guarantying the truth, and so justifying our perfect reliance on the account of the mastery which Mr. Layard acquired over the Arab mind. These hours, if our readers are disposed to appreciate as highly as we do the value of his Assyrian discoveries, were not spent unprofitably, because, by the experience which they gave, by the skill thus acquired, Mr. Layard has been able to achieve what few Europeans under the same circumstances could have achieved; to persuade these unruly children of the desert to labor hard and with the utmost cheerfulness in his and our service, and all for their own good. He made them feel at once that they were engaged in the service of an employer, whose object was not wring the utmost toil out of their weary frames, and then wrest away the price of their labors; that it was his purpose, besides the fair payment of their wages, to promote in every manner their happiness and improvement.

We must, however, wait patiently for whatever Mr. Layard may by and by be encouraged to give us of the details of his own earlier life in the East, content, meantime, with taking him up at the period to which these volumes distinctly refer. A former journey into the regions about the Tigris had awakened in his mind the strongest desire to make researches among the vast and mysterious mounds, those barrows, it might seem, of great cities, which rose in so

many quarters, and which appeared not to have been violated by the scrutinizing hand of man for centuries beyond centuries. He had already surveyed the remains of more modern nations, on whom, nevertheless, we are accustomed to look as of remote antiquity. The emotions kindled by the strong contrast between the aspect of Grecian ruins and that of the shapeless sepulchres of the Eastern cities, are described in the following impressive passage :

"Were the traveller to cross the Euphrates to seek for such ruins in Mesopotamia and Chaldea as he had left behind him in Asia Minor or Syria, his search would be vain. The graceful column rising above the thick foliage of the myrtle, the ilex, and the oleander ; the gradines of the amphitheatre covering the gentle slope, and overlooking the dark blue waters of a lake-like bay ; the richly carved cornice or capital half hidden by the luxuriant herbage ; are replaced by the stern, shapeless mound rising like a hill from the scorched plain, the fragments of pottery, and the stupendous mass of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains. He has left the land where nature is still lovely, where, in his mind's eye, he can rebuild the temple or the theatre, half doubting whether they would have made a more grateful impression upon the senses than the ruins before him. He is now at a loss to give any form to the rude heaps upon which he is gazing. Those of whose works they are the remains, unlike the Roman and the Greek, have left no visible traces of their civilization, or of their arts ; their influence has long since passed away. The more he conjectures, the more vague the results appear. The scene around is worthy of the ruin he is contemplating ; desolation meets desolation ; a feeling of awe succeeds to wonder, for there is nothing to relieve the mind, to lead to hope, or to tell of what has gone by. These huge mounds of Assyria made a deeper impression upon me, gave rise to more serious thought and more earnest reflection, than the temples of Balbec, or the theatres of Ionia."—vol. i, pp. 6, 7.

The success of M. Botta in his researches at Khorsabad, roused still further the generous emulation of Mr. Layard. But he must have continued to brood over the vain yearnings of his antiquarian ambition, and to suppress his baffled curiosity, had it not happened that the English ambassador at Constantinople observed and apprehended the energetic character and abilities of his young countryman, and entirely at his own hazard placed funds at his disposal, which would enable him at least to carry on to some extent these tempting researches. Mr. Layard gratefully and properly recalls to the remembrance of the country the great debt of gratitude which it owes to that ac-

complished minister, for proceeding in many instances far beyond the bounds of his commission—for being ever ready to risk his private resources, in order to secure for England such treasures as the marbles of Halicarnassus—and now the remains of a city which had perished, perhaps, long before Halicarnassus was in being. The whole affair attests strongly the generosity, influence, and prudence of Sir Stratford Canning, and shows how well the British Court is represented at the Ottoman Porte.

Thus unexpectedly furnished with funds, but, through the jealousy of certain parties, whose proceedings he contrasts with the enlightened and liberal spirit of M. Botta, obliged to act with great caution and secrecy, Mr. Layard lost no time in setting forth on his coveted mission. He arrived on the banks of the Tigris in October, 1845. We do not propose to follow him in every step of his progress. Our design is to notice briefly the difficulties which he had to encounter, and the opponents with whom he had to deal ; to set him fairly to work, and then follow him for a time as the Eastern traveller, rather than as the discoverer of ancient Nineveh ; and in the later portion of our article to give a summary account of the extent and value of his discoveries, with some examination of his theories as to the ancient Assyrian history, its successive empires and dynasties ; to inquire what we have actually gained for Asiatic history and for the progress of mankind ; how far a way is opened to still further investigations into the language, character, habits, civilization of the race of Assur ; of the great people who preceded the rise and fall of Babylon ; who were the first traditionary conquerors of Western Asia ; who appear at the height of power, probably under one of their later dynasties, in the biblical histories ; are denounced in the fullness of their pride and glory by two at least of the ancient seers of Israel, Isaiah and Nahum ; and described as utterly razed from the earth, by another (Ezekiel), probably an eye-witness of their total desolation.

The first question with Mr. Layard was the place of his operations ; of this he seems to have entertained little doubt. The vast plain of level débris, broken by huge mounds, which spreads from the bank of the Tigris opposite Mosul, had long been called by tradition the site of Nineveh. But all excavations there had been nearly unproductive—the objects discovered from time to time, neither valuable nor exciting to further toil.

M. Botta had totally failed in his attempts in that quarter. But Mr. Layard's interest had been already powerfully directed to another quarter, at Nimroud, at about five hours' distance by the winding river.

"As I descended the Tigris on a raft, I again saw the ruins of Nimroud, and had a better opportunity of examining them. It was evening as we approached the spot. The spring rains had clothed the mound with the richest verdure, and the fertile meadows, which stretched around it, were covered with flowers of every hue. Amidst this luxuriant vegetation were partly concealed a few fragments of bricks, pottery, and alabaster, upon which might be traced the well-defined wedges of the cuneiform character. Did not these remains mark the nature of the ruin, it might have been confounded with a natural eminence. A long line of consecutive narrow mounds, still retaining the appearance of walls or ramparts, stretched from its base, and formed a vast quadrangle. The river flowed at some distance from them; its waters, swollen by the melting of the snows on the Armenian hills, were broken into a thousand foaming whirlpools by an artificial barrier built across the stream. On the eastern bank the soil had been washed away by the current; but a solid mass of masonry still withstood its impetuosity. The Arab, who guided my small raft, gave himself up to religious ejaculations as we approached this formidable cataract, over which we were carried with some violence. Once safely through the danger, my companion explained to me that this unusual change in the quiet face of the river was caused by a great dam which had been built by Nimrod, and that in the autumn, before the winter rains, the huge stones of which it was constructed, squared, and united by cramps of iron, were frequently visible above the surface of the stream. It was, in fact, one of those monuments of a great people, to be found in all the rivers of Mesopotamia, which were undertaken to insure a constant supply of water to the innumerable canals, spreading like network over the surrounding country, and which, even in the days of Alexander, were looked upon as the works of an ancient nation. No wonder that the traditions of the present inhabitants of the land should assign them to one of the founders of the human race! The Arab was telling me of the connection between the dam and the city built by Athur, the lieutenant of Nimrod, the vast ruins of which were now before us—of its purpose as a causeway for the mighty hunter to cross to the opposite palace, now represented by the mound of Hammum Ali—and of the histories and fate of the kings of a primitive race, still the favorite theme of the inhabitants of the plains of Shinar, when the last glow of twilight faded away, and I fell asleep as we glided onward to Baghdad."—pp. 7-9.

Still there seems no doubt from Mr. Layard's subsequent and successful excavation in the mound of Kouyunjik—one of the

mounds opposite to Mosul—as well as those made by him at Nimroud, and by M. Botta at Khorsabad, that each or all of these places, and others adjacent or intermediate, where the same great mounds appear, were, if not parts of one vast city, the successive localities occupied or comprehended by *Nineveh* under its successive dynasties. As (though unquestionably in a very much more extensive period of time) Babylon, Seleucia, Ctesiphon, Bagdad, succeeded each other on sites at no considerable distance, so as to be loosely described as the same city; in like manner, from that imperial caprice which seems almost to be a characteristic of great eastern sovereigns, each proud of being the founder of his own capital, the temples or palaces which it is manifest stood on every one of these sites, differing as they apparently do in age, and to a certain extent in the character of their art, may each have been *the Nineveh* of its day, the chief dwelling-place and centre of worship of the kings and of the gods of Assyria; and so no one of these being absolutely destroyed, but deserted only, and, if we may so speak, gone out of fashion, this aggregate of cities—this cluster of almost conterminous capitals—may have then gone by the proverbial name, the City of Three Days' Journey, just like Thebes of the Hundred Gates; or the poetic hyperbole of the Book of Jonah may be taken to the strict letter, and the prophet's first day's slow and interrupted pilgrimage through the streets may not have led him to the palace of the king. In this conjecture, which occurred to us on reading the earlier part of this work, we rejoice to find that we have anticipated the conclusion of Mr. Layard. The hypothesis, in fact, seems to us the only one that can account for the vast number of magnificent edifices which unquestionably existed within a circuit too extensive for a single city, but not for a capital, which has thus grown up out of many cities.

But from the old Assyrian monarchs—the Nimrods or the Sardanapali—we must descend at once to modern Pashas. Mr. Layard broke ground at Nimroud under unfavorable auspices. The ruling representative of the Sublime Porte required his most dextrous management. This worthy personage, Mohammed Pasha, was commonly known as Keritli Oglu, that is, the son of the Cretan; he seems fully to have answered to the description of that race by the old Greek poet, to whom St. Paul has given the sanction of his authority—

Κρήτες ἄει, ψεύσαι, κάκα θήρια, γάστερες ἄργοι.

This last phrase has, as will appear, its peculiar force—it expresses admirably “tooth money”—

“The appearance of his Excellency was not prepossessing, but it matched his temper and conduct. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by the small-pox, uncouth in gestures, and harsh in voice. His fame had reached the seat of his government before him. On the road he had revived many good old customs and impositions which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parassi*—or a compensation in money, levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the *wear and tear of his teeth* in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants. On entering Mosul, he had induced several of the principal aghas who had fled from the town on his approach, to return to their homes; and, having made a formal display of oaths and protestations, cut their throats, to show how much his word could be depended upon.”—pp. 19, 20.

Mr. Layard was too prudent to demand permission at once to commence his operations, for other reasons rather than any anticipated difficulties on the part of the governor. The Cretan, no doubt, would have hugged himself with delight at the facility with which he should possess himself of the gold and precious marketable treasures which the cunning Frank, pretending to be seized with an unaccountable passion for disinterring old stones, no doubt hoped to discover and to carry off. This view of Mr. Layard's object was shared by others—indeed we may say by all. Awad, the Sheikh of the Jehesh, who inhabited the village near Nimroud, and was the first, and, from his familiarity with the ruins, the most useful of Mr. Layard's fellow-laborers—

“Could scarcely persuade himself that the researches were limited to mere stones. He carefully collected all the scattered fragments of gold-leaf he could find in the rubbish; and calling me aside in a mysterious and confidential fashion, produced them wrapped up in a piece of dingy paper. ‘O, Bey,’ said he, ‘Wallah! your books are right, and the Franks know that which is hid from the true believer. Here is the gold, sure enough, and, please God, we shall find it all in a few days. Only don't say anything about it to those Arabs, for they are asses, and cannot hold their tongues. The matter will come to the ears of the Pasha.’ The Sheikh was much surprised, and equally disappointed, when I generously presented him with the treasures he had collected, and all such as he might hereafter discover. He

left me, muttering ‘Yia Rubbi!’ and other pious ejaculations, and lost in conjectures as to the meaning of these strange proceedings.”—p. 30.

No sooner had Mr. Layard succeeded in organizing and bringing into discipline the laborers of different races and religions, all of whom willingly enlisted in his service, than other important personages of Mosul—the Cadi and the Ulemas, the magistrates and the clergy—who were not disposed to surrender their share in the treasure-trove—their tribute and their tithe—and were besides full of orthodox Mussulman hatred and jealousy of the Frank, began their intrigues to stop his proceedings. With his usual promptitude, Mr. Layard galloped off to Mosul. His excellency the Cretan expressed the most sovereign contempt for the cadi. “Does that ill-conditioned fellow think that he has Sheriff Pasha” (his immediate predecessor) “to deal with, that he must be planning a riot in the town? When I was at Sivas the Ulema tried to excite the people because I encroached upon a burying-ground. But I made them eat dust, Wallah! I took every grave-stone, and built up the castle walls with them?” The Pasha pretended to know nothing of the excavations; but subsequently thinking to detect the astute Frank, “he pulled out of his writing-tray a scrap of paper as dingy as that produced by Awad, in which was also preserved an almost invisible particle of gold-leaf.” This had been sent him by an officer set to watch the proceedings at Nimroud. Mr. Layard at once suggested that an agent should be appointed to receive all the precious metals discovered, on behalf of his excellency. Affairs upon this went on smoothly for some days—chamber after chamber, sculpture after sculpture was coming to light—when orders arrived to stop further work. Again Mr. Layard rode off to Mosul. The Cretan disclaimed all his own orders—professed the utmost good-will. Mr. Layard returned—and at night arrived more stringent orders to Daoud Agha, then “Commander of the Irregulars” encamped in the neighborhood:

“Surprised at this inconsistency, I returned to Mosul early next day, and again called upon the Pasha. ‘It was with deep regret,’ said he, ‘I learned, after your departure yesterday, that the mound in which you are digging had been used as a burying-ground by Mussulmans, and was covered with their graves; now you are aware that by the law it is forbidden to disturb a tomb, and the cadi and mufti have already made representations to me on the subject.’ ‘In the first place,’ replied I, ‘being pretty well acquainted

with the mound, I can state that no graves have been disturbed; in the second, after the wise and firm *politica* which your excellency exhibited at Sivas, grave-stones would present no difficulty. Please God, the *cadi* and *mufti* have profited by the lesson which your Excellency gave to the ill-mannered *ulema* of that city.' 'In Sivas,' returned he, immediately understanding my meaning, 'I had *Mussulmen* to deal with, and there was *tanzimat*, but here we have only Kurds and Arabs, and *Wallah!* they are beasts. No, I cannot allow you to proceed; you are my dearest and most intimate friend: if anything happens to you, what grief should I not suffer! your life is more valuable than old stones; besides, the responsibility would fall upon my head.' Finding that the Pasha had resolved to interrupt my proceedings, I pretended to acquiesce in his answer, and requested that a *cawass* of his own might be sent with me to Nimroud, as I wished to draw the sculptures and copy the inscriptions which had already been uncovered. To this he consented, and ordered an officer to accompany me. Before leaving Mosul, I learned with regret from what quarter the opposition to my proceedings chiefly came."—pp. 44, 45.

But how came the tombstones there?

"Daoud Agha confessed to me on our way that he had received orders to make graves on the mound, and that his troops had been employed for two nights in bringing stones from distant villages for that purpose. 'We have destroyed more real tombs of the true believers,' said he, 'in making sham ones, than you could have defiled between the Zab and Selamiyah. We have killed our horses and ourselves in carrying those accursed stones.'"—p. 46.

Mr. Layard afterwards, during his excavations, did come on some real graves; but as he was enabled to convince the Arabs, by an elaborate argument, that, since the feet were not turned to Mecca, they could not be the tombs of true believers, their removal, which was conducted with great care, gave no offense to the pious *Mussulmen*. By and by—fortunately for Mr. Layard and for his researches, no less than for the inhabitants of Mosul and its neighborhood—Keritli Oglu was recalled, and the province was committed to the more equitable rule of Ismail Pasha. But even Ismail, though of the new school, was at first so beset by the *ulema* and the other Frank-haters, that he requested Mr. Layard to suspend his operations for a time.

The next disturbance, after he had resumed his work, was caused by a great event in the discovery. We cannot lay this before our readers in other words than those of Mr. Layard:

"On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman and was returning to the

mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them, 'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. *Wallah!* it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

"While I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together, 'There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree: this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred."—pp. 65-67

The commotion excited by this apparition, which gave rise to still more active opposition from the religious authorities of Mosul, induced Ismail Pasha to advise Mr. Layard to proceed with greater caution. Other reasons concurred with this friendly admonition. Mr. Layard, therefore, gradually discontinued his operations, and having carefully earthed up the discoveries already made, and leaving only two men to proceed on work marked out for them, determined to await an answer to a communication which he had addressed to Constantinople, and in the mean time to extend his acquaintance with the dominant Arab tribes in the vicinity, and to pursue his antiquarian researches by visiting, for the second time, the celebrated ruins of Al Hather.

This first excursion of Mr. Layard led him only among the Kurdish tribes. This we pass over, though it describes many amusing and characteristic points in their manners. On his return to resume his labors under more favorable auspices, he ventured to give an entertainment—a ball and supper—close by the ruins of Nimroud, to the various Arab chiefs of the district, with their followers, male and female, and the Christian gentlemen and ladies of Mosul, who were all eager to see these wonderful discoveries. The ladies were glad for once to be without the walls of their houses, where, it seems, they are generally cooped up with Mohammedan jealousy. Mr. Rassam, the English consul, who was throughout the faithful and intelligent friend of Mr. Layard, his assistant in his researches and the companion of some of his excursions—Mrs. Rassam, the French consul and his wife, were of the party. “White pavilions, borrowed from the Pasha, had been pitched near the river on a broad lawn still carpeted with flowers. These were for the ladies and for the reception of the sheikhs. Black tents were provided for some of the guests, the attendants, and the kitchen.” Arabs watched the horses; an open space was left for dancing and other amusements. The great man of the feast was Abd-ur-rahman, sheikh of the Abu-Salman, who appeared in his most magnificent dress, and was received with befitting solemnity and noise. Then came the other sheikhs with their ladies humbly on foot; then the wife and daughter of Abd-ur-rahman on mares, surrounded by their slaves and hand-maidens. They were entertained with a repast, ladylike and cooling, of sweetmeats, halwa, parched peas, and lettuces. The more vigorous appetites of the men, and of

the less exclusive ladies, were stayed by fourteen sheep, roasted and boiled; from which, we are sorry to say, that the men first most ungallantly helped themselves, and then passed on the fragments to the females. The influence of Mr. Rassam persuaded some of the women to join in the Arab dance; but these figurantes preserved somewhat too rigid propriety; though their motions were not without grace, they persisted in wrapping themselves in their coarse cloaks. Sword-dances followed, which wound up the performers to such a pitch of excitement that it was necessary to replace their swords by stout staves, wherewith they were allowed full Irish license of belaboring each other till they were tired. Then came the buffoons, the constant amusement of the Eastern and of all half-civilized tribes. All passed off, it would seem, with exemplary decorum; the grave old Arab chief was the only one whose tender feelings were noticeably awakened. At the banquet which he gave in return the next day, the women, uncontrolled by the presence of another tribe, entered more fully into the amusement, and danced with greater animation. The sheikh challenged Mr. Layard to join in the dance, which he was too courtly to refuse; and went whirling round, in a *corps de ballet*, consisting of 500 warriors and Arab women. But that was probably a device of the sheikh to drown his rising passion. “The conqueror of his heart was the wife of the French consul.” His admiration of her beauty exceeded all bounds;

“And when he had ceased dancing, he sat gazing upon her from a corner of the tent—‘Wallah,’ he whispered to me, ‘she is the sister of the Sun! What would you have more beautiful than that? Had I a thousand purses, I would give them all for such a wife. See! her eyes are like the eyes of my mare, her hair is as bitumen, and her complexion resembles the finest Busrah dates. Any one would die for a Houri like that.’ The Skeikh was almost justified in his admiration.”—p. 121.

A still more favorable revolution in the government of Mosul had in the mean time taken place. Hafiz Pasha, who succeeded Ismail, being promoted, the province had been sold to Tahyar Pasha, “a venerable old man, bland and polished in his manners, courteous to Europeans, and well-informed on subjects connected with the literature and history of the country. He was a perfect specimen of the Turkish gentleman of the old school, of whom few are now left in Turkey.” Few indeed there are who have not been corrupted by Frank intercourse,

and have not dwindled in demeanor and manners by adopting European habits, as they have in personal appearance by the European garb. How is the whole race dwarfed down from the tall, broad, magnificent, terrible, and turbaned Turks—who affrighted Christendom with their strength and prowess, and of yore enforced our youthful awe in the cuts of Sir Paul Rycaut's edition of old Knolles—into the shabby, short, slim, shuffling, Jew-pedlar-like, and most unalarming Moslemin, who now appear in our streets, and, we regret to hear, in Constantinople, in half Frankish and half Oriental costume! Tahyar Pasha took up Mr. Layard with the utmost zeal, and only appointed an officer to protect and assist, rather than to watch his proceedings. Of this cawass, Ibrahim by name, Mr. Layard speaks in high terms as to his intelligence and even his honesty. Besides this, our indefatigable ambassador had forwarded an imperial rescript from Constantinople, which not merely gave the full sanction of the Sultan for the prosecution of the researches, but allowed Mr. Layard to secure for his country the possession of all these remarkable monuments of ancient Assyria.

His proceedings were, however, again interrupted for a time by a more unmitigable adversary than the untractable pasha or the bigot ulema—the heat. He was first driven for refuge into the underground chambers, where the inhabitants of Mosul screen themselves from the summer sun; his health then forced him to seek a cooler climate, and he set forth on his second expedition, to the mountains of Ti-yari, inhabited by the Chaldean or Nestorian Christians. This second expedition, though the interest is of a very melancholy cast, introduces us to scenes of much greater natural beauty, and to a much more remarkable people than the Kurdish clans, among which he travelled during his first ride from the Tigris.

The Chaldean Christians (the appellation Nestorians, though sometimes used in their intercourse with Europeans, is disclaimed both by priests and people) are the remnant of that great Oriental church which, driven away by the persecution of the Byzantine emperors after the triumph of Cyril and the condemnation of Nestorius, took refuge under the protection of the Persian kings, and maintained its ground under the early Mohammedan sovereigns. Instead of continuing the controversial war, in which it had been worsted, it turned its face eastward, and undertook the nobler office of disseminat-

ing Christianity to the uttermost parts of the world. Mr. Layard has dwelt at somewhat disproportionate length on the early history of the Nestorians. His account is highly creditable to his research and accuracy, but is more diffuse than necessary for a book of travels, not full enough for a chapter of ecclesiastical history. The oriental bishops had, in fact, a strong predisposition to Nestorianism, in that wide-spread aversion to matter, as the evil principle, which characterized all their Christian conceptions. Hence their jealous reluctance to acknowledge that the manhood (the material manhood) could be admitted into God; their preference of the tenet, that the Godhead, in its pure and unmingled essence, dwelt in the manhood: hence their rejection, that which made them more especially odious to the orthodox, of the term "Mother of God;" as implying that a mortal and material being had given birth to more than the material and mortal part of the divine Redeemer. The "mother of the Christ" was the utmost term which they would use. The great teachers of the Syrian school, Diodorus of Tarsus, and Theodore of Mopsuestia, were, in truth, the parents of Nestorianism; and when their opinions were proclaimed by a prelate of the high station of the patriarch of Constantinople, it might be expected that large numbers would enlist under his banner. The proceedings of the Council of Ephesus—in which the armed soldiery and the turbulent populace had as much to do with the decisions as the arguments of Cyril and his theologians—and the harsh and violent character of Cyril himself, were unhappily less calculated to persuade, or conciliate, or overawe, than to harden opposition into stubborn and persevering fanaticism. While, then, it was expelled, or oppressed, or persecuted throughout the Byzantine empire, Nestorianism was the dominant creed beyond the pale of the Roman dominion. The patriarch of Baghdad, to which city the metropolitan throne was removed under the Mohammedan dynasty, counted as his suffragans, bishops in every province in the East, with congregations more or less numerous and flourishing, from the Euphrates and Tigris to India, Tartary, and China. The history of these spiritual conquests (this is a subject of regret rather than wonder) is extremely obscure; but there seems no doubt that they had made strong, and, to a certain extent, successful efforts to Christianize some of the great Mongol sovereigns in the vast steppes of Upper Asia; and, had their success been

more complete, might thus have somewhat mitigated the terrors of those terrible irruptions which, century after century, desolated the civilized world. It was the conquest of Tamerlane which gave the fatal blow to those outposts of Christianity in great part of the remoter East. In China we have no knowledge that any survivors of those converts who set up the well-known inscription at Siganfu, still maintain their Christian creed. The St. Thomas Christians of India have become mostly Jacobites or Monophysites.

The Chaldean Christians, therefore, of these regions are almost the only representatives of those once flourishing and widely disseminated churches. They are singularly interesting, not merely from their antiquity, but as faithful representatives of the creed (they admit that of Nicea in all its fullness) of the popular worship, and church government of the Eastern churches at the time of the Nestorian schism. Of the worship of images, of purgatory, of extreme Mariolatry, of the supremacy of the pope, of the absolute celibacy of the whole clergy, these more primitive Christians knew nothing. These doctrines were yet, as Mr. Newman might say, undeveloped; in fact, formed no part of the common Christianity. Even here the Chaldeans of the plains have mostly yielded to the incessant, busy, and, it must be added, unscrupulous attempts of the Roman Catholics, who set up a rival patriarch in connection with the Church of Rome. The end, and, in many cases, the means adopted to work these conversions, are equally lamentable. The end appears to be the lining the walls of the churches with wretched prints, more particularly such as represent the "Iddio Bambino," the article most obnoxious to the old Nestorian creed; and the introduction of that ceremonial which, when splendid with genuine pomp and gold, is doubtless solemn and impressive, but, when poor, and shabby, and tinsel, contrasts still more unfavorably with the simpler, more earnest, less ambitious worship of the old Nestorians. The means to enforce proselytism are still less creditable to the persuasive powers of the teachers. They scruple not to call in the civil power to their aid—that civil power being the Mohammedan *cadi*, or any other unbelieving officer whose intervention may be procured by money or intrigue. Dr. Grant, of whom we shall presently speak, mentions of his own knowledge one man whom the impartial Moslem attempted to bastinado into a Catholic. Mr. Layard, on whose judgment and impartiality we have

more reliance, confirms the melancholy truth as to this system of enforcing the unity of the church.

Mr. Layard was present at the Chaldean service in the mountains—where he witnessed the administration, by two priests in white surplices, of the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, of which all partook, children as well as men and women. The impression on his mind was very favorable.

"I could not but contrast these simple and primitive rites with the senseless mummary and degrading forms adopted by the converted Chaldeans of the plains—the unadorned and imageless walls, with the hideous pictures and monstrous deformities which disfigure the churches at Mosul."—p. 201.

The genuine type, in short, of the Chaldean Christians was now only to be seen among the mountaineers; a people of simple manners, great industry, inhabiting villages environed with fruit trees of many kinds, cultivating the mountain side in terraces; extremely devout, but without fanaticism; fondly attached to their churches and to their priests. The latter seemed quite worthy of the general respect and love—blameless and affectionate men; some of them not without learning, though, of course, as the priesthood of a rude people, with only the refinement which springs from Christian gentleness and oriental courtesy.

But alas! this faithful few has, within these last three or four years, been reduced to a still more scanty remnant! All their villages except one, Zaweetha, whose smiling and highly cultivated domain sadly showed the desolation of the rest, have been wasted by a ruthless chieftain, Beder Khan Beg. The inhabitants—some unresisting, some having made a brave resistance—have been massacred by thousands, their children carried off and sold as slaves. There is something connected with this melancholy history of the desolation of these valleys, which Mr. Layard, with praiseworthy tenderness, is anxious to conceal; it is, he acknowledges, a subject too painful to contemplate. Some of our readers may have read a publication on these Nestorian Chaldeans by Dr. Grant, an American missionary physician. The main object of Dr. Grant's book was to prove these Christians the lost ten tribes of Israel. This notion might be so far grounded, that many families among these races may be descended from those Jews whom we know, from the Epistle of St. James, and from other good authorities, to have been

settled in all these regions from the borders of Armenia as far as the Propontis; Jews of all tribes and families; some no doubt lineally sprung from those transported by the kings of Assyria to these regions. We know from the New Testament, as well as from the famous Epistle of Pliny, and from other quarters, how widely Christianity was disseminated from the earliest times throughout this whole range of country; and doubtless Israelites of all tribes may have been numbered among these first converts. This concession, however, we fear, would not have satisfied Dr. Grant, or his believers, if he has left any believers. Dr. Grant had fully made up his mind that they are the genuine, unmingled, lost Ten Tribes, which, be it observed, were only supposed, by late tradition, to be kept together, shut up, and secluded in some remote quarter of the world. But enough of this. From several incidental hints we are forced into the melancholy conclusion that this American mission was in some degree connected with the fatal end of these happy communities, for whose welfare these zealous men had devoted themselves in the most self-denying spirit of love. That they were excellent men, with the purest and best intentions, no one can doubt; self-expatriated from their homes, perhaps on the peaceful shores of the Hudson or the Delaware, and from all the freedom and comforts of their native land; of most of them the remains are at rest in the cemeteries of Mosul. Dr. Grant himself fell a victim to a fever, caught during his kind and unremitting care of some of the victims who escaped the massacre. But it is too probable, that the very Christian zeal which brought these missionaries into this remote field of labor, mingled with the jealousy of everything foreign and Frank among these fierce tribes, aroused the dormant fanaticism of the Mohammedans. Mr. Layard acknowledges the want of judgment with which the missionaries chose a strong and commanding hill-top for the position of their buildings and school-house. It looked as designed for a fortress, hereafter to enslave the land; it was so well placed, and of such natural strength, as to become by-and-by such a fortress in the hands of a predatory chieftain. Beder Khan Beg was urged, not only by his own fierce and rapacious character, but by a fanatic sheikh, to carry out the principles of the Koran, (and quotations strong and emphatic enough abound in certain chapters of that book,) by exterminating the unbelievers. He had shown his re-

ligious sincerity by massacring, in 1843, in cold blood, nearly 10,000 persons, and had carried away as slaves a great number of girls and children. One of these murder-preaching sheikhs, we should not forget to notice, was seen by Mr. Layard at Kuremi; he enjoyed a great reputation for miracles and sanctity throughout Kurdistan.

"He was seated in the Iwan, or open chamber of a very neat house; built, kept in repair, and continually whitewashed by the inhabitants of the place. A beard, white as snow, fell almost to his waist; and he wore a turban, and a long gown of spotless white linen. He is almost blind, and sat rocking himself to and fro, fingering his rosary. He keeps a perpetual Ramazan, never eating between dawn and sunset. On a slab, near him, was a row of water-jugs of every form, ready for use when the sun went down."—p. 227.

His son, Sheikh Tahar, was the legitimate heir of his fame for holiness, wonder-working, and ferocious fanaticism. He was accustomed, when he entered Mosul, to throw a veil over his face, that his sight might not be polluted by Christians and other impurities in the city. This man was at the ear of Beder Khan, urging him to resume his inhuman devastations.

Mr. Layard arrived in the country after the first dreadful invasion which had wasted the villages of the Tyari; everywhere he was received with the fondest enthusiasm; the notion of his high rank only saved him, or rather, as we gather from his sly language, prevented him, to his disappointment, from sharing in the pleasing peril of being smothered in the embraces of the grateful girls. This they only ventured to do to his companion, the brother of the consul. For even here, it is gratifying to find that English influence had been exerted in the better cause of humanity, as it had been before in the cause of knowledge. Sir Stratford Canning had prevailed on the Porte to send a Commissioner to Kurdistan to persuade Beder Khan to give up his prisoners; he had himself advanced even more potent arguments for their release—large sums of ransom-money from his own pocket. Mr. Rassam, too, the English Consul, had clothed and maintained, at his own expense, not only the Nestorian patriarch, who had taken refuge in Mosul, but many hundred Chaldeans who had escaped from the mountains. Mr. Layard therefore was welcomed with universal joy; his own kind treatment of the Chaldeans, whom he had employed in his works, had no doubt increased his popularity.

The whole account of his intercourse with the priests and with the people is of singular interest; though with one fatal drawback, the presentiment which we cannot but feel while we read his pages, a presentiment sadly realized at the close of this chapter, that even then their cup of misery was not full. The cruel Mohammedan was only waiting to wreak his fanatic fury on Tkhoma, a wild but romantic district, which he had as yet spared. Such a deep-rooted jealousy and hatred of their Christian neighbors seemed to have possessed not Beder Khan alone, but some other of the Kurdish chiefs, that Mr. Layard himself was in great danger—a danger which, being as much superior to foolhardiness as to fear, he escaped by his judgment and promptitude, and by showing himself as crafty, when necessary, as his most cunning foes. But after Mr. Layard's departure the storm burst on the happy but devoted Tkhoma. "The inhabitants made some resistance; an indiscriminate massacre took place; the women were brought before the chief, and murdered in cold blood." The principal villages were destroyed; the churches pulled down. Nearly half the population perished; among them one of the Meleks, or princes, and the good priest, Kasha Budæa; the last, except Kasha Kana, of the pious and learned Nestorian clergy. Even after the tardy justice of the Porte was put forth to crush this remorseless barbarian—justice which was content, probably mollified by some golden arguments, with a sentence of exile to Candia—the locust devoured what the canker-worm had spared. Nur Ullah Bey, whom we remember Dr. Grant visiting in his castle of Jula Merk, and unhappily, as it turns out, restoring to health, fell on the few survivors who returned to their villages and put them to the torture to discover their concealed treasures. Many died; the rest fled to Persia. "This flourishing district," sadly concludes Mr. Layard, "was thus destroyed; and it will be long ere its cottages rise from their ruins, and the fruits of patient toil again clothe the sides of the valleys." (p. 239.)

The third expedition of Mr. Layard led him among a still more remarkable people, perhaps in their origin not only much older than the Nestorian form of Christianity, but even than Christianity itself. He is admitted into the rites, almost into the inmost sanctuary, of that singular race, who bear the ill-omened name of Devil-worshippers. He is the first European, we believe, who has received almost unreserved communication

as to the nature of their tenets; though, probably, from the ignorance of the Yezidis themselves, he has by no means solved the problem either of the date or the primal source of their curious doctrines. How extraordinary the vitality even of the wildest and strangest forms of religious belief! Here are tribes, proscribed for centuries, almost perhaps for thousands of years, under the name most odious to all other religious creeds—hated and persecuted by the Christians, as, if not guilty of an older and more wicked belief, at least infected by the most detested heresy, Manicheism; trampled upon, hunted down, driven from place to place by the Mussulmen, as being of those idolaters, the *people without a Book*, towards whom the Koran itself justifies or commands implacable enmity. Against the Yezidis, even in the present day, the Moslem rulers most religiously fulfill the precepts of their Scripture—making razzias among them, massacring the males, carrying off the women, especially the female children, into their harems. That fanatic persecution, which accidental circumstances suddenly and fatally kindled against the Chaldean Christians, had been the wretched lot, time out of mind, of the Yezidis. Towards the Christians the Koran contained more merciful texts; towards the Devil-worshippers none. Yet here are they subsisting in the nineteenth century—flourishing tribes, industrious tribes, cleanly beyond most Asiatics—not found in one district alone, but scattered over a wide circuit, (some have lately taken refuge from Mohammedan persecution under the Russian government in Georgia,) celebrating publicly their religious rites—with their sacred places and sacred orders—and with the unviolated tombs of their sheikhs, their groves, and their temples. The manners of these tribes are full of the frank, courteous, hospitable freedom of Asiatics; they are resolute soldiers in self-defense; and, at least, not more given, in their best days, to marauding habits than their neighbors, and only goaded to them by the most cruel and unprovoked persecution. Their morals, as far as transpires in Mr. Layard's trustworthy account, are much above those of the tribes around them; they are grateful for kindness, and by no means, at least as far as Mr. Layard experienced, and we may add some earlier travellers, jealously uncommunicative with Franks. Their secret rites, as witnessed by Mr. Layard, are by no means those midnight orgies which have earned for them the epithet of "Cheragh Sonderan"—the extinguishers of lights.

The imputation of revolting practices implied in this appellation is as little justified, in all probability, as the same charges advanced by the heathens against the primitive Christians, by the orthodox Christians almost indiscriminately against the Gnostic and Manichean sects. It is the same charge which all religions have incurred, which have been obliged to shroud their ceremonies, for fear of persecution, in night or in secrecy. Fantastic as these rites of the Devil-worshippers may be, and, instead of calm and sober worship, maddening to the utmost physical excitement, they are, as far as we can know, perfectly innocent. If dangerous, considering into what, according to some of the Fathers, the Agapæ had degenerated in the third and fourth centuries—considering the Jumpers, Shakers, and Revivals of modern days—considering what has been ascribed to some Mohammedan sects—at all events, if the worst has been now and then true, there may be grave doubt in many minds as to the right of throwing the first stone.

Mr. Layard's invitation to the Festival of the Yezidis was another act of gratitude, arising out of English humanity. The Cretan Pasha had endeavored—not from religious zeal, but in hope of plunder and exaction—to get the head or chief priest of the tribe into his power. "Sheikh Nasr had time to escape the plot against him, and to substitute in his place the second in authority, who was carried a prisoner to the town." The heroic substitute, in his devotion to his chief, bore torture and imprisonment. He was released by the intervention of Mr. Rassam, who advanced a considerable sum on the faith of the Yezidis, and this sum was punctually repaid by them when they had reaped their harvest. The Yezidis were of course in as great delight at the recall of Keritli Oglou as the rest of the province. Mr. Rassam was unable to attend a solemn festival, when the disciples of their religion from the most distant quarters were to meet at their great holy place, the tomb of Sheikh Adi—a mysterious personage, whose history, the period of his life, his title to saintly reverence, have now become an inexplicable myth. Mr. Layard was more lucky. He was received by Hussein, the chief, a youth of remarkable beauty, rich dress, and courteous manners. After breakfast, he was left to his siesta, which was broken by a shrill cry of rejoicing from the women's tents. The sheikh himself announced the joyful tidings of the birth of an heir, which had just taken place—an event which he ascribed to the good fortune

attendant on the stranger's visit. The sheikh and the whole tribe entreated him to bestow a name on the infant. "Notwithstanding," says Mr. Layard, "my respect and esteem for the Yezidis, I could not but admit that there were some doubts as to the propriety of their tenets and form of worship; and I was naturally anxious to ascertain the amount of responsibility which I might incur in standing godfather to a Devil-worshipper's baby." Nothing more being meant than the choice of a name, (baptism, one of their rites, it seems, is performed by immersion, at a later period,) Mr. Layard, with his usual tact, suggested the name of the babe's grandfather, Ali Bey, who was held in high reverence in the tribe. The next day the festival began. Even Mr. Layard's practised eye may have been somewhat dazzled by the singularity and beauty of the scene, or rather the succession of scenes which he has described with such grace and liveliness. The contrast of this cool, shady valley, in which stood the tomb of Sheikh Adi—the religious buildings which surrounded it—its groves and its fresh and flowing waters—with the sultry cellars of Mosul, and the burning plains of Nimroud—may have heightened his powers of enjoyment. The cordiality of his reception opened his heart; but the living nature of the picture is the best guaranty for the artist's fidelity:

"I sat till nearly mid-day with the assembly, at the door of the tomb. Sheikh Nasr then rose, and I followed him into the outer court, which was filled by a busy crowd of pilgrims. In the recesses and on the ground were spread the stores of the travelling merchants, who, on such occasion, repair to the valley. Many-colored handkerchiefs and cotton stuffs hung from the branches of the trees; dried figs from the Sinjar, raisins from Amadiyah, dates from Busrah, and walnuts from the mountains, were displayed in heaps upon the pavement. Around these tempting treasures were gathered groups of boys and young girls. Men and women were engaged on all sides in animated conversation, and the hum of human voices was heard through the valley. All respectfully saluted the sheikh, and made way for us as we approached. We issued from the precincts of the principal building, and seated ourselves on the edge of a fountain built by the roadside, and at the end of the avenue of trees leading into the tomb. The slabs surrounding the basin are to some extent looked upon as sacred; and at this time only Sheikh Nasr, Hussein Bey, and myself were permitted to place ourselves upon them. Even on other occasions the Yezidis are unwilling to see them polluted by Mussulmans, who usually chose this spot, well adapted for repose, to spread their carpets. The water of the foun-

tain is carefully preserved from impurities, and is drunk by those who congregate in the valley. Women were now hastening to and fro with their pitchers, and making merry as they waited their turn to dip them into the reservoir. The principal sheikhs and cawals sat in a circle round the spring, and listened to the music of pipes and tambourines.

"I never beheld a more picturesque or animated scene. Long lines of pilgrims toiled up the avenue. There was the swarthy inhabitant of the Sinjar, with his long black locks, his piercing eye and regular features—his white robes floating in the wind, and his unwieldy matchlock thrown over his shoulder. Then followed the more wealthy families of the Kochers—the wandering tribes who live in tents in the plains, and among the hills of ancient Adiabene; the men in gay jackets and variegated turbans, with fantastic arms in their girdles; the women richly clad in silk antaris; their hair braided in many tresses, falling down their backs, and adorned with wild flowers; their foreheads almost concealed by gold and silver coins; and huge strings of glass beads, coins, and engraved stones hanging round their necks. Next would appear a poverty-stricken family from a village of the Mosul district; the women clad in white, pale and care-worn, bending under the weight of their children; the men urging on the heavily laden donkey. Similar groups descended from the hills. Repeated discharges of fire-arms, and a well-known signal, announced to those below the arrival of every new party."—pp. 283-285.

In the midst of this occurred a characteristic and amusing incident, which, for a time, marred the general mirth, and threatened to interrupt the kindly feeling between the Yezidis and the stranger. The dances had begun—

"Every place from which a sight could be obtained of the dancers, was occupied by curious spectators. Even the branches above our heads were bending under the clusters of boys, who had discovered that, from them, they could get a full view of what was going on below. The manoeuvres of one of these urchins gave rise to a somewhat amusing incident, which illustrates the singular superstitions of this sect. He had forced himself to the very end of a weak bough, which was immediately above me, and threatened every moment to break under the weight. As I looked up I saw the impending danger, and made an effort, by an appeal to the chief, to avert it. "If that young *sheit*—" I exclaimed, about to use an epithet, generally given in the East to such adventurous youths; I checked myself immediately; but it was already too late; half the dreaded word had escaped. The effect was instantaneous; a look of horror seized those who were near enough to overhear me; it was quickly communicated to those beyond. The pleasant smile, which usually played upon the fine features of the young boy, gave way to a serious and

angry expression. I lamented that I had thus unwillingly wounded the feelings of my hosts, and was at a loss to know how I could make atonement for my indiscretion—doubting whether an apology to the Evil principle or to the chief was expected. I endeavored, however, to make them understand, without venturing upon any observations which might have brought me into greater difficulties, that I regretted what had passed; but it was some time ere the group resumed their composure, and indulged in their previous merriment."—p. 286.

We must make room for the night-scene—and for Mr. Layard's certificate of its perfect innocence:

"As night advanced, those who had assembled—they must now have amounted to nearly five thousand persons—lighted torches, which they carried with them as they wandered through the forest. The effect was magical; the varied groups could be faintly distinguished through the darkness; men hurrying to and fro; women, with their children, seated on the house-tops; and crowds gathering round the pedlars, who exposed their wares for sale in the court-yard. Thousands of lights were reflected in the fountains and streams, glimmered amongst the foliage of the trees, and danced in the distance. As I was gazing on this extraordinary scene, the hum of human voices was suddenly hushed, and a strain, solemn and melancholy, arose in the valley. It resembled some majestic chant which years before I had listened to in the cathedral of a distant land. Music so pathetic and so sweet I had never before heard in the East. The voices of men and women were blended in harmony with the soft notes of many flutes. At measured intervals the song was broken by the loud crash of cymbals and tambourines; and those who were without the precincts of the tomb then joined in the melody.

"The same slow and solemn strain, occasionally varied in the melody, lasted for nearly an hour; a part of it was called 'Makam Azerat Esau,' or the Song of the Angel Jesus. It was sung by the sheikhs, the cawals, and the women; and occasionally by those without. I could not catch the words; nor could I prevail upon any of those present to repeat them to me. They were in Arabic; and, as few of the Yezidis can speak or pronounce that language, they were not intelligible even to the experienced ear of Hodja Toma, who accompanied me. The tambourines, which were struck simultaneously, only interrupted at intervals the song of the priests. As the time quickened, they broke in more frequently. The chant gradually gave way to a lively melody, which, increasing in measure, was finally lost in a confusion of sounds. The tambourines were beaten with extraordinary energy; the flutes poured forth a rapid flood of notes; the voices were raised to their highest pitch; the men, outside, joined in the cry; whilst the women made the rocks resound with their shrill *tahlehl*. The musicians, giving way to the excitement, threw

their instruments into the air, and strained their limbs into every contortion, until they fell exhausted to the ground. I never heard a more frightful yell than that which rose in the valley. It was midnight. The time and place were well suited to the occasion; and I gazed with wonder upon the extraordinary scene around me. Thus were probably celebrated, ages ago, the mysterious rites of the Corybantes when they met in some consecrated grove. I did not marvel that such wild ceremonies had given rise to those stories of unhallowed rites and obscene mysteries which have rendered the name of Yezidi an abomination in the East. Notwithstanding the uncontrollable excitement which appeared to prevail amongst all present, there were no indecent gestures or unseemly ceremonies. When the musicians and singers were exhausted, the noise suddenly died away; the various groups resumed their previous cheerfulness, and again wandered through the valley, or seated themselves under the trees.

"So far from Sheikh Adi being the scene of the orgies attributed to the Yezidis, the whole valley is held sacred; and no acts, such as the Jewish law has declared to be impure, are permitted within the sacred precincts. No other than the high-priest and the chiefs of the sect are buried near the tomb. Many pilgrims take off their shoes on approaching it, and go barefooted as long as they remain in its vicinity."—pp. 290–293.

It is this strange and awful reverence for the Evil principle which is the peculiar tenet in the creed, and has given its odious name to this ancient and singular people. With them and old Lear alone the "Prince of Darkness is a gentleman." They will not endure the profane use of any word which sounds like *Sheitan*, or Satan; and they have the same aversion—some slight touch of which might perhaps not be unbecoming in the followers of a more true and holy faith—to the Arabic words for a curse and accursed. Satan, in their theory, which approaches that of Origen, is the chief of the angelic host, now suffering punishment for rebellion against the Divine will—but to be hereafter admitted to pardon and restored to his high estate. He is called Melek Taous, King Peacock; or Melek el Kout, the mighty angel. The peacock, according to one account, is the symbol as well as the appellative of this ineffable being—no unfitting emblem of pride. Manicheism naturally suggests itself as the source of this awe for the Evil principle; but the Satan of the Yezidis seems to be the fallen archangel of the later Hebrew belief, rather than the Zoroastrian and Persian Ahriman, the eternal rival and equal of Ormuzd; he is no impersonation of Darkness as opposed to Light. The Yezidis seem to have

none of the speculative hostility to Matter, as the eternal principle of Evil, which is the groundwork of Manicheism, as it had been of all the Gnostic creeds. Nor is the Evil principle the equal antagonist of the Good. In all other respects their creed seems to be a wild and incoherent fusion of various tenets, either borrowed from or forced upon them by other dominant religions around them. Mr. Layard supposes the groundwork to be Sabianism, yet he does not describe them as paying especial reverence to the heavenly bodies, except perhaps to the Sun, under the name of Sheikh Shems. They have a temple and oxen dedicated to that luminary; and kiss the place where his first beams fall. This, however, is pure Zoroastrianism—(we ought to note that the researches in Nineveh are in favor of the Chaldean origin of that mysterious personage and his faith.) They worship towards the rising sun, and turn the feet of their dead to that Kubleh. They have the same reverence for fire—a still more peculiar mark of the Persian creed; they hold the color blue in abomination; "are fond of white linen, and in the cleanliness of their habits and their frequent ablutions, they also resemble the Sabæans." They reverence the Old Testament almost with Jewish zeal, (a tenet absolutely inconsistent with Manicheism;) they receive, but with less reverence, the Gospel and the Korân. Their notion of our Saviour is the Mohammedan, except that he was an angel, not a prophet; with the Korân, they take the Docetic view of his person, and deny the reality of his sufferings. Their habits have nothing of the asceticism of the Manichean sects; they do not even keep the Mohammedan Ramazan; they fast three days only at the commencement of the year, and even that is not of necessary obligation. Wednesday is their holiday, on which the more devout fast; but it is not kept with the rigor of a Sabbath. Under their Great Sheikh they have a hierarchy of four orders, and these offices are hereditary, and descend to females. They are—I. The Pirs, or saints, who lead a holy life, intercede for the people, and are supposed to cure diseases and insanity.—II. The Sheikhs, dressed in white, with a band of red and yellow, perform the chief functions of the ceremonial, take charge of the offerings, and vend the relics.—III. The Cawals are the itinerant preachers, who go round to teach the doctrines of the sect, chant the hymns, and play on the flute and tambourine. IV. The Fakirs, dressed in coarse dark cloth, perform the menial offices.

We regret to say that the schoolmaster forms no part of the hierarchy. It is considered unlawful to learn to read or write. This legally established ignorance may well make us despair of ever solving the mystery as to the origin of the Yezidis. The only chance would be by obtaining the sacred volume of their traditions, their hymns, and religious ceremonial. It is in Arabic, but carefully concealed from the sight and touch of the profane. It might indeed, after all, be hardly more satisfactory than the perplexing Codex Nasireus, the sacred book of the Sabæan Christians, or so-called Christians of St. John.

We return to Nimroud.—Our limited space forces us to compress into a brief summary our account of the actual discoveries on this prolific mound. But we strongly recommend our reader to follow Mr. Layard himself in the successive steps of his operation; to catch, as almost the coldest and most unimaginative will do, the infection of his zeal, to enter into his anxieties and his hopes; to behold chamber after chamber, hall after hall, unfold themselves as it were from the bosom of the earth, and assume shape, dimensions, height; to watch the reliefs which line the walls gradually disclosing their forms; as the rubbish clears away, the siege and the battle and the hunting-piece becoming more and more distinct; the king rearing more manifestly his lofty tiara, and displaying his undoubted symbol of royalty; the attitude of the priest proclaiming his office, sometimes his form and features, his imperfect and effeminate manhood; the walls of the besieged cities rearing their battlements; the combatants grappling in mortal struggle; the horses curvetting; the long procession stretching out slab after slab, with the trophies of victory or the offering of devotion; above all, the huge symbolic animals, the bulls or lions, sometimes slowly struggling into light in their natural forms, sometimes developing their human heads; their outspread wings; their downward parts—in their gigantic but just proportions—heaving off, it might seem, the encumbering earth. So in Milton's noble descriptions, if we add only the broad-horned bull to the lion and the stag—

“Now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The leopard, and the tiger—as the mole,
Rising—the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks; the swift stag, from under ground,
Bore up his branching head.”—*P. Lost*, vii. 263.

We can conceive indeed of nothing more stirring, more absorbing, than, once certainly in the right track, to work away in these mines of ancient remains; to follow the lode, not after vulgar copper or iron, or even more precious metals, but after the images of the kings of ancient days, the records and pictures of victories—of empires almost pre-historic; to uncover the monumental inscriptions, in almost the oldest written characters, which at least have in our own day partially surrendered their secrets to the inquisitive industry and sagacity of our Lassens and Rawlinsons; to disinter an Asiatic Pompeii, not a small, if elegant, provincial town, buried in the days of the Flavian Cæsars, but the life, the wars, the banquets, the state, the religion of the capital city of old Assyria; the great temple in which reigned and perhaps were worshipped sovereigns contemporaneous with the elder Pharaohs, and whose names had reached the Greeks only by vague and uncertain tradition.

Mr. Layard's sagacity acquired before long a knowledge of the right mode of working these antiquarian quarries. The confident certainty with which he at last proceeded, the sort of divination which he seemed to possess, that intuitive magical rod which pointed to hidden curiosities, was no less amazing to his perplexed fellow-laborers, than his motive in consuming so much cost and time in what appeared such unprofitable labors. This simple plan of discovery at which Mr. Layard at length arrived, the knowledge of which may spare great waste of trouble and money in future researches, was grounded on the system invariably adopted, probably enforced on the founders of the larger Assyrian edifices by the circumstances and nature of their country. The low level plains on which they built their cities compelled them to give artificial elevation, both for strength and security, that they might be seen afar off and command the adjacent region. A great pavement, usually of unburnt brick, was first laid down, commensurate with the design, on a mass of brickwork thirty or forty feet high; on this pavement rose the palace or temple, with all its hall or chambers. The first object then, in these researches, was to pierce down to this foundation platform, (to penetrate deeper was vain and lost labor,) and, having reached its level, to work onwards in any direction along its surface till the walls crossed the way; then to follow the wall till broken by gates or openings which led into other galleries or chambers. The gates of the more important chambers were usually designated by a pair

of gigantic figures—bulls, lions, or of composite forms—the colossal warders of these vast halls. The gates or doors, if there were gates or doors, being of some less durable material, had entirely perished. This knowledge, however, of the fundamental principle of Assyrian architecture was gained only by observation and experience. It was employed in Mr. Layard's later excavations in the huge mound of Kouyunjik; in the plain beyond the Tigris, opposite Mosul; and in that of Kalah Shergat; in all of which he was eminently, if not equally, successful. It might have saved M. Botta, if it had been known from the first, much toil; and even Mr. Layard, in the researches which he made at Khorsabad, after it had been abandoned by the French. Even at Nimroud, at the first period of his excavations, when he was eager without delay to avail himself of Sir Stratford Canning's liberality, this base of operations had not been discovered; the researches were less regular and systematic, guided by the external appearance of the mound, and the first indications of the tops of the walls, which seemed to invite the pickaxe and spade. Mr. Layard's original Arab guide, an intelligent man, well acquainted with the mound, pointed out a fragment of alabaster, cropping out, in geological phrase, above the soil. On digging down it appeared part of a large slab; but the first chamber, the wall of which was partly faced by this slab, was more perplexing than satisfactory. As yet there were neither bas-reliefs nor inscriptions; and it was evident that this chamber had been opened before—as it appeared in the memory of living man, and from a modern inscription, by a late pasha in search of materials for tombstones. But steady perseverance—and skill, which, by such a man as Mr. Layard, was rapidly acquired—soon penetrated deeper and deeper into the unknown and inviolate; till the three great edifices of different ages, adorned by sculptures of different character—one at the northwest corner, one in the centre, one to the southeast—revealed to the light of day the Nineveh perhaps of Ninus and Semiramis, of Salmaneser and Sennacherib, of Esarhad-don and Sardanapalus.

Mr. Layard has rendered us great assistance in his own summary of the final result of his operations. He has given (and we are inclined to pardon the repetition, from the more perfect distinctness with which we have been enabled to accompany him,) first a topographic account, with constant references to his plans, and then a picturesque

view of the mound, into which we descend, and behold his laborers—Arabs and Chaldeans, Mohammedans and Christians—working together in the utmost harmony, in all their wild attitudes, with their fantastic gestures and dissonant cries. We range with him through the whole circuit—pass from hall to hall—contemplate the lions at the gates, the sculptures on the walls—explore the rubbish for smaller articles of curiosity.

Before Christmas, 1846, Mr. Layard had only opened eight chambers. The intelligence of funds placed at his disposal through the Trustees of the British Museum enabled him to proceed on a more vigorous plan and on a more extensive scale. Before he closed his work eight-and-twenty of these halls and galleries had come to light; and, with the assistance of his plans, we can trace the whole groundwork of the edifice. By his clever picture-writing, assisted, too, by many cuts executed with great skill by Mr. George Scharf, we are enabled to see the several parts of the mound, from a shapeless heap of rubbish covered with vegetation—a grassy hill of vast size but inexplicable shape—become gradually an assemblage of ruins, in which the walls, roofless indeed, but mostly erect, stand up before us. The chambers expand, many of them at first dazzling with rich colors, which faded unfortunately on their exposure to light; and faced with sculptured slabs. We understand the whole construction and arrangement, if not extent, of an Assyrian palace-temple.

The palace on the northeastern corner of the mound, which Mr. Layard considers the most ancient of the Ninevite buildings, had evidently been the most magnificent edifice, displayed the more regular construction, was adorned with the finest sculptures, and covered with the most curious inscriptions. To this we shall return. But there were appearances which came to light, during the operations about the centre of the mound, even still more surprising. There was a kind of succession in the strata of remains, which, without demanding the incalculable periods of our geologists, showed an antiquity which may well perplex the historical inquirer. Above the buried remains of the Ninevite palace, some people—a people by every indication of great antiquity—had formed their burial-place. The excavators had to dig *through* a layer of tombs, to displace the remains of the dead, which they did with great care. The tombs were not the hastily-piled sepulchres of a roving tribe—they were regularly formed of bricks

carefully joined, but without mortar; some covered with slabs of alabaster; others were large earthen sarcophagi covered with slabs. Parts of a skeleton, and some of the bones, appeared entire on opening one of the tombs, but crumbled into dust on the attempt to remove them. In the first of these tombs were likewise found vases of reddish clay and beads, and small ornaments belonging to a necklace. Besides, there was a cylinder representing a king in his chariot hunting the wild bull, a copper ornament, two silver bracelets, and a pin for the hair. It seemed that the body must have been that of a female. In other tombs were found vases of green pottery, copper mirrors, lustral spoons, and various ornaments. The whole of these ornaments were, in their character and form, *Egyptian*. *Five feet below this cemetery* appeared the remains of a building—but of a building in ruins. The walls, of unbaked bricks could still be traced; but the slabs which had lined them, covered with bas-reliefs and inscriptions, had been detached from the walls, with the manifest intention of removing them to some other place—it should seem of employing them for some neighboring building. Mr. Layard asserts, and we think on solid grounds, that these slabs were invariably, according to the practice of Assyrian art, sculptured after they had been set up. And here, in a space of fifty feet square, cleared by the removal of about twenty tombs, above one hundred slabs were exposed to view, packed in rows, one against the other, as slabs in a stone-cutter's yard, or as leaves of a gigantic book. Every slab was sculptured; and as they were placed in a regular series, according to the subjects upon them, it was evident that they had been moved in the order in which they stood from their original positions against the walls of sun-dried bricks, and had been left as found, preparatory to their removal elsewhere. Mr. Layard had little doubt, therefore, that this central building had been destroyed to supply materials for the temple or palace at the southwest corner. The sculptures closely resembled those actually found in that edifice; and *there* also appeared slabs with the reliefs turned towards the wall. He was compelled to the strange but unavoidable conclusion that some considerable time even after this removal, in the accumulated earth and rubbish, now stirred again for the first time nineteen centuries after Christ, was the burial-place of a people seemingly Egyptian, or in some degree Egyptianized in manners and arts—closely allied, or assimilated at least, to

that now well-known race, with whom, in their own monuments, we have become familiar to the most minute household ornaments and attire. The catacomb of one age must be pierced, to arrive at the palace or temple of another: one generation makes its graves, seemingly unconscious that far below are the dwellings of a generation much more ancient of course, and forgotten. Mr. Layard modestly contents himself with suggesting the questions—What race occupied the country after the destruction of the Assyrian palaces? At what period were these tombs made? What antiquity does their presence assign to the buildings beneath them? One thing seems clear—that they are neither Persian nor Greek; they belong to an anterior period, when there was a close connection between the inhabitants of this part of Assyria and Egypt. These problems must yet await their answer, and can only be answered if the inscriptions—as yet but indistinctly read, and, if interpreted at all, still more indistinctly interpreted—shall render up their secrets.

But they naturally lead to the more simple, yet no less important problem, which is started by the whole work of Mr. Layard:—What is the result of these singular discoveries? What light do they throw on the history of mankind; on the origin, early development, and progress of human civilization? How far has the great empire of Assyria, from a vast and vague Oriental tradition, an imposing and mysterious myth, become a reality? How far are we able to fill up its dim and uninterrupted annals? The only trustworthy history of Assyria, up to this time, has been that of its close; from this—of which a proximate date can be assigned—we must ascend (in such history the upward is the only intelligible course) into its more cloudy antiquity. We know, as near as possible, the period at which Nineveh and her sovereigns disappeared from the face of the earth. Mr. Layard, we think, takes unnecessary pains to prove this absolute and total destruction of Nineveh and the Assyrian cities. It is quite impossible that within the range of history, after the fall of Babylon and the rise of the great Persian monarchy, any large capital can have arisen unnoticed, or any powerful sovereigns ruled, on the shores of the Tigris. There can be no reasonable doubt that all these ruins—those of Khorsabad, Kouyunjik, Kalah Shergat, as well as Nimroud, belong to the Assyrian Nineveh, of which the fall is described as an historic fact, which, if he

had not witnessed, had made an awful impression on the mind of man in his day, by the Prophet Ezekiel—Ezekiel, who lived on the banks of the Chebar, one of the affluents of the Tigris. The prophet cites it as a terrible and notorious admonitory example to the haughty kings of Egypt, (ch. xxxi.) The date of the fall of Nineveh is brought even to a closer point. In Isaiah it is the Assyrian who is subduing Western Asia. Jeremiah knows no great eastern power but the Chaldean king of Babylon. The date which can be made out from the account in Herodotus of the conquest of Ninus, or Nineveh, by Cyaxares, the Mede, singularly coincides with this period; and, in a word, chronologists cannot be far wrong in fixing the year 606 B. C. for the final extinction of the empire of Assyria. The latest dynasty of the Assyrians is familiar to us in the biblical histories. The names of Tiglath Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sennacherib, and Esarhaddon are known as having enveloped the kingdom of Israel in their western conquests, and as having menaced Jerusalem. These, Mr. Layard seems to conclude, are the kings who built Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and the later Nimroud palaces, whose victories are commemorated in the later sculptures; and at all events those sculptures are singularly illustrative of the campaigns thus incidentally or more fully described in the Hebrew writings. That some of those western conquests, either predicted or historically related by the Chroniclers or Prophets are recorded on these very slabs, is by no means improbable. There has been an attempt, indeed, to identify one conquered people with the Jews; for this we think no sufficient proof or argument is offered; but the prisoners—men, women, and children—who are led away into bondage from the captive cities, *may* doubtless represent, among others, some of those who were carried off from their native homes in Palestine to Halah, and Hamath, and Gozar. The identical Rab-Saris, the chief eunuch—perhaps the Rab-Shakeh, the chief cup-bearer—who were sent to denounce war against Jerusalem, *may possibly* be seen in some of the long processions. The Rab-Saris is perpetually found as the prime-minister, the vizier, or representative of the monarch. But the most remarkable identification of the western conquests of Assyria with those of prophetic history is on certain slabs which commemorate the siege and subjugation of maritime fortresses. In the earlier sculptures boats appear, such as are now used in the Tigris and Euphrates;

there is one ferrying over a royal chariot, with swimmers around it, supported on bladders, as at the present day. On the later reliefs of Kouyunjik are vessels apparently not belonging to the Assyrians, (who never, probably, became a maritime people,) but to the cities they were besieging. They are shown to be sea-vessels by the somewhat clumsy but significant device of sea-fish swimming about them; but are the same in shape and construction—and that a very peculiar construction—with vessels found on coins of the early Persian monarchy, and those of Sidon of a much later period. The cities besieged, it is no rash conclusion, may therefore be Tyre or Sidon, or some of the other flourishing mercantile towns on that coast.

But what learn we of that other dynasty which—high above that which began with Pul and ended in the fall of Nineveh (see vol. ii., pp. 381, &c.)—commencing with Ninus and Semiramis, is said to have endured for 1360 years, and closed with Sardanapalus? What learn we of those more primeval Assyrian monarchs, the builders of Nineveh and of the older Babylon? Concerning this royal race, all which has come down to us is through the Greeks, and those mostly late compilers, though they occasionally cite earlier vouchers. The whole of this is so vague, wild, and unreal, as to make us suspect more than the usual proverbial mendacity of Grecian history. These elder Assyrian sovereigns, their achievements, their edifices, loom dimly through the haze of impenetrable antiquity, and might seem to owe their grandeur in a great degree to their remoteness.

Mr. Layard devotes many pages to the fragments or traditions of history concerning this earlier empire. He has collected these with much industry from all quarters, but has appealed to them with too little discrimination. Considering the age, the active and adventurous life of Mr. Layard, his scholarship is of so much higher order than we had a right to expect; his judgment is so rarely led astray by the temptations of his exciting theme, that we would speak with most respectful tenderness of his adherence to the old usage (an usage, we regret to say, still countenanced by some of our most distinguished scholars and chronologists) of heaping together, with the more valuable authorities, passages from the most obscure and worthless writers concerning subjects on which they could not but be profoundly ignorant, or from writers of better name,

where their authority can have no weight. In his Introduction, it is singular that he promises to be as severe and judicious as we would require; his conclusions are simple, sound, and just, while the unfeigned modesty of his language, the excuses which he urges of bad health as well as overwhelming occupation, cannot but strongly prepossess us in his favor. But in the body of his work he has neglected somewhat too much that rigid historical criticism, without which it is impossible to distinguish fact from fable, mythic legend from historic truth. Surely, for instance, we are now far beyond the authority of Pliny and the poet Lucan, as to the inventors of written characters. We know that the Greeks generally supposed their own to be derived from the Phœnician; and it was natural that they should esteem their teachers the primary discoverers of letters; but of what weight is that Greek opinion as to the question itself?

As, however, this early Assyrian history must be forced, by these discoveries, on the attention even of the general reader, it may be worth the pains to examine its real amount and value. When Herodotus wrote, the great empire of Babylon had entirely swallowed up, and, as it seems, totally obscured the more ancient kingdom of Assyria. Semiramis is introduced only as having ruled in Babylon; Nineveh is hardly more than once or twice distinctly, and that incidentally, mentioned—once as having been included in the conquests of the Babylonian queen Nitocris—and again in the Median history, as having fallen under the victorious arms of Cyaxares. In another passage Herodotus speaks, as it were accidentally, of the Assyrians, as having ruled Upper Asia for 520 years. It seems absolutely impossible to limit the whole empire of Assyria to this narrow period. This sentence, therefore, probably refers to the rule of some particular Assyrian dynasty, or some period when their empire was at its height as to power and extent, (Herod. i. 95.)*

* We agree with those modern critics who do not believe that Herodotus ever wrote an Assyrian history. This work was unknown to any writer of antiquity. Mr. Layard is wrong when he says, in his Introduction, that "Aristotle, de Anim. viii. 18, mentions *having seen it*." Aristotle merely mentions a fact in natural history, of which a certain author was ignorant—for that author in his account of the taking of Nineveh describes an eagle drinking. But the name of that author in the best MSS. is 'Ησίοδος—which reading is retained by Bekker; and, however it may seem more probable that Herodotus should have described the taking of Nin-

Almost the whole of the Ninevite history, therefore, is found in the compilation of Diodorus Siculus, and is avowedly transcribed from that of Ctesias—with some few additions from other less trustworthy authorities. What, then, is this history? A full and particular account only of the first and most remote ancestors of this race of Ninus and Semiramis; and of the last of the dynasty, Sardanapalus. There is nothing, except perhaps the enormous numbers of their forces, absolutely incredible in the campaigns and conquests of Ninus; nothing more surprising than in those attributed to Sesostris, or even to modern conquerors, Zengis or Tamerlane. In the history of Semiramis, Diodorus endeavors to discriminate the mythic from the historical; the supernatural and religious from the real. Eastern annals, however, or even western, may furnish examples of women of inferior birth becoming by their beauty and fascinations, first the wives of powerful satraps or viziers, afterwards of doting monarchs; now assuming the reins of empire in their husbands' name, then in their own; carrying on long and perpetual wars; conducting remote campaigns, and founding magnificent cities. We see no reason to doubt, *a priori*, though the vastness of her works may be heightened and in a great degree fabulous, that Semiramis may have built the primeval Babylon, waged war in India, or even been the first to employ Rabsares in her great offices of state. She may even have furnished a precedent for that lawless and prodigal plan of indulging her own passions without endangering her power, which acquired for a late imperial female the

even than Hesiod, yet, even if so, there is nothing to show that Aristotle did not cite from memory, or copy from some other less accurate writer. The two passages in Herodotus, where he speaks of his 'Ασσύριοι λόγοι, and his ἑτέροι λόγοι (l. c. 106, and 184), by no means show that he ever fulfilled his intention, if he had such intention, of writing a separate Assyrian history. There is a slight inaccuracy in the article Herodotus, in the excellent Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography, edited by Dr. W. Smith. It is the long line of Babylonian kings, not the taking of Nineveh, which Herodotus promises (c. 184) to relate in *other discourses* or *books*. It is in c. 106 that he says, "How they (the Medes) took Nineveh, I will describe in *other books*," (ἐν ἑτέροις λόγοις.) It is by no means impossible that Herodotus may have designed either to be more full on the history of Assyria in his great work, or may have projected another, and abandoned either design from want of materials. Such a book, by such an author, if written, could hardly have perished entirely, and escaped all later compilers.

name of the Northern Semiramis. Let us grant, then, that there may be some historic ground for the actual being of Ninus and Semiramis. We say not whether Diodorus or Ctesias had any foundation for the definite period of 1360 years (so we read in our edition, Wesseling's, of Diodorus, not 1306, as stated by some chronologists) which they assign to this dynasty. But what follows in Diodorus—no doubt in Ctesias—these accounts of the campaigns, conquests, buildings of Ninus and Semiramis? How are these annals, so splendidly begun, and with so many historic particulars, continued? By a total blank of thirty generations! Of the 1360 years assigned to the dynasty, more than a thousand were, as we are informed, altogether barren of events worthy of record. From Ninyas, the son of Semiramis, the first of that character, a race of Rois Fainéants succeeded—without doing any one great achievement or suffering any one memorable revolution. The plain and glaring truth is, that later ages knew nothing whatever about the period; as no one knew what was done, the complacent later historians determined that nothing was done. We should have made an exception; there is one single so-called historic fact, one event recorded, which, as coming from a Greek historian, is no less strange than suspicious—it is the mission by the Assyrian king Teutames, of Memnon, at the head of a powerful force, 20,000 foot and 200 chariots, to his vassal, King Priam, during the siege of Troy. And Ctesias would persuade us that he read this in the *royal archives*! What archives? Ctesias of Cnidos was, as is well known, a contemporary of Xenophon, and employed as a physician at the court of Persia. It is marvellous, surely, how this fragment, and this fragment alone, not only of ante-Persian, but of ante-Babylonian history, should find its way among the records of the house of Darius. We dwell on this the more because it is one of those cases in which Mr. Layard has betrayed some want of discrimination. We will not quite say that he relates it as if persuaded of its credibility, though in a note he somewhat gravely rebukes the blunder of Virgil in making Memnon a black. With Mr. Grote we must take the freedom of abandoning the whole story to "the Legend of Troy," and we know not why the cyclic *Æthiopis*, from which no doubt Virgil borrowed his black Memnon, is not quite as good history as this strange passage of the Cnidian physician. It may be uncourteous, but it is tempting to speculate,

whether Ctesias invented the fable, either, as a court flatterer, to prove the ancient title of the great Eastern sovereigns to the allegiance of the kings of Asia Minor; or as a patriotic Greek, to boast of the total defeat of the first great Eastern host which encountered the Greeks in those regions.

From Ninus and Semiramis, with this one resting-place, Diodorus leaps to Sardanapalus. His account of that luxurious sultan is too well known; but there is certainly this very singular circumstance, that the act of Sardanapalus, in making his palace his own gorgeous funeral pyre, and burying himself upon it, is also attributed to the king who was overthrown by Cyaxares. More than one of the great palaces, that of Khorsabad, and one at Nimroud, were manifestly destroyed by fire; but of the earliest, the north-western at Nimroud, there is no appearance that it was destroyed by that element, the agency of which it would be impossible not to discover even in these long-interred ruins.

This chasm of above 1000 years, which Diodorus has left in the Assyrian history, is filled up with a barren list of names, by the Christian chronologists, by Eusebius and Syncellus, who frequently differ in the number and the names of the kings. We know not whether they took, either directly or through later writers, from Ctesias, the names which Diodorus suppressed as unworthy of record, or drew them from some other, perhaps more questionable source. The biblical records, which we must remember do not assert themselves to be the history of the world, but of one particular race, afford no information; yet neither is their silence to be considered as any valid objection. A mighty empire may have existed on the Tigris, as it certainly existed in Egypt, after Abraham, and long before Abraham, but would by no means necessarily find its place in the annals of the race of Abraham.

What then, if at this period of the world we should recover history which has perished from the memory of man since the fall of Nineveh, history of which the Greeks, perhaps the Persians, were altogether ignorant? It is difficult to doubt that much which is historical is wrapped up in the long inscriptions that accompany every siege or battle-piece; assign his proper name to every king; and contain within their hidden character a succession of kings, with their most memorable achievements. There then are the records, the archives of Nineveh; and many of these of great length are now secured from further destruction. They have been copied

with the utmost care; and transferred from the perishable stone or alabaster to printed pages, which the careful philologist may study at his leisure in his own chamber, and with all the aids of learning. But they are not only in a character, if known at all, (for Major Rawlinson's is the Persian, not Assyrian alphabet,) as yet imperfectly known: a character which, no doubt, varied so considerably with the different races which employed it, that to read it to good purpose on the stones of Nimroud, may almost require a new discovery as felicitous as that of Grotefend, Lassen, and Rawlinson. That the Assyrians, as the oldest people who had attained to any degree of civilization, should have been the inventors of this cuneiform, arrow-headed or wedge-shaped writing, is in itself highly probable; and their form of letters would be, as accordingly Mr. Layard actually asserts that it is, the most simple and least complicated. But beyond this there is the further difficulty; we have not merely to decipher the character, but to discover and interpret the language. This is the great problem which must test the sagacity of foreign and English scholars, the Lassens and Bournoufs of the continent, our own Rawlinsons, Birches, and Layards. There is every probability that it will turn out, if ever clearly deciphered, a Semitic language; but even on this point there is as yet no absolute certainty.

On the progress made in the deciphering this arrow-headed writing, though not unwatchful of its extent, at present we must decline to enter, and for obvious reasons; want of space, and consequent inability to make the subject intelligible to the ordinary reader. We are anxiously awaiting too the communication of Major Rawlinson's latest and mature views, his ultimate judgment on the Assyrian character and language. This we know at present only from rumor and from casual hints in Mr. Layard's volumes. But having acknowledged our full trust, as far as its general truth, in Major Rawlinson's interpretation of the great tri-charactered or trilingual inscription of Bisutun, and looking with anxious expectation for the details of his announced discovery of the annals of the Ninevite kings, we can only express our most friendly solicitude that the students in this difficult inquiry may not imperil their science by crude or hasty conclusions. Mr. Layard mentions one very happy mutual testimony furnished by the interpreters of Egyptian and of cuneiform writing. The same name, expressed in the parallel columns of a bilingual

inscription, in hieroglyphics and arrow-headed characters, was read off, (without any communication between the parties,) the arrow-headed from Major Rawlinson's alphabet, the hieroglyphic by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, as "Artaxerxes." But it is discouraging, as to the Assyrian cuneiform, to find such sentences as these in Mr. Layard's book: "Letters differing widely in their forms, and evidently the most opposite in their phonetic powers, are interchangeable. The shortest name may be written in a variety of ways:—*every character in it may be changed.*" (Vol. ii. p. 190.) We do not mean to assert that the principles of these variations may not hereafter be discovered, and their laws laid down by long and patient philological investigation, and by analogy with other languages; but we must think that caution becomes more and more imperative; that every step must be secured before another can be made in advance. We must, moreover, plead guilty to some misgivings, when we find a particular character with the force of the letter N assigned to it by Mr. Layard; while another zealous student—whose able, though, we must be permitted to say, somewhat confused, papers demand a closer examination than we have been able to bestow upon them, but who is acknowledged at all hands to have developed the system of numerals with success—while Dr. Hincks is convinced it is either the name, or an abbreviation of the name of Athur, the kingdom of Assyria. All to which Mr. Layard has aspired in the present work, is the detection of certain names of kings, following each other in regular order on different tablets, and so growing into a genealogy of several successive monarchs, designated by certain characters, which signify "the son of," and combining other proofs that they belong to a continuous series. But it is hardly fair upon the ordinary reader for Mr. Layard to print these lines of inscription from different slabs, which are to be considered equivalent to, and explanatory of, each other in cuneiform characters alone. He ought to have told us in plain English or Roman letters, the names which he thus read. Even the philologist, who has paid some attention to the system, may be almost equally at a loss; as Major Rawlinson's alphabet is not applicable to the Assyrian cuneiform and no other alphabet has as yet, we believe, been found to test the readings on these monuments.

But even if these sullen and obstinate inscriptions refuse to yield up their secret

treasures of knowledge ; if we are baffled by the recondite language, owning no manifest analogy with any of the known languages, ancient or modern, of Western Asia ; if we are doomed to gaze upon them in unintelligent wonder, as men did so many ages before the days of Young and Champollion, on the sealed hieroglyphics of Egypt ; if we get no farther than to make our barren lists of names, (curious indeed, if confirmed by those in the chronologists, yet of very limited interests,) still we cannot but think this sudden reintegration, as it were, of the great half-fabulous empire of Assyria, one of the most singular adventures, so to speak, of antiquarian research. Though we may not be able, as the Chevalier Bunsen aspires to do for Egypt, to assign the place of Ninevite Assyria in the history of mankind and of civilization, yet it is a surprising event to receive, on a sudden, such unanswerable evidence of her power, wealth, greatness, luxury, and skill in manufactures and arts ; of the extent of her conquests, and of course in a more imperfect and indistinct manner, the character of her social life and of her religion.

Our conclusions do not differ from those of Mr. Layard, as to the vast antiquity of the Assyrian empire. The total and acknowledged ignorance of Ctesias as to the events of any reign anterior to Sardanapalus, of course greatly shakes our faith in his authentic knowledge as to the length of those reigns, and altogether as to the period of 1360 years from Ninus to Sardanapalus. We are so much of the new school as to venture some doubts, notwithstanding our own admissions, whether Ninus himself be a myth or real personage, the impersonated tribe, or city, or empire, like Dorus and Ion, and Hellen and the Egyptian Menes, or the actual father of a dynasty and the builder of the capital ; and to this conclusion Mr. Layard himself seems to have come in his Introduction, which, like most introductions, has clearly been the last part written. Semiramis, as we have said, has more of an historical character, though surrounded, no doubt magnified, by the haze of legend. But Mr. Layard's argument we think decisive as to the general question.

"There is no reason why we should not assign to Assyria the same remote antiquity we claim for Egypt. The monuments of Egypt prove that she did not stand alone in civilization and power. At the earliest period we find her contending with enemies already nearly, if not fully, as powerful as herself ; and amongst the spoil of Asia, and

the articles of tribute brought by subdued nations from the northeast, are vases as elegant in shape, stuffs as rich in texture, and chariots as well adapted to war as her own. It is not improbable that she herself was indebted to the nations of Western Asia for the introduction of arts in which they excelled, and that many things in common use were brought from the banks of the Tigris. In fact, to reject the notion of the existence of an independent kingdom in Assyria, at the very earliest period, would be almost to question whether the country were inhabited ; which would be directly in opposition to the united testimony of Scripture and tradition. A doubt may be entertained as to the dynasties and the extent of the empire, but not as to its existence ; that it was not peopled by mere wandering tribes appears to be proved by the frequent mention of expeditions against Naharaina, (Mesopotamia,) on the earliest monuments of Egypt, and the nature of the spoil brought from the country."—pp. 225, 226.

It is this reciprocal light thrown upon each other by the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments which, in a broad and general way, seems the unanswerable guaranty for their historic authority. Taking at its lowest the certainty of the system of hieroglyphic interpretation, besides this, Egypt displays to us the living and intelligible sculptures in all her older buildings, (which are yet much younger than the pyramids.) These it is impossible to suppose the creations of fantastic artists, the records of imaginary combats, sieges and conquests. The peculiarities of dress, form, and feature, so carefully and minutely preserved, must mean to indicate real and well-known tribes brought into subjection, and yielding spoil or tribute to their Pharaonic masters ; the scribes who, with a singular correspondence, both in the Egyptian and Assyrian monuments, are taking note of the number of heads presented to the conquering monarchs, must be commemorating actual victims, not amusing their kings with fictitious scenes of cold-blooded murder. The spoils are in many cases the undoubted products, the animals, the beasts and birds of foreign lands, no capricious inventions or symbolic creatures, but of well-known shape and kind. There can be no doubt that the Egyptian annals, up to a period not yet ascertained, are thus graphically represented on the walls of the temples and cemeteries. If there flourished a great line or lines of sovereigns, long before Abraham, in the valley of the Nile, a civilized people, a peculiar religion, a potent hierarchy—why not a dynasty or dynasties, a people as far advanced in civilization on the shores of the Tigris ? Nowhere should we expect

to find the first mighty empires, the first great cities, so probably as in the rich agricultural districts on the shores of the Nile, the Euphrates, or Tigris. If such empires co-existed, they would naturally be connected by commerce, or opposed in war. Throughout almost the whole of real ancient history, biblical as well as profane, some great Asiatic kingdom and some great Egyptian kingdom are striving for the mastery. Palestine and Syria are perpetually the Flanders of the war between the two continents. For a long period after the final settlement of the Israelites in Canaan, their annals are vague and fragmentary; not even a complete and continuous history of the Jews themselves, still less of the conterminous nations. During the great period of the Hebrew monarchy, that of David and Solomon, the kings of Judah may be imagined as holding the balance, perhaps keeping the peace, between the rival empires. But during all the later and more disastrous period, the Jewish kings are alternately compelled into alliances, or suffer invasion from these hostile powers. On one side Nineveh and Babylon, on the other No-amoun (Thebes) or Memphis, claim their allegiance or invade their territory. The conquest of Egypt, by the Persians, closed for a time the rivalry, which broke out again between the successors of Alexander; when the Antiochi and Ptolemies renewed the strife till both were crushed by Rome. But for how many ages before this contest for supremacy had been going on, who shall presume to declare? It will surely be time to limit these ante-Mosaic or ante-Abrahamic centuries by biblical chronology, when the true and authoritative chronology of the Bible shall have been settled between the conflicting statements of the Hebrew text, as it stands at present, the Samaritan, the Septuagint, and Josephus, (which last, from one passage in St. Paul, appears to have been the received system of our Saviour's time;) when there shall be a full agreement among the one hundred and twenty writers, great part of them Christian scholars and divines, some of the highest names for piety and biblical learning, whom Dr. Hales quotes as assigning their discordant dates, differing by some thousands of years, to the creation and the deluge—yet almost all these professing to build their system on the Scriptures.

That during these evolving centuries the empire of Assyria should suffer great change; that dynasty should dispossess dynasty; that the throne should be occupied by sovereigns

of different descent, even of different race; that the founder or the more powerful emperor of a new dynasty should enlarge, extend, create a new suburban capital—or build a new palace, a new temple, above the ruins of the old; that like monarchs, ancient and modern, they should take a pride in surveying the works of their own hands, the monuments of their own power, wealth, and luxury—(Is not this the great Nineveh or Babylon which I have built?)—all this is in the ordinary course of human affairs, more particularly in the old eastern world. The change described by Mr. Layard as evinced by the sculptures in the buildings which belong to the more ancient, and those ascribed to the later dynasty—a change in dress, habits, arms, perhaps in religious usage—above all in the style of art which, singularly enough, degenerates in the later period:—this is rather to be expected, than a cause of wonder. The marvel is that the curious antiquarianism of man, thousands of years after, should be sagacious enough to detect the signs of such revolutions. At one period, far from the earliest, Assyrian art and Assyrian life appear to Egyptianize, as if the city had been subdued and occupied during some Egyptian conquest; and yet keen and practised observers, like Mr. Birch, profess to discover distinctions between genuine and native Egyptian work and that wrought in a foreign land under Egyptian influence. Such is the case with some of the curious, and, we must add, exquisitely finished ivories,* which are obviously Egyptian in subject and in form, but yet with some remarkable peculiarities of their own. Into these details it is impossible for us to enter, but we will briefly state the general conjectural conclusions at which Mr. Layard and Mr. Birch appear to have arrived. The great period of Egyptian influence, whether by connexion, commerce, or domination, was during the dynasties from the eighteenth to the twenty-second of the Egyptian kings; a period which we may loosely indicate by saying that it would include the reign of King Solomon in Judea. To

*As to these ivories, there is a very interesting story. When they reached this country to every appearance they seemed about to crumble into dust. The keen eye of modern science instantly detected the cause of decay. "Boil them in a preparation of gelatine;" it is that constituent part of the ivory which has perished. It was done; and the ivories are as hard and firm as when first carved; they may last another thousand years or two. The merit of this suggestion is contested, we hear, by the Dean of Westminster and Professor Owen; it may very probably have occurred to both resourceful minds.

this period *may* possibly belong those perplexing tombs in which the Egyptian ornaments are chiefly found, and which cover the remains of the northwestern, central, and southeastern palaces of Nimroud. How long before this period reigned the builders and rulers of these long-buried palaces, seems now the great question. The far older and more perfect sculptures of these palaces clearly prove a dynasty of wide-ruling, wide-conquering sovereigns. But, while the student of Egyptian antiquities has been able to make out the names of the many nations subdued by the Egyptian arms, during the reigns of the Rhamseses—and there is a striking variety of complexion, feature, dress, arms, as well as peculiarity in the spoils from their lands—according to Mr. Layard, in most of these Ninevite reliefs there are only two races or peoples which can be clearly discriminated; and neither of these can be assigned, by any marked characteristics of form, countenance, arms, or dress, to any particular age or country. *Various* countries are, however, designated; cities situated by the shores of two rivers—and cities on one stream; mountain cities girt with forests—and cities on plains, amid groves of palm-trees. But incomparably the most curious of those treasures which Mr. Layard has deposited in the British Museum is the obelisk of black marble, without doubt belonging to the earlier Assyrian monarchy, which clearly commemorates transactions in the further East, apparently in India. Among other trophies, this shows the Bactrian camel with two humps, the elephant, the rhinoceros, and many apes or monkeys. The mind is led back as by force to the Indian campaigns, at least of Semiramis. Even if these are only the offerings of respect from foreign kingdoms, not the spoil or tribute of conquered and subject realms, they imply a wide extent of fame and power; and this obelisk Mr. Layard is disposed to consider as among the very oldest, if not the oldest, of the Assyrian remains.

Until the complete publication of Mr. Layard's great work on the monuments of Nineveh, we shall not be in full possession of all the curious information conveyed by the disinterred sculptures as to the policy, the religion, the buildings, arms, arts, dresses, furniture, vessels of the ancient Assyrians. But it is surprising how much may be collected by patient and sagacious examination on all these points; and how clearly the whole is placed before us in the lively concluding chapters of Mr. Layard's present

book, illustrated as it is with a profusion of clever wood-cuts. Oriental monuments disclose but little of the manners of the people, (we have no painted tombs with all the pursuits of common life, like those of Egypt;) they are monarchical or rather autocratic; we see the king, and a royal personage he is, not more distinguished by the signs and attributes of royalty, the splendor of dress and of arms, than by his superior stature and majesty. Though sometimes offering to the gods, he is to his subject-eunuchs and cup-bearers, to his soldiers and to his captives, a representative of the Godhead upon earth.

"The residence of the king," writes Mr. Layard in his chapter on the religion of Assyria, "was probably at the same time the temple; and that he himself was either supposed to be invested with divine attributes, or was looked upon as a type of the Supreme Deity, is shown by the sculptures. The winged figures, even that with the head of the eagle, minister to him. All his acts, whether in war or peace, appear to have been connected with the national religion, and were believed to be under the special protection and superintendence of the deity. When he is represented in battle, the winged figure in the circle hovers about his head, bends the bow against his enemies, or assumes his attitude of triumph. His contests with the lion and other formidable animals not only show his prowess and skill, but typify at the same time his superior strength and wisdom. Whether he has overcome his enemies or the wild beasts, he pours out a libation from the sacred cup, attended by his courtiers, and by the winged figures. The embroideries upon his robes and upon those of his attendants, have all mythic meanings. Even his weapons, bracelets, and armlets are adorned with the forms of sacred animals, the lion, bull, or duck. In architectural decorations, the same religious influence is evident. The fir, or pine cone, and the honeysuckle, are constantly repeated. They form friezes, the capitals of columns, and the fringes of hangings. Chairs, tables, and couches, are adorned with the heads and feet of the bull, the lion, and the ram, all sacred animals."—pp. 473-4

This chapter on the religion of Assyria, though of necessity peculiarly vague and conjectural, leads, on the whole, to the conclusion that between the earliest and latest dynasties a great change had taken place. In the earliest sculptures, the dominant religion appears a simple Sabianism, a worship of the heavenly bodies, either as themselves the deities, or peculiarly indwelt by the deity. But this religion gives place to another, much more nearly resembling the Dual-worship of later times. It should seem, therefore, that we are to bring back that mysterious mythic religious founder, Zoroaster, from Bactria to the shores of the Tigris

and Euphrates, and to consider this region as the birthplace of that fire worship which assumed its most perfect form under the Persian kings; for of this Zoroastrian faith there appear in the later works many undoubted indications. But the great outward characteristic of the religion, as it appears on the monuments, is the worship of those singular composite animals, human-headed lions, &c., symbolic no doubt in their different parts of certain divine attributes. The sphinxes are evidently later, and of the Egyptian period. But this discussion, too, we are compelled to decline.

The most unexpected part of this discovery unquestionably has been that Assyria had, at the earliest period, a style of art of its own. We mean not of architecture: in that we should have expected all that is vast, spacious, colossal; even the fables, if they are altogether fables, of the buildings of Ninus and Semiramis would imply edifices which overawed neighboring nations, and left a perpetual tradition of their magnitude and grandeur. Assyrian architecture, like Babylonian, took, as is always the case, its character from the nature of the country, and the material employed. All, as we have seen, was artificial; the mound on which stood the city, the walls, the palace. But the unlimited command of brick earth would allow the platform and the buildings to be spread out to any extent. They had not rocks to hew into temples. These, in Egypt and elsewhere, were the types and models of later edifices, when the builders had to draw the ponderous stones from quarries, either in the neighborhood or from some distance. The earth itself was the unfailing material; and its use, and the enormous extent to which it was hardened into walls, platforms, palaces, temples, hanging gardens, lived long in the poetry of the west, as in Ovid's allusion to the "*muri coctiles*" of Semiramis. Much earlier the prophet Nahum, when he menaces Nineveh with ruin, among other taunting sentences, utters this: "Draw thee waters for the siege, fortify thy strongholds; go into clay, and tread the mortar; make strong the brick-kiln." (Nahum iii, 14.) The unmeasured extent of the cities so built, and their burying themselves, when overthrown, in their own rubbish, and becoming these shapeless mounds, is exactly what we might expect; and with these wrecks, these mountains of brick rubble, travellers have long been familiar on the plains of Babylonia.

Nor are we much surprised to find that luxurious Nineveh already attired itself in

rich Babylonian garments, which for splendor of hues and fineness of woof were proverbial from the times of the earliest Hebrew writers to the most sumptuous days of Rome; nor that their furniture, vases, utensils, should exhibit graceful forms; that their chambers should be painted with borders of elegant design and brilliant coloring. But that they should have their own school of sculpture; that their palace or temple walls should be lined with reliefs, which show at least some very high artistic powers, was certainly, notwithstanding the precedent of the Egyptian battle-pieces and religious ceremonies, the last thing which we should have dreamed of finding in the edifices of ancient Assyria. Their sculpture, by every appearance, was indigenous, original, taken from Assyrian life, representing Assyrian form and costume; it does not Egyptianize till a comparatively late period. It is doubtless the parent of Persian art, as exhibited at Persepolis and elsewhere. But while we speak of its real artistic power, we are anxious to give no exaggerated estimate of its value as sculpture. It is well to prepare the visitors to the Ninevite Gallery at the Museum for what they must not expect, as for what they may. The secret of true majesty and true beauty was reserved for Greece; majesty, irrespective of magnitude—beauty which ventured to reveal the whole form of man. The Assyrian is high art, but it is still barbaric art; not merely is it ignorant of perspective, often of proportion; it allows itself very strange devices to suggest its own meaning, the most whimsical accessories to tell its story. Its aim and object is historic and religious; addressed to a people who still dwelt on symbolic forms, and were yet far from the exquisite anthropomorphism of Greece; it is not ideal, nor, in the higher sense, imaginative. The impressions which it sought to create, and which even now it does create, are awe at its boldness, size, strength, massiveness, gorgeousness. It is by gigantic dimensions that it intimates power; by a stern sedateness of countenance and splendor of dress, kingly majesty. The lofty tiara adds to the solemn dignity of the human head; the draperies, hard in outline, mere layers of alabaster instead of folds, are worked into a kind of network of embroidery. It is at the same time singularly true, and absolutely untrue; it does not, on some of the reliefs, give more than two fore legs to a pair of horses in a chariot; there is no gradation in size; and yet there is a spirit and freedom in its outline, a force and energy

in its forms, a skill in grouping, which ventures on some of the boldest attitudes into which the figure of the warrior can be thrown; it has that which is to sculpture what action, according to Demosthenes, was to oratory, *life*. It is, in its better period, perhaps more real in its animal than in its human forms; some horses' heads are extremely fine. It is orientally jealous of revealing the female form; women are seen on the battlements, tearing their hair, or carried away captive, but with none of that exposure, which, whatever may be its effect as to decency, adds so much to the grace of sculpture. Those who are content with spirit, animation, force, will regard these specimens of art, of such immemorial antiquity, not only with curiosity, but with admiration; those who will yield themselves up to the impressions produced by colossal forms, as suggesting great audacity of conception and of execution, will look with eagerness for the arrival of Mr. Layard's larger cargo. All who feel an interest in the history of art will be disposed to study with care and attention this new chapter in that book, unfolded so suddenly and so contrary to expectation.

We cannot close without once more congratulating Mr. Layard on his success as a writer, as well as a discoverer; we repeat, that taking this only as a book of travels, we have read none for a long time more entertaining and instructive. In his dissertations he is full and copious, without being tedious; his style is plain, vigorous, and particularly unaffected; it is the natural language of a strong mind, fully master of its subject, and warmed and enlivened, without being inflated or kindled into rhapsody by the enthusiasm, without which he would never have conceived or achieved his wonderful task.

DR. ROBINSON'S LETTER.

[A very splendid reprint of the above work has been issued by Mr. G. P. Putnam, New York, which, with the most liberal regard for its interest and value, copies all the illustrative engravings, plans, maps, &c., of the London edition, and is in every respect most elegantly executed. In beauty and finish, it fully equals the London copy, and is sold at a greatly reduced price. American readers will derive an additional proof of the great importance of the discoveries so eloquently detailed in these volumes, by the following letter of Rev. Dr. ROBINSON, the celebrated Orientalist and traveller, whose competency to judge is not surpassed, we suppose, by any

living scholar. Mr. Putnam's enterprise and liberality in reproducing the work in such elegant style, is worthy both of praise and patronage.—Ed. ECLECTIC MAG.]

In this general progress the nineteenth century stands pre-eminent. In physical science, the brilliant discoveries of Davy and others have changed the whole face of chemistry. The steam-engine, though in a measure earlier perfected, has first in our day been applied with its mighty energies to navigation, to locomotion on land, and (not least) to the printing-press. The flitting sunbeam has been grasped, and made to do man's bidding in place of the painter's pencil. And although Franklin tamed the lightning, yet not until yesterday has its instantaneous flash been made the vehicle of language; thus, in the transmission of thought, annihilating space and time. The last forty years likewise bear witness to the exploration of many lands of ancient renown; and our present exact and full acquaintance with the regions and monuments of Greece and Egypt, of Asia Minor and the Holy Land, is the result of the awakened activity, coupled with the enlarged facilities, of the nineteenth century. In all these discoveries and observations, it is not too much to say, that our country has borne at least her proportionate part.

There is another aspect. For very many centuries the hoary monuments of Egypt—its temples, its obelisks, its tombs—have presented to the eye of the beholder strange forms of sculpture and of language; the import of which none could tell. The wild valleys of Sinai, too, exhibited upon their rocky sides the unknown writing of a former people; whose name and existence none could trace. Among the ruined halls and palaces of Persepolis, and on the rock-hewn tablets of the surrounding regions, long inscriptions in forgotten characters seemed to enroll the deeds and conquests of mighty sovereigns; but none could read the record. Thanks to the skill and persevering zeal of scholars of the nineteenth century, the keys of these locked up treasures have been found; and the records have mostly been read. The monuments of Egypt, her paintings and her hieroglyphics, mute for so many ages, have at length spoken out; and now our knowledge of this ancient people is scarcely less accurate and extensive than our acquaintance with the classic lands of Greece and Rome. The unknown characters upon the rocks of Sinai have been deciphered; but the meagre

contents leave us still in darkness as to their origin and purpose. The cuneiform or arrow-headed inscriptions of the Persian monuments and tablets have yielded up their mysteries, unfolding historical data of high importance; thus illustrating and confirming the few and sometimes isolated facts preserved to us in the Scriptures and other ancient writings. Of all the works, in which the progress and results of these discoveries have been made known, not one has been reproduced or made generally accessible in this country. The scholar who would become acquainted with them and make them his own, must still have recourse to the Old World.

The work of Mr. Layard brings before us still another step of progress. Here we have to do, not with hoary ruins that have borne the brunt of centuries in the presence of the world, but with a resurrection of the monuments themselves. It is the disentombing of temple-palaces from the sepulchre of ages; the recovery of the metropolis of a powerful nation from the long night of oblivion. Nineveh, the great city "of three days' journey," that was "laid waste and there was none to bemoan her," whose greatness sank when that of Rome had just begun to rise, now stands forth again to testify to her own splendor, and to the civilization, and power, and magnificence of the Assyrian Empire. This may be said, thus far, to be the crowning historical discovery of the nineteenth century. But the century as yet is only half elapsed.

Nineveh was destroyed in the year 606 before Christ; less than 150 years after Rome was founded. Her latest monuments, therefore, date back not less than five-and-twenty centuries; while the foundation of her earliest is lost in an unknown antiquity. When the ten thousand Greeks marched over this plain in their celebrated retreat (400 B. C.) they found in one part a ruined city called Larissa; and in connection with it, Xenophon, their leader and historian, describes what is now the pyramid of Nimroud. But he heard not the name of Nineveh; it was already forgotten on its site; though it appears again in the later Greek and Roman writers. Even at that time the widely extended walls and ramparts of Nineveh had perished; and mounds, covering magnificent palaces, alone remained at the extremities of the ancient city, or in its vicinity, much as at the present day.

Of the site of Nineveh there is scarcely a further mention, beyond the brief notices of Benjamin of Tudela and Abulfeda, until

Niebuhr saw it and described its mounds nearly a century ago. In 1820, Mr. Rich visited the spot; he obtained a few square sun-dried bricks with inscriptions, and some other slight remains; and we can all remember the profound impression made upon the public mind, even by these cursory memorials of Nineveh and Babylon.

We first hear of Mr. Layard in 1840; when, after having in the preceding year travelled with a single companion through all Syria, we find him in company with Mr. Ainsworth visiting the mounds of Kalah Shergat, and the ruins of el-Hather, the ancient Hatra in the desert. As he afterwards floated down the Tigris from Mosul to Baghdad; and passed, some sixteen miles below Mosul, the great mound of Nimroud, the most important of all; he formed the purpose of exploring at some future time these singular remains; and he subsequently called the attention of M. Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, to this particular spot. Meantime the latter began, in 1843, to excavate the mound of Kouyunjik, opposite Mosul; but soon transferred his labors to Khorsabad, a mound and village twelve miles northeast of Mosul, at the foot of the Kurdish mountains. Here M. Botta's efforts were crowned with success; and Mr. Layard gracefully acknowledges, that "to him is due the honor of having found the first Assyrian monument." His excavations were continued through 1844; and the results have been given to the world in a magnificent series of engravings, published at the expense of the French government. But most important as are these memorials, they are nevertheless surpassed in extent and antiquity by those found by Mr. Layard in the larger and more ancient edifices exhumed at Nimroud.

The volumes of Mr. Layard contain an account of the labors carried on by him at Nimroud from November, 1845, until April, 1847; and also of the less extensive excavations made at Kalah Shergat and Kouyunjik. It has been truly said, that the narrative is like a romance. In its incidents and descriptions it does indeed remind one continually of an Arabian tale of wonders and genii. The style is simple and direct, without ornament and without effort; yet lively, vigorous, and graphic. Many difficulties did he have to encounter with Pashas and Sheikhs, Cadis and Ulemas, with Arabs of the plain and Chaldeans of the mountains, in moulding them for the accomplishment of his great purpose. These are often amusing,

and are described with effect. In this way the work presents us with a better insight into oriental character and manners and customs, than is often to be found in volumes expressly devoted to these topics. The energy, skill, and perseverance everywhere displayed by Mr. Layard, as also his singular tact and judgment in the management of the Arabs, are worthy of all praise. This is probably the first instance in which so many of this wild and excitable race, these sons of the desert, have been for so long a time brought under the influence of a single Frank, and led to follow regular and protracted labor.

In the latter portion of the second volume Mr. Layard gives a summary view of the results of his investigations, and of their bearing upon the history of the Assyrians. The monuments are yet too few to furnish full illustration; but they make us in many respects better acquainted with that powerful people, than all the accounts we have heretofore possessed. We may hope that Mr. Layard will yet be spared to prosecute like researches throughout the Assyrian and Mesopotamian plains, teeming as they do with similar mounds; and that the time will come, when all the monuments of those regions shall be laid open and deciphered.

Besides the specimens of beautiful glass, and the pulley, found at Nimroud, an unexpected discovery is that of the *arch*. The importance of this rests, not so much perhaps in the mere circumstance of a single small vaulted chamber, as in the fact brought out by Mr. Layard, that "arched gateways are continually represented in the bas-reliefs." It follows that the arch was well known before the Jewish exile, and at least

seven or eight centuries before the time of Herod. Diodorus Siculus also relates, that the tunnel from the Euphrates at Babylon, ascribed to Semiramis, was vaulted. (Hist. ii. 9.) All this serves to remove the difficulty, still felt by some, in respect to the antiquity of the vaults yet existing under the site of the temple at Jerusalem.

During the progress of the excavations, Mr. Layard made various excursions into the adjacent regions. On the west of the Tigris he visited el-Hather with a large party from Mosul; and at another time the mountain of Sinjar, a seat of the Yezidis, in company with the Pasha and his military retinue. The accounts of both these journeys are full of incident, comprising alike the foray and treachery of the nomadic Bedouin, and the deadly fray and pillage of the Turk. On the east of the Tigris, in the border of the Kurdish mountains, he paid a visit to the chief of the Yezidis, and was present at the yearly festival in honor of their great saint. On another occasion, he extended his journey into the mountains among the Nestorians; travelled through the district of the Tiyari, still lying desolate after the recent massacre, and passed into that of Tkhoma just before it was in like manner destroyed. Here, too, the narrative is exceedingly interesting; though there is less of new information. The chapter on the history and doctrines of the Nestorian Christians is hardly in its place.

Such being the general character of Mr. Layard's volumes, I cannot but rejoice that they are to be made accessible to our reading public; nor can I doubt that every reader will feel himself rewarded and profited by the perusal.

I LOVE NOT NOW!

TAKE from me all thou once didst give—
Thy smiles and tears—thy sighs—*that* vow—
Nor longer in my bosom live;
I loved thee once—I love not now!
'Tis better in this wretched hour,
To fling from memory ev'ry trace—
Each shadow of thy broken power,
And all memorials fond erase!

Haply, in after times, the wrong
Thy fickle speech hath done to me
May strike thy soul, as, borne along,
Thou gaily sailest o'er life's sea;—
And then, amidst the wreck of love,
That will thy sinking hope surround,
Some long-forgotten thought may move
Thy fluttering heart with grief profound!

INAUGURATION OF MR. MACAULAY AS LORD RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

ON Wednesday, the 21st ult., the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay was installed Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in the Common-hall of the college. The principal professors, and several strangers, including Lord Belhaven, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, &c., were present. The galleries were filled by ladies. The new Lord Rector spoke as follows:—

"My first duty, gentlemen, is to return to you my thanks for the honor which you have conferred on me. You well know that it was wholly unsolicited; and I can assure you that it was wholly unexpected. I may add, that if I had been invited to become a candidate for your suffrages, I should respectfully have declined the invitation. My predecessor, whom I am so happy to be able to call my friend, declared from this place, last year, in language which well became him, that he should not have voluntarily come forward to displace so eminent a statesman as Lord John Russell. I can, with equal truth, affirm that I should not have voluntarily come forward to displace so eminent a gentleman, and so accomplished a scholar, as Colonel Mure. But Colonel Mure felt last year that it was not for him, and I now feel that it is not for me, to question the propriety of your decision on a point of which, by the constitution of your body, you are the judges. I therefore gratefully accept the office to which I have been called, fully purposing to use whatever powers belong to it with a single view to the welfare and credit of your society. I am not using a mere phrase of course, when I say that the feelings with which I bear a part in the ceremony of this day are such as I find it difficult to utter in words. I do not think it strange that when that great master of eloquence, Edmund Burke, stood where I now stand, he faltered, and remained mute. Doubtless the multitude of thoughts which rushed into his mind was such as even he could not easily arrange or express. In truth, there are few spectacles more striking or affecting than that which a great historical place of education presents on a solemn public day. There is something strangely interesting in the contrast between the venerable antiquity of the

body, and the fresh and ardent youth of the great majority of the members. Recollections and hopes crowd upon us together. The past and future are at once brought close to us. Our thoughts wander back to the time when the foundations of this ancient building were laid, and forward to the time when those whom it is our office to guide and to teach will be the guides and teachers of our posterity. On the present occasion we may, with peculiar propriety, give such thoughts their course. For it has chanced that my magistracy has fallen in a great secular epoch. This is the four hundredth year of the existence of your University. (Cheers.) At such jubilees as these—jubilees of which no individual sees more than one—it is natural, and it is good, that a society like this, a society which survives all the transitory parts of which it is composed—a society which has a corporate existence and a perpetual succession, should review its annals; should retrace the stages of its growth from infancy to maturity, and should try to find, in the experience of generations which have passed away, lessons which may be profitable to generations yet unborn.

"The retrospect is full of interest and instruction. Perhaps it may be doubted whether, since the Christian era, there has been any point of time more important to the highest interests of mankind than that at which the existence of your University commenced. It was the moment of a great destruction and of a great creation. Your society was instituted just before the empire of the East perished; that strange empire, which, dragging on a languid life through the great age of darkness, connected together the two great ages of light; that empire which, adding nothing to our stores of knowledge, and producing not one man great in letters, in science, or in art, yet preserved, in the midst of barbarism, those master-pieces of Attic genius which the highest minds still contemplate, and long will contemplate, with admiring despair. And, at that very time, while the fanatical Moslem were plundering the churches and palaces of Constantinople, breaking in pieces Grecian sculpture, and giving to the flames piles of Grecian elo-

quence, a few humble German artisans, who little knew that they were calling into existence a power far mightier than that of the victorious Sultan, were busied in cutting and setting the first types. The University came into existence just in time to see the last trace of the Roman Empire disappear, and to see the earliest printed book. At this conjuncture—a conjuncture of unrivalled interest in the history of letters—a man, never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters, held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith to which our country owes so much must not prevent us from paying the tribute which, on this occasion, and in this place, justice and gratitude demand, to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the revivers of learning, Pope Nicholas the Fifth. He had sprung from the common people; but his abilities and his erudition had early attracted the notice of the great. He had studied much and travelled far. He had visited Britain, which, in wealth and refinement, was, to his native Tuscany, what the back settlements of America now are to Britain. He had lived with the merchant princes of Florence, those men who first ennobled trade by making trade the ally of philosophy, of eloquence, and of taste. It was he who, under the protection of the munificent and discerning Cosmo, arrayed the first public library that modern Europe possessed. From privacy your founder rose to a throne; but on the throne he never forgot the studies which had been his delight in privacy. He was the centre of an illustrious group, composed partly of the last great scholars of Greece, and partly of the first great scholars of Italy, Theodore Gaza and George of Trebizond, Bessarion and Tilelfo, Marsilio Ficino and Poggio Bracciolini. By him was founded the Vatican library, then, and long after, the most precious and the most extensive collection of books in the world. By him were carefully preserved the most valuable intellectual treasures which had been snatched from the wreck of the Byzantine empire. His agents were to be found everywhere—in the bazaars of the furthest East—in the monasteries of the furthest West—purchasing or copying worm-eaten parchments, on which were traced words worthy of immortality. Under his patronage were prepared accurate Latin versions of many precious remains of Greek poets and philosophers.

“But no department of literature owes so much to him as history. By him were in-

troduced to the knowledge of Western Europe two great and unrivalled models of historical composition, the work of Herodotus and the work of Thucydides. By him, too, our ancestors were first made acquainted with the graceful and lucid simplicity of Xenophon, and with the manly good sense of Polybius. It was while he was occupied with cares like these, that his attention was called to the intellectual wants of this region—a region now swarming with population, rich with culture, and resounding with the clang of machinery—a region which now sends forth fleets laden with its admirable fabrics to lands of which in his days no geographer had ever heard—then a wild, a poor, a half-barbarous tract, lying in the utmost verge of the known world. He gave his sanction to the plan of establishing a University at Glasgow, and bestowed on the seat of learning all the privileges which belonged to the University of Bologna. I can conceive that a pitying smile passed over his face as he named Bologna and Glasgow together. At Bologna he had long studied. No spot in the world had been more favored by nature or by art. The surrounding country was a fruitful and sunny country, a country of corn-fields and vineyards. In the city, the house of Bentivoglio bore rule—a house which vied with the Medici in taste and magnificence—which has left to posterity noble palaces and temples, and which gave a splendid patronage to arts and letters. Glasgow he just knew to be poor; a small, rude town, and, as he would have thought, not likely ever to be otherwise; for the soil, compared with the rich country at the foot of the Apennines, was barren, and the climate was such that an Italian shuddered at the thought of it. But it is not on the fertility of the soil—it is not on the mildness of the atmosphere—that the prosperity of nations depends. (Cheers.) Slavery and superstition can make Campania a land of beggars, and can change the plain of Enna into a desert. Nor is it beyond the power of human intelligence and energy, developed by civil and spiritual freedom, to turn sterile rocks and pestilential marshes into cities and gardens. Enlightened as your founder was, he little knew that he himself was a chief agent in a great revolution—physical and moral, political and religious—in a revolution destined to make the last first and the first last, in a revolution destined to invert the relative positions of that of Glasgow and Bologna. We cannot, I think, better employ a few minutes than in reviewing the stages of this change in human affairs. The review

shall be short. Indeed, I cannot do better than pass rapidly from century to century. Look at the world, then, a hundred years after the seal of Nicholas had been affixed to the instrument which called your college into existence. We find Europe, we find Scotland especially, in the agonies of that great revolution which we emphatically call the Reformation. The liberal patronage which Nicholas, and men like Nicholas, had given to learning, and of which the establishment of this seat of learning is not the least remarkable instance, had produced an effect which they had never contemplated. Ignorance was the talisman on which their power depended, and that talisman they had themselves broken. They had called in knowledge as a handmaid to decorate superstition, and their error produced its natural effect. I need not tell you what a part the votaries of classical learning, and especially of Greek learning, the Humanists, as they were then called, bore in the great movement against spiritual tyranny. In a Scotch university I need hardly mention the names of Knox, of Buchanan, of Melville, of Maitland, of Lethington. (Applause.)

"They formed, in fact, the vanguard of that movement. Every one of the chief Reformers—I do not at this moment remember a single exception—was a Humanist. Every eminent Humanist in the north of Europe was, according to the measure of his uprightness and courage, a Reformer. In truth, minds daily nourished with the best literature of Greece and Rome, necessarily grew too strong to be trammelled by the cobwebs of the scholastic divinity; and the influence of such minds was now rapidly felt by the whole community, for the invention of printing had brought books within the reach even of yeomen and of artisans. From the Mediterranean to the Frozen Sea, therefore, the public mind was everywhere in a ferment, and nowhere was the ferment greater than in Scotland. It was in the midst of martyrdoms and proscriptions, in the midst of a war between power and truth, that the first century of the existence of your university closed. Pass another hundred years, and we are in the midst of another revolution. The war between Popery and Protestantism had, in this island, been terminated by the victory of Protestantism; but from that war another war had sprung—the war between Prelacy and Puritanism. The hostile religious sects were allied, intermingled, confounded with hostile political parties. The monarchical element of the constitution was

an object of almost exclusive devotion to the Prelatist. The popular element of the constitution was especially dear to the Puritan. At length an appeal was made to the sword. Puritanism triumphed; but Puritanism was already divided against itself. Independency and Republicanism were on one side; Presbyterianism and Limited Monarchy on the other. It was in the very darkest part of that dark time—it was in the midst of battles, sieges, and executions—it was when the whole world was still aghast at the awful spectacle of a British king standing before a judgment-seat, and laying his neck on a block—it was when the mangled remains of the Duke of Hamilton had just been laid in the tomb of his house—it was when the head of the Marquis of Montrose had just been fixed on the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, that your university completed her second century. A hundred years more, and we have at length reached the beginning of a happier period.

"Our civil and religious liberties had indeed been bought with a fearful price. But they had been bought; the price had been paid; the last battle had been fought on British ground; the last black scaffold had been set up on Tower Hill. The evil days were over. A bright and tranquil century—a century of religious toleration, of domestic peace, of temperate freedom, of equal justice—was beginning. The century is now closing. When we compare it with any equally long period in the history of any other great society, we shall find abundant cause for thankfulness to the Giver of all good; nor is there any place in the whole kingdom better fitted to excite this feeling than the place where we are now assembled; for in the whole kingdom we shall find no district in which the progress of trade, of manufactures, of wealth, and of the arts of life, has been more rapid than in Clydesdale. Your university has partaken largely of the prosperity of this city and of the surrounding region. The security, the tranquillity, the liberty, which have been propitious to the industry of the merchant and of the manufacturer, have been also propitious to the industry of the scholar. To the last century belong most of the names of which you justly boast. The time would fail me if I attempted to do justice to the memory of all the illustrious men who, during that period, taught or learned wisdom within these ancient walls—geometricians, anatomists, jurists, philologists, metaphysicians, poets—Simpson and Hunter, Miller and Young, Reid

and Stewart; Campbell—(cheers)—whose coffin was lately borne to a grave in that renowned transept which contains the dust of Chaucer, of Spencer, and of Dryden; Black, whose discoveries form an era in the history of chemical science; Adam Smith, the greatest of all the masters of political science; James Watt, who perhaps did more than any single man has done since the "New Atlantis" of Bacon was written, to accomplish that glorious prophesy. We now speak the language of humility when we say that the University of Glasgow need not fear a comparison with the University of Bologna.

"Another secular period is now about to commence. There is no lack of alarmists, who will tell you that it is about to commence under evil auspices. But from me you must expect no such gloomy prognostications. I am too much used to them to be scared by them. Ever since I began to make observations on the state of my country, I have been seeing nothing but growth, and I have been hearing of nothing but decay. The more I contemplate our noble institutions, the more convinced I am that they are sound at heart—that they have nothing of age but its dignity, and that their strength is still the strength of youth. The hurricane which has recently overthrown so much that was great and that seemed durable, has only proved their solidity. They still stand, august and immovable, while dynasties and churches are lying in heaps of ruin all around us. I see no reason to doubt that, by the blessing of God on a wise and temperate policy, a policy of which the principle is to preserve what is good by reforming what is evil, our civil institutions may be preserved unimpaired to a late posterity, and that, under the shade of our civil institutions, our academical institutions may long continue to flourish. I trust, therefore, that when a hundred years more have run out, this ancient college will still continue to deserve well of our country and of mankind. I trust that the installation of 1949 will be attended by a still greater assembly of students than I have the happiness now to see before me. That assemblage, indeed, may not meet in the place where we have met. These venerable halls may have disappeared. My successor may speak to your successors in a more stately edifice, in an edifice which, even among the magnificent buildings of the future Glasgow, will still be admired as a fine specimen of the architecture which flourished in the days of the good Queen Victoria. (Cheers.) But though the site

and the walls may be new, the spirit of the institution will, I hope, be still the same. My successor will, I hope, be able to boast that the fifth century of the university has been even more glorious than the fourth. He will be able to vindicate that boast by citing a long list of eminent men, great masters of experimental science, of ancient learning, of our native eloquence, ornaments of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar. He will, I hope, mention with high honor some of my young friends who now hear me; and he will, I also hope, be able to add that their talents and learning were not wasted on selfish or ignoble objects, but were employed to promote the physical and moral good of their species, to extend the empire of man over the material world, to defend the cause of civil and religious liberty against tyrants and bigots, and to defend the cause of virtue and order against the enemies of all divine and human laws. (Cheers.) I have now given utterance to a part, and a part only, of the recollections and anticipations of which on this solemn occasion my mind is full. I again thank you for the honor you have bestowed on me, and I assure you that while I live I shall never cease to take a deep interest in the welfare and fame of the body with which, by your kindness, I have this day become connected."

MACAULAY'S RETIREMENT FROM POLITICAL LIFE.

Mr. Macaulay has proclaimed his intention of withdrawing from political life. The occasion of his making this announcement was presented by the tender of the freedom of the city from the citizens of Glasgow, on the 22d of last month.

After the usual complimentary speeches had been made, and the necessary formalities had been complied with, Mr. Macaulay presented himself to the people, by whom he was received amidst the most enthusiastic applause and the waving of handkerchiefs, which lasted several minutes.

The speaker then proceeded:

"I thank you, my Lord Provost—gentlemen, I thank you from my heart for this great honor. I may, I hope, extend my thanks further—extend them to that constituent body, of which I believe you are, upon this occasion, the expositors—and which has received me here in a manner which has made an impression never to be effaced from my mind." Alluding to the box containing the document, verifying his admission as a free-

man, he continued: "This box, my lord, I shall prize as long as I live, and when I am gone, it will be appreciated by those who are dearest to me, as a proof that, in the course of an active and chequered life, both political and literary, I succeeded in gaining the esteem and good will of the people of one of the greatest and most enlightened cities in the British empire. My political life, my lord, has closed. The feelings which contention and rivalry naturally called forth, and from which I do not pretend to have been exempted, have had time to cool down. I can look now upon the events in which I bore a part, as calmly, I think, as on the events of the past century. I can do that justice now to honorable opponents, which perhaps, in moments of conflict, I might have refused to them.

"I believe I can judge as impartially of my own career, as I can judge of the career of another man. I acknowledge great errors and deficiencies, but I have nothing to acknowledge inconsistent with rectitude of intention and independence of spirit. (Great applause.) My conscience bears me this testimony, that I have honestly desired the happiness, the prosperity, and the greatness of my country; that my course, right or wrong, was never determined by any selfish or sordid motive; and that in troubled times, and through many vicissitudes of fortune, in power and out of power, through popularity and unpopularity, I have been faithful to one set of opinions, and to one set of friends. I see no reason to doubt that these friends were well chosen, or that these opinions were in the main correct.

"The path of duty appeared to me to be between two dangerous extremes—extremes which I shall call equally dangerous, seeing that each of them inevitably conducts society to the other. I cannot accuse myself of having ever deviated far towards either. I cannot accuse myself of having ever been untrue, either to the cause of civil and religious liberty, or to the cause of property and law. I reflect with pleasure that I bore a part in some of those reforms which corrected great abuses, and removed just discontents. I reflect with equal pleasure, that I never stooped to the part of a demagogue, and never feared to confront what seemed to me to be an unreasonable clamor. I never in time of distress incited my countrymen to demand of any government, to which I was opposed, miracles—that which I well knew no government could perform; nor did I seek even the redress of grievances, which it was the duty

of a government to redress by any other than strictly peaceful and legal means.

"Such were the principles upon which I acted, and such would have been my principles still. The events which have lately changed the face of Europe, have only confirmed my views of what public duty requires. These events are full of important lessons, both to the governors and the governed; and he learns only half the lesson they ought to teach, who sees in them only a warning against tyranny on the one hand, and anarchy on the other. The great lesson which these events teach us, is that tyranny and anarchy are inseparably connected; that each is the parent, and each is the offspring of the other. The lesson which they teach is this—that old institutions have no more deadly enemy than the bigot who refuses to adjust them to a new state of society; nor do they teach us less clearly this lesson, that the sovereignty of the mob leads by no long or circuitous path to the sovereignty of the sword. (Cheers.) I bless God that my country has escaped both these errors.

"Those statesmen who, eighteen years before, proposed to transfer to this great city, and to cities like this, a political power which but belonged to hamlets which contained only a few scores of inhabitants, or to old walls with no inhabitants at all—those statesmen, and I may include myself among them, were then called anarchists and revolutionists; but let those who so called us, now say whether we are not the true and the far-sighted friends of order?—(Great cheering.) Let those who so called us, now say how would they have wished to encounter the tempest of last spring with the abuses of Old Sarum and Gatton to defend—with Glasgow only represented in name, and Manchester and Leeds not even in name. We then were not only the true friends of liberty, but the true friends of order; and in the same manner aided by all the vigorous exertions by which the government (aided by patriotic magistrates and honest men) put down a year ago, those marauders who wished to subvert all society—these exertions, I say, were of inestimable service, not only to the cause of order, but also to the cause of true liberty.

"But I am now speaking the sentiments of a private man. I have quitted politics—I quitted them without one feeling of resentment, without one feeling of regret, and betook myself to pursuits for which my temper and my tastes, I believe, fitted me better. I would not willingly believe that in

ceasing to be a politician I relinquish altogether the power of rendering any service to my country. I hope it may still be in my power to teach lessons which may be profitable to those who still remain on the busy stage which I have left. (Hear, hear.) I hope that it may still be in my power so faithfully, without fear or malignity, to represent the merits and faults of hostile sects and factions, as to teach a common lesson of charity to all. I hope it will be in my power to inspire, at least, some of my countrymen with love and reverence for those free and noble institutions to which Britain owes her greatness, and from which, I trust, she is not destined soon to descend. (Great cheering.)

"I shall now, encouraged by your approbation, resume with alacrity a task, under the magnitude and importance of which I have sometimes felt my mind ready to sink. I thank you again, most cordially, for your kindness. I value, as it deserves, the honor of being enrolled in your number. I have seen, with delight and with pride, the extent, the grandeur, the beauty, and the opulence of this noble city—a city which I may now call mine. (Cheering.) With every wish for the prosperity, the peace, and the honor of our fair and majestic Glasgow, I now bid you, my kind friends and fellow-citizens, a most respectful farewell."

The honorable gentleman resumed his seat amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits.

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

BY REV. DR. CROLY.

I WAS in the hand of God ;
Borne upon the rushing gale,
On a visioned mount I trod,
Gazing o'er a boundless vale—
Far as eye could glance, 'twas spread
With the remnants of the dead.

Sons of the Captivity,
Prince and peasant, warrior, slave,
There lay naked to the sky—
'Twas a ruined Nation's grave;
Death sat on his loneliest throne
In that wilderness of bone.

Morn arose and twilight fell,
Still the bones lay bleached and bare:
Midnight brought the panther's yell
Bounding through his human lair,
Till above the World of Clay
Ages seemed to wear away.

On my spirit came a sound
Like the gush of desert springs,
Bursting o'er the burning ground—
"Prophet of the King of Kings,
Shall not Israel live again ?—
Shall not these dry bones be men ?"

Then I stood, and prophesied.
"Come together, bone to bone."
Sudden as the stormy tide,

Thick as leaves by tempests strown,
Heaving o'er the mighty vale,
Shook the remnants cold and pale !

Flesh to flesh was clinging now ;
There was seen the warrior limb,
There was seen the princely brow—
But the stately eye was dim ;
Mailed in steel, or robed in gold,
All was corpse-like, all was cold.

Then the voice was heard once more—
"Prophet, call the winds of Heaven !"
As along the threshing-floor
Chaff before the gale is driven,
At the blast, with shout and clang,
On their feet the myriads sprang !

Flashed to heaven the visioned shield,
Whirlwind-axe, and lightning-sword,
Crushing on a bloody field
Syria's chariots, Egypt's horde,
Till on Zion's summit shone
Israel's Angel-guarded Throne.

Then, the vision swept away,
Thunders rolled o'er Earth and Heaven,
Like the thunders of the day
When Earth's pillars shall be riven.
Hear I not the rushing wings ?
Art Thou coming ? King of Kings !

From Hogg's Instructor.

BRIEF NOTES OF A BRIEF JOURNEY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

ON Tuesday evening, the 12th of December, 1848, we started from the city of Dundee for London. We had been engaged to deliver a lecture, in behalf of the Early Closing Movement Society, in Exeter Hall, on the evening of the 14th, and to keep this solemn *tryste*, we hied accordingly. On Wednesday, at ten morning, we found ourselves in the express train for London, and by eleven at night we entered, private as pestilence, that illustrious city. It is an awful and overpowering thing to enter a great city at night, when the hypocrisy of the day is hushed, and when its real voice of sin, sorrow, joy, and desperation, rises to heaven, like the incense of some dark and dreadful sacrifice. Wordsworth has magnified the morning city, "when all that might heart is lying still;" but finer far to us is the throbbing of its wild liberated evening heart, which seems the mitigated voice of the entire universe, and which, of all melodies—not excluding that of the impatient winds, and the deep sombre ocean billows—is at once the mightiest and the most melting—less the voice of London than of London's *soul*.

The next day was occupied in rest from the fatigues of our journey, and in receiving calls from various respected friends, till came the inexorable hour of eight, when we had to appear in Exeter Hall. We went, certainly without much fear or trembling on the one hand, and without much exulting and bounding hope on the other, entertaining neither the Baptist Noel nor the Macaulay view of its verdict—regarding the voice of its thousands neither as the "bray of asses," nor as the "*vox Dei*," but simply as the sound, sincere for the moment, of a vast, motley, mixed collection of all classes, ranks, and intellects, subjected to one fire of impulse, or to one frost of formality or indifference. Without dwelling egotistically on our reception, we may simply say that it was hearty and the audience large. There is a frankness and fullness of response in a London audience. When there are points

to be seen, they see them instantly, and applaud them with generous enthusiasm. There is less hesitation, less looking round to see what certain judges are thinking or how they are looking; more of instant and eager reception than in Scotland. It is the difference between pouring water through the *stroup* and through the *lid* of a kettle. Nor do we deem Scottish praise one whit more valuable when it does come—one clap is generally as good or as bad as another. We have found the same passages tell, and the same fail in telling, upon audiences in Dundee, Perth, Paisley, Glasgow, Liverpool, and London. The difference only was, that in some of those places the effect was swifter and more decided. The good thing, like a stamped letter, is free of the whole kingdom; the bad thing sinks alike in all atmospheres.

The object which we pleaded is certainly one of the most important in our age. Its society in London is pushing it with great energy and tact. It owes much, too, to the zeal, urbanity, and activity of the secretary, Mr. J. Lilwall. It has recently adopted the plan of public lectures, to raise, if possible, a fund of £1000 for the promotion of its benevolent object. Several distinguished men are already engaged. We cordially wish its general cause and special plans of prosecuting it all prosperity.

On the day succeeding our lecture, we repaired to the British Museum, where we had been invited by a gentleman connected with it, for the purpose of showing us certain curiosities which are not usually seen by strangers. We saw, besides various private collections of insects, fishes, &c., the original of Magna Charta, the original bull of Pope Leo X., conferring the title of Defensor Fidei on Henry VIII., Luther's German Bible in folio, a magnificent, gold-lettered copy of Magna Charta, &c., and a variety of aged MSS., including a copy of the Epistles of Ignatius, on which Mr. Curaton, one of the officials of the place, has founded of late a formidable attack on Puseyism. The library

at once, through its vastness, overwhelms, and, through the tide of human life which is poured into it, enlivens and encourages us. "The harvest is plenteous," but the multitude of readers convinces us that the laborers are *not* few.

Hurrying through it, our friend introduced us to honest old Hartwell Horne, whose broad hat, grey locks, and mild inquisitive visage seemed to constitute him the genius of the place. Peace to him, his noble motives, his heavy compilations, and his harmless vanity! He is one of the most agreeable and worthy of that race of bookworms, who form a pleasing dream amid the great encompassing drama of human life, of which, and its progress, change, and restless speculation, they know little more than do the boards of their shelves.

We now saw perhaps the greatest curiosity in the place. It was a letter of Charles Dickens's, "by which hangs" the following tale: Mr. Adam White, of the Museum (in the insect department), has for some time past busied himself in organizing a subscription for the erection of a monument to Cowper, in Westminster Abbey. He restricts subscriptions to five shillings as the maximum. Among many others, Wordsworth has warmly patronized the scheme, and written some noble letters on the subject, which we saw. Mr. Dickens was applied to. His reply stated, first, that he could not subscribe, because there were poets superior to Cowper excluded from the abbey; and, secondly, because the abbey was not free to the public. Now, in the first place, Poet's Corner, where, of course, the monument would be erected, *is* free to the public. But, secondly, would Mr. Dickens refresh our memories as to what omitted poets or prose writers are superior to Cowper? Who are these great unknowns? Byron alone we look upon as Cowper's peer. But Byron's exclusion is justified, not only by his gross personal licentiousness, but by the misanthropy of his spirit, and the systematic attempt he made to overthrow the morality and religion of his country. Fitter he for the fiery tombs of Dante's "Inferno," than for the society of the meek and mighty dead in Westminster Abbey. It was a mere and contemptible evasion this on the part of Master Dickens. In fact, we much doubt if he be capable of sympathizing with the high moral tone, the manly energy, and the prophetic fury of William Cowper. But, as he can certainly relish "John Gilpin," and must sympathize with "Puss and Tiny,"

and is thoroughly able to understand the famous punning letters in the "Correspondence," he was, we think, bound in gratitude to have contributed his crown and his name to the object. No matter, "Expostulation" and the "Task" shall be read after "Pickwick" and "Dombey" are forgotten. Dickens is but a "cricket on the hearth;" Cowper was an eagle of God: and not Westminster Abbey itself, but the world, is, and shall be, a fitting monument to his memory. Dickens has tickled fancies; Cowper has saved souls. Even in humor and geniality, qualities undoubtedly possessed by Dickens, we regard Cowper as quite his match. In learning, genius, earnestness, and strength, there is of course no comparison. Should any of our readers wish to know more of, or to contribute to this truly national object, Mr. Adam White, British Museum, Bloomsbury, London, will supply all needful information.

The next day nothing remarkable occurred. On Sabbath (we hate the English nickname, Sunday, worse far than Tully for the full round Cicero,) the 17th, we set out in what proved a hopeless chase after Henry Melville, who, we understood, was to preach that morning in Southwark. Without vastly admiring the sermons of that gentleman, we had interest enough to wish to know by experience what was the charm which produced such unbounded admiration in the public. We were, however, disappointed. He did not preach in the chapel to which we were directed, and we were too late to seek him successfully in others. In the evening we preached to a crowded house in Mr. Binney's church. Mr. Binney we have already described in the INSTRUCTOR. We met him repeatedly in private, and relished exceedingly his frankness, his geniality, his freedom from cant, the everlasting activity of his mind, and the generous impetuosity of his heart. His congregation is the largest in the *City*, and one of the most interesting. It consists mainly of young, inquisitive, intelligent men. As you preach, you feel a breath of intellect rising up around you, which at once awes and nerves you. To be understood is far better than to be blindly admired. The true anatomist has no higher wish than after death to be well anatomized. So the preacher ought to feel the censure of some, when candid and sincere, to be better than the giddy applause of the multitude.

Next day, we called on Dr. Croly. We found him very much the character we had expected. He is bluff, strong, robust,

both in body and mind. His talk is rich, strong, easy, betraying both the man of the world and the poet. His manner is courteous, frank, and with just the slightest particle of pomp. The gentleman, the scholar, the poet, and the Christian, are combined in Dr. Croly in almost equal proportions. Perhaps there is a tinge of narrowness in his notions and feelings. Few can, alas! be years within the circle of a pulpit without feeling either irksome confinement or unnatural reconciliation to its imprisoning limits. It ought not so to be, and it shall not be so always. The pulpit must expand, and become less of an egg-cup and more of an arena. Dr. Croly has, besides, the air of a disappointed man. When his "Paris in 1815" appeared, it was hailed with a tumult of applause. High hopes were entertained of his success. It was whispered that men in high places had their eyes fixed on him, and that not even the term "bishop" would measure his advancement. But these fair hopes were doomed to be disappointed. It was found, we suppose, by the dispensers of patronage, that Dr. Croly had a mind and a will, and ran in a rut of his own. Meek must be the horses which compose the state stud. Croly would have been a Pegasus in harness, and might have wrought wild work at times with his trammels.

The author of "Salathiel" is meditating a second series of that noble work, carrying down the hero through various scenes in the ages of modern history, which cannot fail to be intensely interesting. What a grand panoramic view could be given at the close, of the winding up of the drama of all things, by a hand so firm, so pious, and so powerful, as Dr. Croly's!

On the evening of this day we spent some pleasant hours in the house of the Rev. Robert Phillip, the well-known author of the "Lives of Bunyan and Whitfield," whose kindness we shall not soon forget. Here, besides our excellent host and Mr. Binney, we met with Dr. Harris of Cheshunt College. We have seldom enjoyed a pleasanter evening. Our host had met much with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and his anecdotes of them were fresh and racy. We learned, for the first time, the melancholy fact that Miss Wordsworth is affected of late with a mental malady. Alas! for the noble girl who once traversed the Highlands with her brother, who "stepped westward" with him along the evening shores of Loch Katrine, attracted whither they knew not by the glowing west and the blue mountains; and

who, reclining in the Highland hut, saw the stars shining in through the rents in the roof. A gentleman who lately visited Rydal Mount, on entering the premises was startled at hearing a female voice shrieking out, "My brother! my brother! Where is my brother?" This was her voice; and need we say that instantly a gloom dropped down over all the beauties of the unrivalled landscape, and that in sorrow and sickness of heart he turned away.

Dr. Harris is a younger man than we had expected, and one of the most delightful persons, certainly, we have ever met. He is unaffected, frank, facetious, at times playful as a child, and always lively and intelligent. You would never guess that he possessed the equivocal honor of being a doctor of divinity, or the superior distinction of being the most popular of Christian authors. He is above all airs and pretenses—a genuine truth-seeker, as well as a beautiful artist. We are persuaded that, admirable as are many of his treatises, he is destined to do something of a more solid, unique, and enduring structure. He *should* do so, for his own planetary system of powers have for many years found their solar centre in Coleridge, and we cannot conceive an abler or more luminous interpreter of that "great teacher's" religious aspect than he would make.

Tuesday, the 19th, was perhaps, on the whole, the finest of our London days. At the close of our first lecture we received a letter from Mary Howitt, requesting us to call on her. We did so; unfortunately we found her husband out, but enjoyed our visit exceedingly notwithstanding. Mary Howitt is the least in the world of an authoress. She is a mild, middle-aged, intelligent, and lady-like English matron, who is fine-looking, and has made a narrow escape from being beautiful. She dresses not like a Quakeress, but like a lady; her manners are gently dignified; her conversation interesting and fluent. Gifted with true genius, surrounded by an amiable and accomplished family, and united to a husband of rare talent, she has been enabled from such sources to drink defiance to misfortune, and to retain a moon-like complacency amid the clouds which have of late clothed her path. She spoke with great delight of Scotland, and hoped that circumstances would yet permit her to pass a part of each year amid its romantic scenery. Altogether, she came up to our ideal of the author of "Marian's Pilgrimage." By the way, we read, some

time ago, a wretched critique upon that poem in "Macphail's Magazine," which passed over that beautiful creation loathsome and innocuous as a snail over a rosebud. Worst of all, it was written by a man who has in him a nobler element than venom, and a higher insight than malice.

From Mary Howitt's we repaired to Leigh Hunt's. We found him rather poorly in health and spirits, but with the old genial nature shining out through dullness and decay. We talked much of religion. He told us that Hazlitt once confessed to him that he had *never thought on* that subject at all. Hunt *has*, and, we think, is beginning to think rightly. He started when we said that the difference between Shelley and Christianity was, that while the one said, "Love is God," the other inverted it into "God is love." He owned that the remark was just. Of Shelley he spoke with much tenderness. When he was expelled from Oxford, he ran away to Southey, who did not and who could not understand him. It was leaping from the frying-pan into the fire. Coleridge heard of it, and asked, "Why did he *not come to me*?" Would to God *he had* at that crisis found a Christian teacher somewhat wiser than the Oxford conclave of learned fools, and at what Christian teacher's feet could Shelley have sat with such advantage as at the feet of that "mighty poet and subtle-souled psychologist," whom he afterwards commemorated, but whom he never met? Hunt told us, too, that Shelley was justified by the *laws of his college* in propounding his extraordinary theses. The choice of the subject only was outrageous—an outrage which was soon, cruelly, and long revenged.

In the evening we repaired to Thomas Carlyle's. We expected to have had the company of Thomas Binney, who had engaged to go along with us. Indeed, we had smiled for weeks at the thought of a Scottish parson forming the connecting link between the most popular preacher and the most powerful writer in London. But, unfortunately, he was prevented. We went however, alone, and enjoyed the visit as keenly as before. Carlyle's talk was not, to be sure, "of bullocks." It was principally concerning three men that he spoke—Chalmers, Irving, and Brougham. The broad benignity, the catholicity, the rugged heaven which Chalmers carried about with him in his face and nature, are very dear to Carlyle. He is to him the last of the Christians. Toward Irving his feelings are yet warmer and

tenderer. His errors seem to him the blunders of some glorious child, or say rather the mistakes of some superior being shot athwart the sphere of earth, but never fully naturalized to its cold, meagre climate, its hollow customs, and its ill-defined laws. He told us that Irving, upon his death-bed, regretted bitterly that he had not seen and consulted, and followed *his* advice more frequently. This is as yet Carlyle's highest praise. That a being like Edward Irving, always detained on earth by a tie so slender—on the brink of eternity, and in the almost vision of that face and form which had so long haunted his dreams, should pause and give a smile so cordial, and a wave of the hand so gracious, to one who, "according to the way which men call *heresy*, was worshipping the God of his fathers"—is equal to an inscription upon a world-statue to one of the greatest heroes as well as hero-worshippers in our time.

Carlyle's invective sometimes seems the foul spittle of some angry god. It is a wild lashing rain from *above*, like Isaiah in his wrath. And what a torrent he did pour upon the head of Henry Brougham, "who had changed his soul into a hurdy-gurdy fit for any tune," and all whose faculties had run to "tongue!" In such talk the evening wore away, and we were compelled reluctantly to leave.

The next day we met at breakfast, in the house of the amiable and admirable John Young, of Albion Chapel, with a very remarkable man, Caleb Morris, certainly one of the acutest as well as pleasantest ministers we ever encountered. Dr. Morrison, editor of the "Evangelical Magazine," we had met for a few minutes before, and liked him so much as keenly to regret that we did not see him at full length.

In the evening, after enjoying the kind hospitalities of the celebrated Alexander Fletcher, we lectured in his chapel on the "Christian Bearings of Astronomy." At the close we were much gratified by the sight of the dear old Dr. Leifchild, who had once visited our father in Comrie, and who fondly imagined (nor did we disturb the dream) that we were (years before our birth) the little boy he saw running about that low-roofed, uncarpeted, but ever dear parlor. Dr. L. is a man of a wide intellect and a warm heart. The next morning we left at half-past nine, reached Edinburgh at eleven, p.m., spent the night pleasantly with Samuel Brown, and at nine next evening found ourselves at home.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[It is the Editor's purpose to select from the reviews of the leading British literary authorities such passages as briefly express the writer's estimate of those works which are of interest to American readers.]

The Western World; Travels in the United States in 1845-7. By ALEX. MACKAY, Esq. 3 vols.

Since Mr. James Stuart's publication, we have seen nothing on America so temperate, impartial, and sensible, as this later view of that, since then, much changed and much advanced country; now containing so much general intelligence, and political and statistical information. The author is an advocate for free trade, but his opinions do not seem to be warped in other respects by his ideas on this subject. He takes his stand at New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other salient points, and thence surveys the commerce, politics, legislation, social system, and progress all around, from the centre as it were, to the farthest circumference of the several circles. The method is very effective, whatever difference of judgment may be formed on the arguments.—*Literary Gazette*.

The Miscellaneous Writings of Pascal. From the new French Edition of M. P. Faugère. With Introduction and Notes by G. Pearce, Esq.

Could we have more of Solomon, or old Montaigne, or Bacon, how rejoiced we should be; and it is hardly with a less cordial welcome that we greet a publication which presents us with so much that is new, in addition to the revival of much of acknowledged excellence, in the writings of Pascal. It is a book of wisdom and morality, and intellectual cultivation. 1. Letters; 2. Science; 3. Human Passion; 4, 5. Mental Training; 6. Happy Thoughts; 7. Conversations on many interesting topics; and 8, 9, 10. Religious Subjects. Such are the varied contents of this most pleasing and instructive volume, than which one more profitable for family, or social, or individual reading could scarcely be taken up for week-day or Sabbath.—*Literary Gazette*.

Mardi; and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville. Author of "Typee" and "Omoo." 3 vols.

On opening this strange book, the reader will be at once struck by the affectation of its style, in which are mingled many madneses. Some pages emulate the Eccles' vein of the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy;" not a few paragraphs indicate that the author has been drinking at the well of "English bewitched," of which Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Emerson are the priests. Here and there, in the midst of a most frantic romance, occur dry little digressions, showing the magician anxious half to medicine, half to bamboozle his readers, after the manner of "The Doctor." In other passages of his voyage, where something very shrewd has been intended, we find nothing more poignant than the vapid philosophy of Mr. Fenimore Cooper's "Monikins." If this book be meant as a pleasantry, the mirth has been oddly left out—if as an allegory, the key of the casket is "buried in ocean deep"—if as a romance, it fails from tediousness—if as a prose-poem, it is chargeable with puerility. Among the hundred people who will take it up, lured by their remembrances of "Typee," ninety readers will drop off at the end of the first volume; and the remaining nine will become so weary of the hero when, for the seventh time, he is assaulted by the three pursuing *Ducesas*,

who pelt him with symbolical flowers, that they will throw down his chronicle ere the end of its second is reached—with Mr. Burchell's monosyllable by way of comment.—*Athenæum*.

Orators of the American Revolution. By E. L. Magoon.—The Orators of the American Revolution—some of them really notable men in their day, and one or two likely to be long remembered for their exciting eloquence—deserved better treatment than they have received from the hands of Mr. Magoon. What offense can any of these respectable individuals have been guilty of towards him, that he should bespatter them with such hyperbolical and unmeaning praise? The work has no value whatever. Neither in its material nor in the fashion of its workmanship do we find anything to commend. We have rarely encountered such a series of grandiose platitudes as the notes supply—even from the, in this respect, prolific source of American authorship. Criticism would be wasted on them.—*Athenæum*.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers. By Eliot Warburton, Esq.

The first No. of Mr. Dickens's new tale, *The Personal History, Adventures, Experience, and Observations of David Copperfield, the Younger*, of Blunder-Stone Rookery, is announced.

Outlines of Astronomy. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel.

Loyola and Jesuitism. By Isaac Taylor.

The Common Place Book of Robert Southey. Edited by his son-in-law.

Essays on Ecclesiastical Biography. From articles published in the *Edinburgh Review*. By Rt. Hon. Sir J. Stephen.

New Zealand Sketches, in Pen and Pencil. By W. Tyrone Power.

Rome; or, A Tour of Many Days. By Sir George Head.

English Melodies. By Charles Swain.

The Apostles' School of Prophetic Interpretation. By Charles Maitland, author of the *Church in the Catacombs*.

Hand-book of European Literature. By Mrs. Foster.

David Riggio, another of Ireland's celebrated Shakspeare Forgeries. Edited by G. P. R. James.

Glimpses of Nature, a new work. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated by Col. Sabine.

A History of the Sikhs. By Joseph Davey Cunningham.

Letters from Sierra Leone. Edited by Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Memorials of the Civil War; The Fairfax Manuscripts. Edited by Robert Bell.

Rembrandt and his Works. By John Burnett.

Memoirs and Correspondence of Sir Robert Murray Keith, Minister at Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna, from 1769 to 1793; with Biographical Memoirs of Queen Caroline Matilda.

Eighteen Hundred and Twelve; or, the Invasion of Russia.



